PLEASANT NOTES UPON Don Quixot.

By EDMUND GAYTON, Esq;

JUVENAL.

—— lætam fecit cum Statius *Urbem,*
Esurit, intactam Paridi *nisi vendat* Agauen.



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LOWELL BEQUEST.

To the Candid Reader.

Reader,



Books of *Knight Errantry*, like the *Knights* themſelves, looke for entertainment *gratis*; *Don Quixot* did oblige the places which received him, and left his *Landlords* in debt to him for his acceptance of their Courteſies: His ſtay was not long in a place, and his Pay was the ſport he made; The *Caſtle* had *ſecurity* for a *Reckoning*, and *protection* for the *Bill* of *Fare*; His *Hoſts* were created *Conſtables*; His *Hoaſteſſes Counteſſes*, and his *Daughters Ladies*, for the benevolence of *Slippers*, and *Night-Caps*: *Oaſtlers* were dubb'd *Groomes*, the *Servants Squires*, *Tapſters Yeomen of the Bottles*, and *Skinkers*, and ſo defray'd all with *Acts* of *Grace*, and conferring of *Honour*. He adventures now, as alwaies, with the ſame confidence of welcome, a *Knowne Gueſt* needs no Invitation; *Reception* is all he looks for, little or no *Proviſions*. Give him now but a *good Looke* (for indeed his *Ill-favour'd Face* wants it) and it is a *Feaſt*. Smile upon him, laugh at him, and he will grow fat, with what ſhould make you ſo. *Roſinante* looks for your *Tib-bee*, and you ſhall have

his

his *VVhi-bee*; he is as freekiſh as if the *Jack-an-Apes* rode him. *Sancho Pancha* courts your Blanckets, and deſires to be toſſed from hand to hand; His *Aſſe* is for every one to ride, the more the merrier: If you give him Stable-room, 'tis well, he can feed on Thiſtles.

They come all like *Gypſies* or a *Morrice*, and *Dulcinea* is pleas'd to be *Mayd Myriam*; Strike up the *Tabor* and the *Pipe*, lend us but the *Barne*, or the *Church*-houſe,

And great Dulcinea, *and her Knight accord,*
To be Wake Lady, *and a* Whitſun Lord.

To

To his moſt facetious Friend, on his Feſtivous Notes upon *Don Quixot.*

WHere others Lamps have burnt long Attick nights,
With ranck Romancie oyle to greaſe their Knights:
Thy nimble Phant'ſie hath with eaſe diſplai'd
All the Chimera's of the Errant Trade.
Which (though with a criſpe Noſtrill penn'd) was done
With a Spagericall diſcretion:
For, while the Ore ran melting from thy Minde,
It left thy chiefe, and richer Thoughts refin'd.
Mens doughty Gimcracks, thou doſt (glancing) hit,
With ſuch a ſure Mercuriall aime of Wit,
It into ſhivers ſplits my quivering Milt,
To ſee thy Lanceere Notes ſo run a-Tilt.
Had thy full lines run out their Paralell,
And not been charm'd in by a warie Spell;
Thou'dſt turn'd the Pyrrhick Galliard of the Times
Into inchanted Spaniſh-Pavin Rimes.
If ſolid heads may judge the Text is good,
It will improve much now, being underſtood;
The Comment ſets a luſty gloſſe upon
The high Atchievements of the metall'd Don:
The inventory of his Martiall goods,
His fits of Courage, and hot fighting Moods;
His paſſive valour, with his daring mind,
In diſmall Rubriques on his body ſign'd;
Whereof he had, if you the Adage ſcan,
A long ear'd burden would o'r-laid a man:
His mad miſtakes, whereby we cleerly know
Th' Iberian Ajax, *from* Jeronymo:
His ſtrong affection to Dulcinea's *Name,*
Which kindled in his Breaſt that reſtleſſe Flame.
Here, Sancho Pancha *proves a proper Squire,*
And a true ſpark of the ſame wandring fire.
Brave Roſinante *trapp'd, and pamper'd thus,*
May play at Cribedge with Bucephalus;
And Sancho's *Aſſe, (one of the golden Brood)*
May feed on Roſes, a reſtoring food.
O that ſome pleaſant Beames would ſhine like theſe
Upon her Cozen, the * Welſh Hercules! Cap. Jones,
But thou haſt done enough for to engage
All the Sir Valiant Woudbees *of the Age.*
And while you hint, that who doth over-ſtreine
At wild attempts, makes good Don Quixots *veine:*
Your Clavis makes his Hiſtory to be
The unveil'd Cabala *of* Chivalrie.

Chiroſophus.

To the very Witty, Merry Author.

THE greatest part of scribling shavers
Are but Rehearsals by their favours;
And they that read them find this true thing,
Not one in ten writes any new thing.
But above all the dabling Traine,
The Commentator's Knave in graine;
Who farther never seeks to store him,
Then what five hundred said before him;
So be it History, or Fable,
He still serves cold meat up toth' Table.
But see, our friend defies the man
From Bodley, or the Vatican,
That shall produce one writer on
His dapper Sancho, or the Don.
Why so then. Out with't man of price,
(Fall in that will) thou break'st the Ice,
Fear'st no cut feet, nor broken shankes,
So the renown may be La Manches:
But prov'st the Annals of that high Towne,
A Comment are on Laugh and Lye downe.
Loe here the Knight, by Cupid hailed
Through thick and thin, Posteriors galled;
Posting from place to place full soare,
On two long Eares, (Squire on two more;)
Who setting out, a Helmet snatches,
Which oft in scuds had drunke Mustaches:
Sword girt on thigh, dirt-dragg'd and slabber'd,
Cold Iron sheath'd in rust, not scabber'd.
And' stead of Speare, his hand he flatters
With ravisht Pole from Barbers Platters.
With these, and dire resolves, he enters
Arm'd, or to find, or force Adventures:
With courage keen as panch of Glutton,
He spies out foe, a Flock of Mutton,
Spurrs Rosinante, up he ambles,
Where strait he makes the field the Shambles.
For Dulcineas sake to win her,
He eats, and fights this duel dinner;
For Dulcinea, who the while,
Sleeps upon bulk, or sits on stile;
For why, shee cares not much to goe,
'Cause shee wants shoon to cover toe.
And (Country hot) shee weares not stockin
Of silke or yarne, to put her Hock in;
That the whole world may judge and see,
Shee can endure as well as he.
For though alone he roam about,
Yet 'tis well known, shee oft goes out——
——At Elbowes, and doth suffer hardship,
In coates rent up toth' very large-hip.
Now 'tis their fashion in Tobolo,
For damsels mendicant to goe so.

The

The Itinerant Miniſter to the Squire Errant, on his Feſtivous Notes upon DON QUIXOT.

Baniſht from Pigs and Poultry by harſh votes;
And all that ſounds Feſtivous, but your Notes,
(For, in their Kalendar *my name's not found;*
Who, leaſt the ſpit ſhould not, themſelves turn'd round)
I ſcarce have laught, but with a ſullen ſmile,
To ſee your Quixot *acted in our Ile;*
The Zelot mounted, when a croſſe he ſpi'd,
Encountring it, as he the Windmill did:
Miſtaking old Saints, and the yellow glaſſe,
In which they ſtood, for Gyants arm'd in braſſe;
And then in quarters on a bed of ſtraw,
Making the reſt up with's Dulcinea.
All ſo toth' life, they were not much amiſſe,
That could believe a Metempſychoſis.
But this your book can waſted ſpirits retrive;
At the firſt newes on't I did ſo revive,
As the intruding Levite does, to hear
His Pilfer'd Tithes will ſtand another yeare:
But when I ſaw the worke, its ſtuff and make,
I could have been a Poet for your ſake.
Did but your Author live, he would be vext,
Your Comment was not his, as was the Text.
He that will praiſe it as he ſhould, muſt goe
A way unbeaten yet; that is, like you,
Leave common-Play-book-Poetry that ſpends
The ſame Encomium *upon any friends,*
As we doe Funerall Sermons; *and alone*
Move in an Epicycle *of his owne.*
Your obſervations ſuch a path have trod,
They turne old Pegaſus, *quite out on's rode;*
And we are dry, till Roſinantes *foot*
Strike us another Helicon *to do't.*

φιλο-ΓΕΙΤΩΝ.

On

On Don Quixot with Annotations.

THE famous Errant Knight of Spaine
Once more here sallies forth againe,
Remounted upon Rosinante;
Though leane his ribs, and belly gant be,
Gentle and without jadish tricks,
Whose Provender him never pricks:
Sancho likewise, that witty Squire,
On dapple followes through the mire;
The monstrous Gyant not to tame,
That lately into England came,
And lies sick, since he was brought over,
Some say at Plimouth, some at Dover:
Nor, like his neighbour Portugall,
Damsels to fright and kill us all.
His well known sword he needs not try on
Our Morefield Windmils, since the Lyon
Made a retreat into his Cage
By good hap, and would not ingage.
No new Adventure or Supply
Swels so compleat a History;
Nor is our Author a Translator,
But a Criticall Commentator:
His Notes he to the Text doth fit,
With English matching Spanish wit;
Like Coyne with Philip stampt and Mary,
Or, till divorc'd, like Kate and Harry;
Or those Pavillions powdered,
With H. and K. in Hollinshead. *
Great thankes the Mancha may him con,
Great honour hath he done the Don;
And Dulcinea del Toboso
Hath disinchanted: Reader, know so.

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Æsop

Æſop to the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd* Face.

AS Æſop who made Birds and Beaſts to ſpeak,
Putting plaine Nature into learned Greek,
Her dimmer inſtinct did ſo well unveile,
That he taught Morals from an old wives tale;
And whereas men were turn'd to beaſts by Art,
Did them againe by Beaſts to men convert:
So thou, conſidering what befits this age,
Haſt brought thy Don unridled on the ſtage;
And with thy rayes illuſtrating his ſhade,
Haſt a cleer mirrour of a night-piece made:
Whoſe cunning placing doth much skill detect,
To make it ſo far off theſe times reflect.
For we the common ſize of men out-grow
As farre above, as th' other were below.
In Arts and Arms, in our diſputes and fights,
Nay in all trades almoſt, w' are Errant Knights.
We ſtart up Heroes: Here a Cobler enters,
And in the next page doth a Knights adventures.
Now you ſhall hardly ſee (becauſe he's gaunt
And poor) a draught Horſe yield to Roſinant:
Who did the Knight carry, as we have read,
So many miles, ſtill better taught, then fed.
Patient, though Sancho did his belly pinch,
So diſciplin'd, though gall'd, he would not winch:
Proportionably eate ſo many Oates,
As in his purſe his Maſter carried Groates.
Who might not ſo againſt his Order ſinne,
As to weare mony, or pay it in his Inne:
For who could mony aske of him, who did
Oblige the world by deeds, where ere he rid?
Could any Hoſteſſe for the reckoning ſcold,
Who did this doughty man of Arms behold?
That Lady that would not wipe out his ſcore,
Be ſure, he'll never ſee her Caſtle more
In juſt revenge; for then ſhould any Gyant
Abuſe her after, he would ne'r ſay fy on't,
Or queſtion him, who otherwiſe ſhould feel
His anger printed by his Bilbo ſteele:
But Hoſts and Hoſteſſes, and Oſtlers too
Were civiller, or he would make them ſo.
But Friend, take heed, thy Notes may doe him wrong,
Who never needed helpe of any tongue:
I only feare that you may kindly erre,
By venturing to be his Interpreter.
Since it is knowne, and by himſelfe made good,
Where e'r they came, Errants were underſtood.
But this I thinke will that objection choke,
He is not when he's read, as when he ſpoke;
And read he'll be, unleſſe by Errant Knights
Like him, they're not for reading, but for fights.
Goe forth then, and let Roſinant out-run
In his good ſpeed, the Courſers of the Sun.

A Trumpet before the Puiſſant Don.

BY your leaves friends, give way to uſher on
With trunch'on pen toth' gate, this mighty Don:
I would be brieſe, as truth, if any ſhall
Demand what's here, an Amadis de Gaul?
A Knight o'th' Sunne? *or* Warwicks *dreadfull* Guy,
(Whoſe famous Acts are writ in Stars on high)
Th' old King Arthur? *or that feeble Fable*
Of his Round Knights, ſate round his rounder Table?
I anſwer, none of theſe; but one no jot
Leſſe then the beſt of thoſe; who? Don Quixot:
A bold Knight-Errant, *that toth' very day*
Atchieves as ſtrange Adventures as all they.
Bring me a Saracen *with head, and A-neck*
So bigg, you'd take him for a ſonne of Anak,
Or any of that monſtrous brood of Gath;
(If any ſuch the world at this time hath
Old, and decrepit growne) The Don *with Lance*
Againſt the Gyant-race doth ſtrait advance.
Which way the victory will ſure incline,
Look up and judge; the Saracen's *a Signe.*
Is there a Lady (who the Lord knowes how
Shee came to be ſo) that's impriſon'd now
In ſome inchanted Caſtle, built i'th' aire,
Immur'd with Devils, moated with deſpaire:
That whines, and whimpers, pines for ſome reliefe
From her loſt Knight, almoſt undubb'd with griefe?
Madam take courage, melt no more, but pray,
Let thoſe ſalt drops deſcend another way.
See Quixot *at the Caſtle Gate, in Armes,*
And anger fell, vowes to uncharme your Charmes;
And ſpight of Hell, and what the Devils can doe,
Tilt you from all their Spels, or them from you.
Shew me a Gyant Caniball, that duels
Retired now to uncouth Caves and Cels;
Batning with humane fleſh, and blood, that knowes
(Save what he eates) no other friends or foes:
Whoe's guts being all the braines he has, do's dread
That only paine, the belly ake in his head.
Let the puiſſant Quixot *but appeare,*
Arm'd at all points, and in the firſt Career
This monſter Gyant fals; when the bold Knight
With his keen ſteele, to conſummate the fight,
Opens his Butt'ry-Belly, ſweeps all away,
And there commands an endleſſe faſting day.

whilſt

whileſt to the wonder of the world, and juſt
Trophee to Don, *and his renowned duſt;*
His monſtrous Blockhead ſhall converted be
Into a ſigne for ſome great Ordinarie.
From theſe adventures doth he ſternely wagge on,
And meets the fiercer Lyon, or the Dragon;
The cruell Tiger, the ſpear'd Unicorne,
Or any humane beaſt of ſtranger Horne;
The ravenous Beare, or the mad raging Bull,
Hee'll tame all theſe, give all their Belly full;
And as old Orpheus *did by ſtones and trees,*
So ſhall this Don *make up a Dance with theſe.*
More might be ſaid, which if't expected be,
Enter good Don, *and do't thy ſelfe for me.*

E: D.

On the Festivous Notes upon *Don Quixot.*

HAve you not seen a Hench boy lac'd all o're
So thick, you could not tell what cloth he wore?
Have you not heard the oaths of Country people,
They could not for the Scaffolds see Pauls Steeple?
Or have you heard of (happy had you been,
If I might aske you) have you also seen
Dulcinea's eyes lost in her cheeks, so that
They seem'd like Rabbets Kidneyes coucht in fat?
Reader, the same may in this book be found,
The rich Embroydery doth excell the ground.
The Text in parcels 'midst the Comment seemes
Like single Strawb'ries in whole pales of Cream;
And Don's cook'd up according to the Lawes
Of his owne Country Feasts, lesse meat then sauce.
Sancho is now rewarded, and need look
No farther for an Island then this Book:
In which the Text like Land incircled, floates
'Midst the vast Ocean of this Authors Notes;
Who in his Book, like cunning Cloathiers, doth
Of Spanish Wooll make the best English Cloath.
Who may not be a Poet, when the fire
Rak'd from Dulcinea's ashes can inspire?
And Rosinante, though grown old, can thus
Prove fire unto so quick a Pegasus?
Quixot, of all the brave Adventures thou hast past,
No sally was so glorious as this last:
Where though no foure arm'd Gyant thou dost meet,
Who 'stead of puddings, eates whole sacks of Wheat;
And makes the Country Neighbourhood about
Swallow, Sir reverence, what he voideth out:
Yet thou must combate with a foe, thou'lt find
More subject to each blast, the Censurers mind.
When first into the world thou didst advance,
Bound up in Pastboard, like thy owne Romance;
That magick Armour and Artillery,
Those strange Habiliments of Errantry
Could not protect thee like these Notes, although
Thou sallyest now in paper Armour too.
But goe on boldly, Frestons charmes must end,
See here, a Disinchanter is thy friend;
Who innocent black Art, hath round thee writ
A magick circle of Festivous wit;
Which will secure thy Fame against that Prime,
And lasting monster, all devouring Time.

John Speed

On

On Don Quixot, publiſhed with Annotations, by my worthy friend, Mr *Edmund Gayton.*

FRanck Rablais *with his learned Tracts of Phyſick,*
Had made his Printers purſe ſick of the Tiſick;
For thoſe few Copies, which at laſt were ſold,
Serv'd but to wipe what other Doctors foul'd.
He that by writing well hopes for repute,
Makes but himſelfe the Worlds baſe proſtitute:
Which he diſdaining, vow'd to recompence
The Printer, and his Clients with Non-ſence:
And that did do't; for Cuſtomers did duell,
Who firſt ſhould buy the geſts of Pantagruell:
Nay you'd admire, in leſſe than halfe a day,
All Hiſt'ry vail'd to Garagantua.
Therefore my Friend, whether in Proſe or Rime,
What thou haſt writ is ſatyr to the Time;
Thou feed'ſt the Aſſe with Thiſtles, and with Chaffe,
To make thy ſelfe, and other wiſe men laugh.
Let not the Critiques then, thy work diſdaine,
And ſay, thy Authors Windmill's in thy braine:
Nor yet conclude thy Pegaſus *is Hip-ſhot,*
Becauſe thou'ſt written Notes upon Don Quixot.
Were Don *alive againe, he would be vext,*
To ſee a Comment better then his Text;
For ſome o'th' wits who have perus'd it, ſay,
Thine is not Gloſſa Ordinaria.

Anthony Hodges.

Vpon the ſecond comming forth of the moſt redoubted Knight Don Quixot, and his renowned Lady the Fam'd *Dulcinea del Toboſo.*

LAdies, *prepare to entertaine*
The Madam Mendicant of Spaine:
Let not her Rags offend, for you
Your ſelves, alaſſe, weare patches too:
Though out at heel, and out at Toe,
Along Dulcinea *too muſt goe.*
Don *from* Dulcinea *will not ſtray,*
(He runs at Sheep, but not that way)
Shee and her Knight againe doe enter,
Not arm'd for any new adventer;
But that ſhee may receive from you,
The honour of a ſecond view.
At firſt this great and famous Dame,
In Engliſh *vamps tranſlated came;*
And being you know a Coblers Daughter
'Twas proper worke for a Tranſlater:

But then 'twas fit, there should be next,
A Comment to so darke a Text:
For who without it could discover,
How shee should e'r deserve a Lover?
But 'tis to great Dulcinea's *glory,*
Shee passes every one in story.
From Spaine *and from* Toboso *too,*
With halfe a Smock, and ne'r a Shoe,
Shee's come again to visit you,
As Lady Errants use to doe;
For 'tis their custome, those that make
Them welcome, they will ne'r forsake.
And Sancho *too, that doughty Squire,*
Attends Dulcinea *thorough the mire;*
Through thick and thinne, o'r hedge and ditch,
The trusty Squire goes thorough stitch:
'Tis a hard taske to wait upon her,
But the more hard, the greater honour.
Easy Atchievements are not nam'd,
'Tis hardship makes adventures fam'd.
The Island, he expects, no doubt
Is very hard to be found out:
But Sancho, *if't be any where,*
Thou'lt find the promis'd Island here.
The Comment ('cause thou'st little wit)
Believes the Isle of Silly's *it.*
But Don, *I doubt, will scarce be found*
To keep within the Comments bound.
If hunger pinches, out he goes,
And makes a breakfast on his Foes.
For having first his Armour put on,
He streit goes forth, and routs the Mutton;
Then to Dulcinea *comes he post,*
Laden with spoiles; shee rules the rost.
If any Gyants him oppose,
(As oftentimes he meets with those)
He then his passive Valour showes,
And gallantly receives their blowes;
And 'tis an argument of great
And daring courage to be beat.
Yet let Dulcinea *name but bread,*
And streight you heare a Windmil's dead:
And were that Gyant ten times stronger,
There's no resisting against hunger,
That breakes stone walls you know; how can
A wooden Gyant hold out than?
And if nor wood, nor stone, how shall
We keep him in a Paper wall?
That cann't confine him without doubt,
For loe, already hee's come out.

VVilliam Taylor.

Festivous

FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

Book I.

CHAPTER I.

The first containes whence our *Knight Errant* came,
From an old house; that is his first known Fame.
Then it discovers, if you farther look,
That he did nothing rashly, but by Book
Of *Errantry*; and upon that he wanders,
Hoping to get a Name as great as *Scander's*.

TEXT.

Here lived not long since in a Village of the Mancha, *the Name whereof I purposely omit.*] Why our Author doth purposely emit the name of the Village, where this Knight of famous memory did live, is easily smelt out, even this, that he might make the greater search after it. The place of *Homers* birth is yet a challenge upon Record, and the head of *Nile* being undiscoverable, breaks many a mans braine to find it out. *Tennariffe* and *Pen-Men-Maure*, are Mountains whose tops are obscured by their heights, and herein he hath politiquely out-gone our Country-man *Tom Coriat*, who indeed was borne in *Somersetshire* (as the ingenious *Hoskins* hinteth in his merry Poem.)

Puer erat expers artus,
Et cum fabis, & cum fartis
Sommersettisatus.

But certainely he had been far more eminent, and a grander search made after him no doubt, if he had been pleased to have concealed his Natalitiall Town of *Odcomb*, and left the world upon enquiry.

To pile up in their Halls old Launces,&c.] This description of his house is in short the very same with an ancient Justice of Peace his Hall, a very dangerous Armory to be toucht, like *Pauls* Scaffolds, Monumentally standing, because none dare take them down: he proceeds not unlike the Welch Inventary, but it is not so large, nor so good, *Sow's Babys* in *Spain* being a meat for the house of *Austria*, and not garsionable by the *Manchegans*, though ennobled by the residence of *Don Quixot*. His Wardrobe not much exceeding the *Major of Quinboroughs*, though for the thrift lesse notorious. The Frugality of the Canvasse back to the Velvet fore-body, being not then known at *Madrid*, and so could not possibly arrive at the *Mancha*.

He had in his house a Woman about forty yeares old,&c.] His Family (himselfe included) like that of the Arke, two and two, Male and Female, but not of so many persons by halfe, yet here was as great Beasts. I do not read that the *Don* did ever augment his Number, though his Neece was under twenty, and himselfe (as is supposed) by the swelling of his Lip of the *Austrian* Family (somewhat removed,) or at least of the race of the Jews, as appeares by his *Errantry*, which is but a neater word for wandring: unto whom it was, and yet is lawfull to match within their Tribes.

He was an early riser, and a great friend of Hunting] Now you perceive the reason of his continence, he was an early riser; That indeed made not much for it, but withall a friend to hunting, that did it. Our *Don* was a dedicated Vassall to *Diana*.

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.

Hunting Speares and Javelins are not of *Cupids* Quiver, nor will I attribute this Costiveneese (as to the flesh) to his yeares, being on the worse side of forty, as they say, or to his withered face, or dried flesh, which may render him suspected for an Eunuch, but purely to his industry and love of manlike sports; *Unto which, without doubt, whosoever totally devotes himselfe, cannot be guilty of effeminacy.* Sentence.

He made away many Acres of Land to buy him Bookes of that kind.] We have a Proverbe (but the Spaniard have two for one) That a foole and his money are soone parted; It seemes our Knight (pardon the application) made his Lands *Errant* before himselfe, and dub'd his Acres first, so that what he did afterwards was but in pursuance of his Lands that went before, and so made himselfe a Wise-Acres. Laugh not too soon at our Spaniard, unlesse you can acquit your selves countrymen of as great a folly. Are not Books of this kind as well bought as those of the Philosophers stone? And pray what difference in the price? How much good gold hath been fired, out of whose ashes yet the young Phœnix never rose? What did *Banckes* spend in Coales do you thinke? How much *Terra* was *Damnata*? How many Lordships sold? besides the inestimable losse of Time and Braines, to purchase

chaſe this empty name, and ſound the Philoſophers ſtone? There is not of all that expencefull madneſſe ſo much left for profit or recreation, as the Hiſtory of that *Quixo-Philoſophy*, or *Philoſophers*, unleſſe what is moſt admirably Satyriz'd by our Father *Ben* (of eternall memory) in his Play of the Alchymiſt:

Spectatum admiſſi Riſum teneatis Amici?

Which would move laughter moſt, our *Dons* encountring his Windmill, or his Lordſhip at the Furnace? Being *Subtle*, *Face*, *Lungs*, and all: Beſtow a brace of taſſled Caps upon them both, and ſo *exeant*.

He did not like ſo much the unproportionable blows which Don Belianis *gave and tooke.*] Our *Don* is not ſo much tranſported with *Belianis* his Blowes as a paſſionate Butcher of our Nation was, who being at the Play, called *the Greeks and Trojans*, and ſeeing *Hector* over-powred by *Mirmydons*, got upon the Stage, and with his good Battoone tooke the true *Trojans* part ſo ſtoutly, that he routed the *Greeks*, and rayled upon them loudly for a company of cowardly ſlaves to aſſault one man with ſo much odds. He ſtrooke moreover ſuch an eſpeciall acquaintance with *Hector*, that for a long time *Hector* could not obtaine leave of him to be kill'd, that the Play might go on; and the cudgelled *Mirmydons* durſt not enter againe, till *Hector*, having prevailed upon his unexpected ſecond, return'd him over the Stage againe into the yard from whence he came.

Many times he did fall at variance with the Curate, &c.] As great an occaſion of quarrell was this of a brace of Students, who kept ſhort of the Dividents of their Colledge Fines (for that was meat for their betters) while their Seniors were ſharing that money, walkt in their Grove, (taking the freſh aire without any contradiction of Superiours;) At laſt one makes a ſuppoſition, If thou or I now ſhould happily find a purſe of Gold, how ſhould we divide it? They were, you muſt conceive, of different degrees, one Maſter, the other Batchelour of Arts. The Maſter of Arts, like the Lion, asked the greateſt part. The other ſaid, no, *Simul occupantes æquè Dividentes*: Equall purchaſe equall ſhare. The Maſter would not forgoe his priviledge of ſeniority, the Junior inſiſted upon his Title of halfe; at laſt it grew ſo hot that they fell to Cuffs, and bang'd one another devoutly, untill, weary of their blowes, they began to examine each other of the ground of their falling out, which was no other than about the divident of a purſe of gold, which was never yet found.

That the Cid Ruydiaz *was not to be compared*, &c.] To the Knight of the burning Sword? What wouldſt thou have ſaid, if ever it had been thy fortune to have adventured into *England*, and ſeen the Knight of the burning Peſtle, who carried all the Ladies before him: Or if that other Knight of the ſame Nation had ever come to thy eares, whom I may call the Knight of the *high Scurrado*, or the *Spouting-Peſtle*, by name plaine *Captaine Jones*? Certainly *Bernardo Del Carpio* (though of greateſt eſteeme with thee) ſhould not have been in the ſame leafe of the Book in the Diary and Regiſter of valiant men: Beſides, this Nation (for I cannot give all Heroick actions to the Spaniard) have produced names as high as *Hercules*. What I pray was *Chinon* of *England*, or the Foole transform'd? *Bevis* of *Southamp-*

ton, and *Guy* of *Warwick*, or that Cripple-errant of famous memory, who ſtole the golden weather cocke from *Pauls* ſteeple, before it was a Tower, which was the higheſt piece of deſperate valour that ever was performed, but that his piety is as notorious as his ſacriledge, for with the ſame weather cocke, he built Cripple gate; which untill this day retaines his name.

Roſinante a horſe of labour and carriage.] I wonder, the *Don* being ſo neer neighbour to the ſunne, did not borrow ſome of his horſes names, but indeed they did moſt properly belong to the knight of the ſame name. He choſe rather by a figure, the nomination of his *Bucephalus*, and by a *Huſteron Proteron* (as we ſay in Engliſh) of putting *the cart* before the *horſe*, he ſucceeds very happy in the title, which in Engliſh makes not ſo high a ſound as in *Spaniſh*, but will doe indifferent, *Latpackaſad*, being in ſenſe the very ſame, though not in ſound with *Rozinante*, though our horſes doe not take their names for adventures, like the *Dons*, yet they have their names from their preſenters; if a friend beſtow his horſe, he paſſes his name with him, & by that means, the names of many worthy perſons (who have not left ſucceſſion behind them) are continued in the race of their gifts. It would be a pretty imployment (for there is little work now for Heralds) to blazon thoſe gentile horſes coates. There is an able fat farrier herald, ſomewhat Northward, whom it would (being the trades are already met in him) very excellently become, unto whom I leave it.

DON Quixot of the Mancha] It was as ſmall a labell, and as modeſt, as any Knight could firſt have vent'red on into the world with; for lower matters the Empire of *Trapeſonda*, having ſhaken hands with their names, and not retain'd ſo much as *Don Quixot* of *Quixada*, or *Queſada*, which was rather a ſyncope or diminution to his name, being more at length naturally, or rather literally, though in account leſſe: ſome of our Nation have accounted it more honourable to owne a baſtardy, by aſſuming the name of the Lord that gat them to an Annuity, then to hide their mothers ſhame, under the plauſible covert of their ſuppoſed Fathers.

I am the Gyant Caro Culiambro] A very good name for a Gyant, but I will tell you what will fill ones mouth as well, even one of our Engliſh Gyants, as *Sheildabrawne*, *Colarobrawne*, *Legomutton*, *Raſherobacon*, and many more of this laſt ſword bearing race, who by proweſſe of the Captaine *Joneſes* of our times, the *Marriots*, the *Woods*, the *Stubbinſes*, and other knights of the round Table, have been hackt, hew'd, wriggled and utterly confounded.

He call'd her Dulcinea *del* Toboſo] *Aldonſa Lorenſo*, ſtrangely Anagrammatiz'd into *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, but Schoolemaſters talk Latine by the rule, and Princes by inſtinct. Therefore *in contemptum Anagrammaticorum*, *Aldonſa Lorenſo* ſhall make *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. For as the *French* care not for the quantity of ſyllables, ſo we *Spaniards* care not for the tranſpoſition of letters; I ſhall conclude this Chapter with a reply of *Don Gondamore*, Country-man to our *DON*. *Gondamore* was talking in the Latine tongue with King *James*, and the King ſpeaking exactly, *Gondamore* tooke liberty to expreſſe as he pleaſed whereupon the King not enduring the Peace ſhould be ſo oft broke before his face, deſired *Gondamore* to ſpare *Priſcians* head for the future; but the

Don

DON was quick with his ſalve, and told his Majeſty, that he ſpake Latine like a King, free and without rule, but the King ſpake it like a Schoolemaſter.

CHAP. II.

THE ſecond Chapter he attempts, but oh!
Unto his griefe, he findes no wiſht for Foe:
Wherefore deceiv'd and wearied, he is forc'd
Without an enemie, to be unhorſ'd,
Yet not diſarmed wholly Cap-ape;
For in his Helmet he ſleeps valiantly,
Though with a Caſtle he would needs begin,
Poor *Roſinante* was glad it was an Inne.

TEXT.

AND *therefore acquainting no living creature with his intentions*] No living creature; it cannot be ſo, for certainly *Roſinante* was of the counſell, and enjoin'd much ſecrecy. For the *Don* might tell his tale to his horſe without danger of diſcovery, though he might heare *of his tale* againe for it: (as the Engliſh proverbe hath it in another expreſſion.)

He was not yet dubb'd Knight.] This was a horrible ſcarre, and enough to have cruſh'd our cock of the game in the egg. It was ſtrange he did not inſtantly unſheath his owne ſword, and croſſe it over his owne pate, and having impreſſed a Knighthood on his forgetfull noddle, ſpoke the words himſelfe, riſe up *DON Quixot*, &c. or what if he had ſubmitted, and falne on his knees to *Roſinante* (a horſe formerly of very good carriage,) the Brute could have done no leſſe, then bounded immediately, and laid his hoofes upon his Helmet (which was as neer his head, as they could come) and it might have paſſed, and the *DON* ever after accounted himſelfe of the *Equeſtrian* Order, which is the order of Knighthood.

As touching white Armour.] It is ſtrange; *once out* and *ever out*: what a miſchance was this. O for a chalke hill! it would have whitened him and *Roſinante*, as if they had been Knight and horſe of the vail of white horſe. The firſt Knights that ever were heard of in white Armour, and on white horſes, were (as I take it) *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, who though they never ſhine together in the Heavens, yet at one great battaile, wherein the *Romans* got the victory, they were diſcovered to come into the field, and doe wonderfull execution, and then vaniſh ſtreight to their Orbs in the Heavens: and ever ſince, thoſe mares that ſaw thoſe white horſes, have had colts with ſtarres in their heads.

He did parle with himſelfe on this manner.] Of theſe kind of Soliloquies, or ſelfe-diſcourſes, you ſhall every where rather ſee then heare: what man almoſt is it that you meet alone, if he be thoughtive or cogitabund, but his lips, his eyes, his hands, goe as well as his legs. If one ſhould, or could but

but ſpare his time, to obſerve the ſeverall poſtures of paſſengers in the ſtreet; he might after a little curioſity of intention, know moſt mens buſineſſes by the motion of their lips, and diſcover their intentions by the ſignes in their faces: whether the buſineſſe were matter of law, love, debt, anger or jovialty. Such agreeable indications every face doth betray, that in ſpight of the verſe we may ſay, *fronti ſumma Fides*, every mans paſſions are written in his forehead, and if women might be commanded to goe unveil'd, much more would be knowne, then they would have willingly diſcovered. It were very good policy in times of warre, ſuites, or jealouſie, to learne to undecipher mouths, lookes, and gates; there is more to be got out of them, then out of this extaticall ſpeech of the *Dons*, to which *Roſinante* prickt up his eares more from the ſenſe of his ſides, then the ſenſe in the oration.

Written in the Annals of the Mancha.] The Annals of the *Mancha*, are in as large a faire Foolio, as thoſe of *Goteham*, and are kept in very ſafe cuſtodie, few Travellers have had the favour to ſee them; *Tom Coriat* had a view, and to a wiſe man it is enough. It is very difficult now, unleſſe recommended from ſome great perſonage, to have admittance to the ſight of them: there muſt be two certificates at leaſt, of the family of the *We be three*, who are of the *Quorum* alwayes.

There ſtood at the Inne by the door, two young women adventurers likewiſe.] Theſe I beleeve had been dubb'd and dubb'd againe, and had deviſes in their Targets, for hotter adventures then ever the *Don* aſſaied; it was ſtrange that the *Don*, (but that ſtrong imagination is irreſiſtible) being *gaunt*, (not *John a Gaunt* I meane) but faſting, and therefore of more exquiſite ſenſe, had not ſmelt out their profeſſion from the evaporations of their ſaltpits: or that *Roſinante* had not by a merry neighing, diſcovered the approaches of two over-ridden jades. Their ſtanding at the Inne door, was a ſign of themſelves and the houſe, and (though they were bound for *Sevil*) that their behaviour was not ſo.

Checking Roſinante *with his bridle*] *Roſinantes* head-ſtrongneſſe, is here remarkable, and ſhewes that a beaſt knowes when he is weary or hungry, better then his rider. Theſe naturall offerings at an Inne door, gazings, and head writhings, are moſt proper ſymptomes in the creature, of an appetite or longing for Limb-eaſe, and tooth motion. A way bit then, and not a bit of way more. The Knight (for all Knight errants, underſtand all languages, whether vocall or naturall) apprehended *Roſinante*, and taking pitty of the croakings of his empty guts, to which his owne ſometime ſympathetically anſwered. He ſpurr'd up to the Inne door, full upon the *Donſellas*; which Item, *Roſinante* tooke the more patiently, becauſe he was within the comfortable ſmell of provender: but O the hogheards horne! 'twas an ill winde, and blew no body good; for by this meanes it came to paſſe, that *Roſinante* muſt heare the other ſpeech, which came from a head as empty as his belly, in which was nothing but wind, juſt both alike.

Diſcovering his withered and duſty countenance] This ſouldier-like viſage of the *Dons*, brought the *Donzellas* to a ſtand. *Venus* did not ſo much deſpiſe *Vulcan* for his lame leg, as ſhe was enamor'd of *Mars* for his manlike face. I have heard it reported of an underſtanding Lady of our Nation

tion (whose opinion being asked concerning a very beautifull and streight limb'd gentleman Usher, how shee liked the owner of that face) that shee replyed thus presently, (Ladies wits being best upon the sodaine,) Pish, what doe you tell me of a face; I say, a *Venus* face, and *Mars* his truncheon, never met together in the same person.

They could not containe their laughter] Continence was rare in any thing, as wel as laughter with them, yet their rude carriage, shewed that they were tender hearted; for they had been of very hard hearts, if they could not have laughed at him, and I believe, had the *Don* made experience, he would have found them thorow good natur'd, and as ready to lye downe as to laugh.

Mine Host, a man of exceeding fatnesse.] I did not think that mine Hosts of the *Mancha*, or indeed of any place of *Spaine*, had been of such vast dimensions, certainly he was transported out of *Holland*, or great *Britany*; this is the first *Rhodomontado* in *Re* that I have met with; but yet considering him to be of the *Commark* of St *Lucars*, and no lesse theevish then *Cacus*, if he stole and eat as much provision as that beast-robber did, his magnitude is no wonder. Allow us but in *Spaine* the beasts, and I will grant the Host a thiefe, and as fat: untill then I suspend my beliefe.

Rozinante, *one of the best pieces that ever eate bread.*] Mine Host viewed the Brute very narrowly (as if he meant to buy him) he need not have gone round him, to his great paines; for the horse was transparent, and rather a beast that had never eat a piece of bread, then as the *Don* expressed it.

The strangest and most pleasing figure to behold.] It was well that the *Don* was pleased to tell his name, for by his face they should never have known him; his Helmet being on, he was a hard head, and when that was off, he was a Cods-head.

And then the valour of mine arme shall discover.] The valour of that part, was not the thing his courteous undressers expected, who rather wished him steel to the back, then as it fell out to be to his head. It was impossible to salute him without losse of teeth; this sad apprehension of their particular defraudings, made them melancholly at present, but they are resolved, since they can make him no sport, to make sport of him.

One of the Ladies served his turne in that.] She was enforced to *Caw* him, as they doe young *Jack dawes*, and every bit she administred, he gap'd full wide, as the Helmet would let him; which if it had not streighned (and that very much) the wideness and capacities of his jawes, the poor *Johns* would have past whole without slicing, and with more ease down his throat then a cormorant dispatches *Minnows*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

He must be dub'd, or nothing will availe,
Mine Hoast the *Order* gives, Carriers the *Haile*;
Stones in such number, that our Knight might be
Not of the *Mancha*, but *à Lapide*;
And that poore *Rosinant* might stoutly stir,
The Hay and Oat-booke was the Register:
Where on Record stands scor'd our dreadfull Knight
For want of pay, for fourteen pence a night.

TEXT.



Nd being thus tossed in mind, he made a short beggerly Supper.] *Auræ sacra fames*: What will not thirst of honour make one drinke, or not drinke, eat, or not eat? Here it almost made our *Don* lose his share of the *poore John*, as many a Noble *Duke Humphryan*, (for honour-sake meerely) because he would not beg, hath walkt manfully from twelve till three in contempt of three-penny Ordinaries, wondring at the gluttony of the Age he liv'd in, thinking all the time of that melancholy motion of the rare course of *Lescius* his dyet, or else why it were not possible to so habituate Nature, that by degrees she might need no other sustenance then the *Camælion*; the ingeniousest Wits in the world have been such who feed exilest, or most slenderly: The woman, who was sustained only by Flowers, (the scent I mean) beside the sweetnesse of her Fare, no doubt had a nutriment most *Hyblæan*, and had her Thighs been well surveyed, they were as well laden as the Bees, as you have it in the Poet, *Crura Thymo*, &c.

The Inne-keeper seeing his Guest at his Feet.] You see Pride will have a Fall. These high thoughts brought the *Don* to his Knees, happily on a Cushion of *Rosinantes* own orduring (for it was in the stable.) It was well the Knight was the Votary, and mine Host the Idoll, otherwise had mine Host been on his knees, neither *Rosinante* (though formerly used to burthens, nor *Asinego* his Master would have been able to have raised the Elephant.

Mine Host as was noted before was a great Gyber.] It is ordinary for Hosts to be knavishly witty, the latter being a set-off to the former. Much of a reckoning goes current for the Drolery of the maker of the Bill. There is a kind of Leachery in neat and ingenious cozenage. It doth find mercy before a Judge, and applause amongst most, but this was a great Giber, but not so great as to lose a friend for a jest, that was the way to undo himselfe, no, no, the Authors Counsell runs upon his Corpulency, just as one said of an *Over-Obese* Priest, that he was a great *Arminian*, grant (quoth a second) that he be an *Arminian*, Ile sweare he is the greatest that ever I saw. Just as mine Host is here, so is every Host almost upon all rodes of the Temper with his Guest; he is a Knight errant with a Knight errant; Are you a Cavaliere, he is a Cavaliere; are you a Statist, he Statist too; but that they are too fat commonly; they are the veriest Apes in the World, and to be short,

ſhort, generally *Bonii Sorii*, and very *Soſia's*: Like gueſt, like Landlord.

The Ceremonies requiſite ſhould be done.] It is concluded to dub him Knight. This order of Knight errantry is very ancient, when there were but three perſons in the World, one was of this Order, even *Cain*, who for the murther of his Brother was a Fugitive and a Vagabond over the whole earth, a larger extent than our *Dons* peregrinations; he had beſide this marke another alike to our *Knight-errants*, that none ſhould ſlay him, for you never read of a *Knight-errant* that was ſlaine in the whole world.

Have you any money? he anſwered not a blanck.] We have had many orders of Knighthood, plaine Knights, Knights of the Bath, Knights and Baronets, Knights Bannerets, Knights Templars, Knights of *Ieruſalem*, Knights of *Windſor*, and Knights of the Poſt, which two laſt were very much like the Knight errants, for they could reply to the Queſtion as quick as the *Don*, and as point blanke.

Mine Hoſt rejourned, he was deceived.] Mine Hoaſt, I believe, was of that wiſe and provident houſe of the *Iagas*, where this Maxime is intailed upon the Family, not to be cut off under an *Anathema* of the prime Parent. *My ſon, put money in thy purſe.* It is good counſell for moſt men, but eſpecially for Travellers, and of Travellers, eſpecially horſemen, who (for want of heeding this Frugall principal) are oft times reduced to Footmen, and leave their *Roſinantes* in the ſtable, where their heads ſwell bigger a great deale than the Loggerhead their hoſts that would not confide.

They carried with them a little Casket of Oyntments.] I believe the weapon-ſalve, or *Unguentum armarium* was firſt deviſed by theſe *Knight-errants*, who having neither money, wit, nor friends, but Imaginary (and reaping ſometimes the fruits of their folly, knocks, and cuts) wiſely contrived this ſubtile cure of dreſſing the Sword or Battoone, (for they miſcarried both at dull and ſharpe) which was only a cloathing of it warme, and by a miracle called *Sympathy*, now crumbled into a Powder, the wound was healed, as it would have been without it; for cut any *Knight-errant*, and let it be a fleſh wound, and the Balſame of the part (without the help of *John Pontæus*,) kept from the aire and cleans'd, ſhall cure it ſelfe. I do not herein ſtudy to gratifie the Chirurgeons grand enemies to the Sympathetick powder, or any other cheap remedy, but betwixt jeſt and earneſt I partly believe, and not believe my ſelfe *Aruſpex aruſpicem*, they can conſtrue without the help of the Book.

In ſome ſlight and ſubtle wallets.] This quaint device of the Wallet hath been put in practice in more plentifull Countries than that of the *Dons*. Some thrifty Sirs have thus conveighed their Brutes, and their own Provender, and for diſpatch ſake, having far to ride, to avoid the turmoile of Innes, Hoſts, Chamberlaines, and Oſtlers, have made choiſe of a greene graſſe-plat, and joyn'd Commons, the ſame parcht peaſe ſufficing for two Creatures at once, the rationall, and irrationall. But this device (as ſubtle as it was) hath met with misfortunes, for one more frugall than otherwiſe, having at his Inne at night (for the device is but for a day-ſhift) left ſome inconſiderable ſnip of a craggy rack of mutton, gave order to his man by a winck (which was his uſuall way to have his miſerable commands executed) to cloak-bag the ſlender reſidue, whither alſo his over-provident ſervant (to pleaſe his Maſter) poured in the remaines of the pottage, and ſo made up a full adage of Parſimony.

To watch his armes in a great yard.] The *Don* is become Dragon to his owne armes, more Dragon in them farre, then out; but more watchfull out, then in them, for he often slept on horseback. Now like a poor snake, but yet cristed still (though stript) he doth attend the Cisterne, mounting himselfe, and hissing furiously at any thing that comes neer; that hissing he had not learnt of the snakes, but of some other creature (as watchfull) who sav'd sometime the Capitoll. He is now in this posture, both St *George*, and Dragon too.

What cannot Poets and skelle painters doe? or rather as we have it in the English author;

——— *If* Homer *wou'd*,
Hellen *had been a hagge*, *and* Troy *had stood.*

An Host (a small wit) had bargained with a humorous painter (there are many of them) for the new drawing of his signe, which was to be that of St *George* and the *Dragon*, and most earnestly and often, even to the *Interruption* of his worke, importuned and intreated him to have an especiall care, that he drew St *George* with a most killing countenance (to the life) and ever and anon, renewing his desire, the easily provok't painter, looked very uncouth upon mine host, and taking off his pencill from the frame, said, mine Host, be quiet and leave your counsell, or the Devill take my wife) if I doo not make the Dragon kill St *George*. Which stroke such a terror into his landlord, that he left the place; and the painter not well compos'd, untill a cup of sack, and a pipe of Spanish, had reconciled him to mine Host and his businesse.

He walked up and downe the Cisterne very demurely.] No such eyes, or better, did *Ajax* cast upon *Achilles* Armour, and such a speech, or better, did *Ulysses* make before the assembled *Greeks*, upon such, or a better subject. I wonder the Author here, did not make the *Don* speaking somewhat, either verses or prose, unlesse he was afraid of running into *Ovids* fancy; but what he would not, others will: And therefore you may imagine, the *Don* after many perambulations, and applications to his Armes, opening his owne, and his mouth, a great question, which were most enlarged for the delivery, these ensuing verses, which being above *Hexameter*, full sometimes, and sometimes over-makes, that rather sounding verse, we call *Elbowick*.

The Dons *speech to his Armes.*

Lye here my *Armes* by day, I am thy *Armes* by night;
Though thou my glittering Arms, then I thy Arms more bright:
'Tis not the Moon that shines, but thy well scowr'd reflection
By which I walk, more then mine owne complexion.
Thou on that Altar ly'st, and I thy Priest walk by,
What ever comes neer thee, because neer me, must dye.
When on this body thou art girt, safe is thy *Don*,
And safe, my trusty Armes, shalt thou be off, or on:

None

None dare approach this Altar, whereon ſleeping lies
His fate: Fore-warn'd, who comes in Armes-way dies.

He overthrew the Carrier to the ground in ſuch a taking.] He conquers as quick as *Cæſar*, Comes and O'recomes. Though the place of this firſt defeat was ignoble, (it being the *horſe-trough*) yet the manner of the ſally was gallant, it was upon a full carreere, who if he had drank (as his *Mules* ſhould have done) no doubt he had not falne ſo ſodainly, with this one bruſh. But here he lyes, the Monument of deſperate unwarineſſe, who could not ſpeak to a Knight, and a ſouldier of the ſame nature, for a little freſh water, and for his mules too, who were ſomewhat allyed (but upon the worſt ſide) to the guardian of the Ciſterne. But as ſoone as he had laid the carrier on the ground, where lay his *noli me tangere* (his armour,) treading on his preſumptuous breaſt, for abuſing his Corſlet, he takes up the Armes, not much unlike *Anæaſſe* frighted,

Arma amens cepit, nec ſat rationis in Armis.

Soone after, another Carrier without knowing,] *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* It is good for all profeſſions to have a little ſmatch in the *Accedens*. But the Carriers are like their *Mules*, not to be turn'd out of the way, and ſo ruin'd by the ſame hand, of the ſame *Muleaſſes*: you find them (like their Brutes, noſe in arſe), not revocable to be men againe of this World (as they ſay) but by the noiſe of their pack-*Mules* bels. Great honour in this encounter was done to *Dulcinea*, who twice provoked, twice was propitious to her Votary and Lord.

Their fellowes raine ſtones upon Quixot.] *Ne Hercules contra duos*; the hardy Knight breakes, nay, out-does the Proverbe, and is an *Hyper-Hercules*; for I dee not remember, of all the labours of *Hercules*, that he ever encountred a ſhowre of haile-ſtones. Here he ſhewed undaunted courage, and extraordinary activity. How ſnakelike he gathers, and incircles himſelfe, under the covert of his Target, which was ſo peal'd with ſtones, and rung ſo loud, that the *Don* was not much unlike a rattle ſnake, that *Politick* Sir under the *Tortoiſe* ſhell, nor he that was ſhewn for the *Fiſh*, ever lay in ſo ſtreight, a round he takes a tile volant in the very hole, where the pegg of wood uſes to be, and bearing it on the end of his Javeling, encounters ſtones as thick *Atomes*, which flew about his eares; at that time (if ever) miraculouſly preſerved, for thoſe nobler pendents, which *Dulcinea* meant to hang there.

As he had read in the Ceremoniall book of the Order.] The creation, or inſtallation rather of this *Knight Errant*, or rather inſtabulation (for there was no Chappell in the houſe) yet it might very well be, that the Chappell, as in other places, might be converted into a horſe quarter) This Ceremony, I ſay, is farre ſhort of thoſe of the Garter, or of the golden Fleece, (though of the ſame continent with this latter) or thoſe of the Knights of *Malta*. If the Formalities were well compared, they would more reſemble theſe new Orders of the *Tityrie-Tues*, the *Fellow Cues*, the confederates, the *Dead Boyes*, the *Tories*, the *John Dorians*, or the late Ranters, or the *Hectors*, whoſe rites and cuſtomes, were never fully executed (like

these of the *Don*) without a *Tolosa*, or a *Molinera*, in plaine English, a whore or so, for creature-comfort, as they call it; or as the *Hectors*, for *Carnelevation*. These Knights, (like the most generous of creatures) fight stoutly in view of their females, and 'tis well knowne how a dray-horse (though well laden) will forget his burden, and pluck vigorously and villanously too, if a Flanders Mare were in the wind.

Always murmuring something betwixt the teeth as if he prayed.] I wonder the words of Consecration were not expressed: it may be because mine Host could read no otherwise, then was in the provender book; unto which, if he had literally kept, it would have made more for the dubbing of *Rosinante*, then the *Don*. But whosoever hath heard of the Canonization of *Raviliacks* Dagger, or the Benediction of *Faulks* his dark Lanthorne, will say, that the *ultra-marine* Ceremonies, are singular and high, and therefore, once againe (as the *Dutch* men drank at *Abingdon*) I will presume upon the *Hesperian* fancy, and recruit the defect, which mine Host if he had received, no doubt would have recited.

DON Quixot's Ceremony.

O bend those knees, that only now must kneel,
And only now surrender up that steel,
Which on thy neck and shoulder thou shalt feel.
This bang upon thy neck, this shoulder-thwack,
Take from thy Prelate, *who doth charme thy back,*
With these crosse wasters, from all blowes, and black.
Thy old Toled' *from hilt to point upreare,*
Horrour 'ith hilt, death on the point appeare,
And from the blade, fly lightning every where.
Thou Target, none of these from Heaven throwne,
(Yet broke as those) repell the shot, the stone,
Arrowes and speares, and sheild all blowes from one.
Thou spurre-royall, which art of trueſt steel,
Let Rosinants *sides by thy advisos feel,*
When he must charge, retreat, bound up, or wheel.
Thou Murrion *bound in mystick ribbins close*
Unto his neck, let no Inchanters loose,
Be by day Helmet, by day night cap, and noose.

You must note, that the sign was in Taurus *and* Gemini.

The Ladies Votes or Auspicies. *Tolosa.*

Let virgin hand, not us'd to handle blade,
Nor any naked Thing, be not afraid
To gird thy whinion to thy trusty Thigh,
Whence stoutly draw; be happy, and be high.

Molinera puts on the spurre.

Thus on my knees, (on which Sir Knight you ought
To be to Ladies) I the spurr have brought,
(Which you ought also give) if a geud Knight
In Scotch land *'ere you fortune have to fight.*

The Knight intreated to call themselves Lady Tolosa, *Lady* Molinera.] This done

done, as at all Creations, there ought to be ſome Recreations, the Ladies lookt to have been more than nominally dub'd, they curteſied him, but he Curtizaned not them, but what he failed of was ſupplied by the Carriers, who had not caſt all their ſtones at the Knight, but had ſome left for the Ladies.

CHAP. IV.

Got from the Inne he loſt his way almoſt,
Yet wonne the title of the Knight o'th' Poſt:
The Whipping-poſt I meane, where John Haldudo
Did ſlaſh his boy (as many Maſters do-do)
Poore Andrew *it had better been for thee*
Thou'dſt ne're been reſcued from the killing tree.
Thou wert repriev'd but to be ſurer hang'd
Up by the heeles: But Don *himſelfe was bang'd;*
A ſhrewd misfortune to our Errant Sir,
But who can help't? 'twas fortune de la guerr.

TEXT.

SET Counſell, that he ſhould ever carry about him money and cleane ſhirts.] *Verbum ſapienti ſatum.* Application is the life of Doctrine; wherefore our *Don* (not ſuch a Foole as ſome make him) nor yet a pin the worſe for this action, Faces about, and would home, and carry *Tom Fooles* Token with him; and though he had not heard of the deciſion, no doubt but his apprehenſive ſoule had found out that there was ſomething warmer than two ſhirts, and reſolved it within himſelfe to be *Three*. Wherefore he now determines, after long deliberation (which is beſt before great reſolves) that he will neither be lowſie, nor ſtarve all the time of his Travell; which prudent courſe *Roſinant* liked well, and merrily tript it homeward, or elſe he muſt have pickt ſallets upon the rode-Common, and grazed gratis like the geeſe.

He ſaw a Mare tyed unto an Oake,] I believe *Roſinante* was a Gelding, or elſe a *ſtallion ſuper-annuate*, otherwiſe this diſtreſſed Creature, at the Oake, might have mov'd him to ſome horſe-errantry. But that ſervice cannot be expected upon Hay as Provender; He that eates well does his worke well; had *Roſinante* mounted the Mare, and raiſed his Knight a by-mounted Chevalier, no doubt but it had cauſed a new Frontiſpiece to the Book, and the *Don* had been cut a ſtory higher. Had that Lady ſeen him which ſaw the Brewers horſe at the ſame exerciſe with the Cart and Barrels at his back (whence, by the way, Beere firſt learned to run a tilt) ſhe would, no doubt, have ſaid as much for *Roſinante* as the Dray-horſe in his full careere, that he would have made a brave bedfellow had he but two legs.

The other beholding ſuch an antick to hover over him.] Here is an Epitome in the *Don*, and the Maſter correcting his boy of *Bridewell* and *Bedlam*, only the *Don* hath graſſe for Litter, and is allowed the uſe of a horſe, which few *Furioſos* (except *Orlando*) though of the beſt quality, ever had before.

How

How much (quoth Don) *did his Maſter owe him?*] The *Don* was an unfit Umpire or Judge in this caſe, in my opinion, and too ſtrict upon the Maſter, if he had remembred how he quit ſcores with mine Hoſt; but I had imagined, by this nimble queſtion, that he would have ſhared with the boy, had the Reals been numbred, and ſaved the journey of returning to his own houſe.

All is well, quoth Don Quixot, *let the price of the ſhooes*, &c.] Pithy and pat, it would have become the *Bench*: ſervants that have hard Maſters, let them read this Deciſion of the *Dons*, it will teach them an excellent way of diſcount; Taile Flebotomy, or Leaching may very well be ſet againſt breathing a veine, and excoriation or fleaing the Podes, for given leather to the Pudds. If it were pleaded in the Chamber of *London*, I do beleeve it would have been excepted, and the boy (for his wit) ſet upon Record.

Replied the boies Maſter, I have no money.] This reply overthrows all Juſtice, Buſineſſe, and Contrivance; no money, it *non pluſſes* all Sutes, Actions, and Paſſions, or what you will. A Lady, once requeſting a Gentleman to play at Gleeke, was refuſed, but civilly, and upon three reaſons; The firſt whereof, Madam, ſaid the Gentleman, is, I have no money. Her Ladyſhip knew that was ſo materiall and ſufficient, that ſhe deſired him to keep the other two reaſons to himſelfe.

The righter of Wrongs, and undoer of Injuries.] Never did Knight take a title ſo inauſpitiouſly both to himſelfe and poore *Andrew*, for *Andrew* was forced to the Oake againe, though his Indentures were once cancelled. And the *Don* proved juſt contrary in the next exploit, being the abider of Wrongs, and undergoer, I cannot ſay, but underlayer of Injuries.

I do alſo ſweare the ſame quoth the Farmer.] There is as great Equivocation in the high ſhoone as the Cowle, or the men of Trade. One would have preſumed the Oath both *Andrew* and his Maſter ſware could not have been broke (for they mutually invoked the Rock, which is a very hard book to kiſſe) but herein lay the evaſion or mentall reſervation, when *Andrew* lookt for *Reall* payment, the Sophiſter his Maſter gave him Corporall.

Who glad above all meaſure for his ſucceſſe.] Had *Andrews* picture and the *Dons* been taken about the ſame buſineſſe (for both were high exalted) they would have made exact pieces of *Heraclitus*, and *Democritus*, but *Dicitur infectâ re rediiſſe Domum.* And the *Don* in this tranſportation was like the ſleeper in the empty Theater; who comming before the Play, or Auditors, dream'd of the paſſages, and laugh'd, clapp'd, hiſs'd, and ſtamp'd, as if the Players had been enter'd, *Vacuo ſeſſor plauſorque theatro.* Even ſo, and ſo, To *Dulcinea*, the Empreſſe of his labours, all devoires are tendred for her inſpirations of ſpeech and valour, as a man ſhould ſay, briefly thus:

Bleſt be Dulcinea, *whoſe Favour I beſeeching,*
Reſcu'd poore Andrew, *and his* Nock-Andro *from breeching.*

The way which oft held Knight Errants in ſuſpence.] This ſtand of the *Dons* makes me ſuſpect he was a Foole; for he is neither weather-wiſe, nor way-wiſe, nor penny-wiſe, but in this *Quadry*-way he might (though ne're ſo valiant) be worſted, for here was foure to one.

And came with their Quitaſotes.] Theſe are over-head boone Graces, or Var-

Vardingales, a portable pent-houſe againſt the ſunne; we had an old Lord (or Lady ſhall I ſay! for King *James*, when he ſaw him at his firſt comming into England, ſware, old *Beſſe* was alive againe.) who uſed in the ſummer time a Fanne, and if he had tranſplaced his huge pok't ruffe foure hand-full higher, he had been in the *Toledo* mode, and brought the *Quitaſotes* into faſhion in his own Country.

Such an adventure as he imagined.] The *Don was* extreamly miſtaken, for theſe were (though not Knights,) his brother Merchant adventurers.

More beautifull then the Empreſſe of the Mancha.] This is the firſt challenge, and Proclamation of his Ladies beauty: you ſhall finde him begin and end a cryer. The miſerable, but not ſo ſad a repreſentative of many a calamity undergone, for no weightier a cauſe, then the beauty of a Lady. How many Ladies, have ſeen their ſervants, for the maintenance of that (perchance, whereof they are as great guardians, as *Dulcinea del Toboſo*) periſht and lie like *Philaſter*, or *Cupid* himſelfe a bleeding. But this was a moſt high piece of madneſſe in our *Don*, to proclaime his Ladies excellencies (if ſhee had them) to the World, which commonly comes not to Idolize ſuch pieces, but if they have purſes (as theſe Merchants) to traffick for them. Goe no farther then *Gyges* for the naked truth of this.

That without beholding her, you doe believe, confeſſe, affirme, ſweare, and defend.] Moſt legally proſecuted I profeſſe, to have, hold, occupy, and enjoy. But your *Toledo* Merchants are no fooles, they will ſee and know their commodities before they buy: what, a pigge in a poke? two words to a bargaine: *Ignoti nulla cupido*. Give me the Merchants judgements, not their leavings. But the Knight is at his *ſic volo, ſic jubeo*; *Dulcinea* muſt be ador'd, and truly ſhee deſerved the knees of all that ever ſaw her, to be bowed in undiſſembled prayer, for deliverance from ſuch a ſight for ever after.

I requeſt you in all theſe Princes names.] This need not goe for a jeſt of the ingenious Merchant; for *Sans* controverſie, none live more like Princes then they doe.

The Picture of the Lady, though no bigger then a graine of wheat.] Such rare Models, and pieces of Art, are wonderfull in theſe Countries, though of late; our Southerne men, have learned to cut the ten Commandements, Creed, and Pater noſter in a cherries ſtone, and we have ſeen, not a Ladies face indeed, but Father *Garnets* in a ſtraw, and his neck in a ſtring.

Don Quixot *all inflamed with Choler.*] The Merchants ſting in the taile of his ſpeech, ſo netled the *Don*, that had *Roſinante* been ſo in place where, no ground had held him. But the beaſt grew dull with his ridiculous weight, and ſpurred up unduely (in a furrow) did not ſtumble (as the author injuriouſly ſayes) for *Roſinante* was not uſed to trippe, but fell downe directly, he never offered, but fell, and oftner to the ground then his oates. And here is *Quixot* flowndred (man and horſe, as they ſay) groping like *Polyphem'* without his eye. Happy *Don* if (like *Ulyſſes* alſo) he could have hid himſelfe amongſt the Muttons, he might then have ſlept in a whole skinne, which the Merchants lackey, like a Ferret, claw'd off: moſt ignoble enterprize. I ſhall conclude, for I cannot behold it any longer, with two Sympathetick-lines.

O see our Lyon worried! In such denns
Such Lyons roar, as we call Smithfield Penns.

CHAP. V.

Thinke not for all this boasting, yet to flout him,
Though h' have no launce, you'l find his wits about him.
Crip'led, 'tis true, and in a hideous plight,
(And so had laine, but for a friend all night)
Yet he resolves to stand to his Romancees,
Though on the ground he lie, and plies those Fancies.
Nothing doth grieve him, of what came to passe,
But that he rode to th' Mancha *on an Asse.*

TEXT.

HE *was resolv'd to have recourse to his ordinary remedy.*] Account not this Poeticall retirement of our *Dons* ridiculous, when he had no other help. It is the wisest turne and shift of passion, to evaporate griefe, through the shaking of the *Diaphragme.* Storme one passion with another, or as the *Don* excellently well elevates his misfortunes from the grosse apprehension of a dry basting, to an honourable defeat atchiev'd in the pursuance of some Heroick designe. It was enough to have deaded his high spirits, and extinguish'd this Infant History, if he too sensibly, or literally had commented upon the *Bastinado:* besides, the losse of his Launce, though it stuck emblematically on his sides, yet the fractures went to his heart. He that hath read *Seneca* or *Boethius*, is very well provided against an ordinary mishap, but to have by heart *Argalus* or *Parthenia*, or the dolorous Madrigals of old *Plangus* in the *Arcadia*, or the unfortunate *Lover*, or *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, shall be sure never to die of the *Mubblefubbles.* For to be acquainted with sadnesse, begets familiarity, and familiars never kill one another, unlesse the Divell be in them.

Sedatur Lachrymis, egeriturque dolor.

Urine and teares, are the great exudatories of sorrow. If the Knight did both, you cannot blame him, and wanting the due partaker of his griefe, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he could not chuse but lye in a strange pickle, which *Dulcinea* was never, give her her due (as we give her likenesse) never I say, since she could beat a buck without a cleane taile-clout for her selfe or her friend.

Mr Quixada *said his neighbour.*] It had been affliction unutterable, to have owned that name, and return'd to himselfe againe. The trance of the Cobler (drunk into the beliefe) that he was a Lord, was not to be shaken off without the losse of life; once recoblar'd, he was never his owne man againe. To returne to the Letherne Apron, wax Fingers, and whistling to a black-bird, from such a Lordly dreame, it put him (when Coblars speak Latine, they have some ends) to his *Pol me occidistis Amici.*

Non

Non ſervaſtis (ait) cui ſit extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

Which thus is tranſlated,

(Friends) of the Cobler you have made an end,
Dreaming, a Lord; I waking am a Fiend;
Oh make me drunke againe, and on my word,
I will continue drunke — as any Lord.

Mounted him on the Aſſe as the beaſt of eaſieſt carriage.] One Creature is ready to help another, though *Homo homini Lupus.* This beaſt (though by nature *Aurite*) was never ſo prick-ear'd, as now to heare the brave ſpeech of *Abin-Carry aſſe*, and the Duke of *Mantua*, which *Roſinante* took for a *Port-mantua*; the *Don* lay upon his belly, for the Lackey had laid upon his back ſo, that he was ſpoyled for a ſtar-gazer, and only was fit to be recovered as his great Brother *Antæus*, by ſmelling to the freſh earth, which gets a ſtomack in an inſtant, and ſo the *Don* had, for his guts ſpoke very naturally to the capacity of *Roſinante*, and his fellow Brute, who make all haſte they can to ſatisfie all ſides.

To whom the woman of the houſe ſaid in a lamentable manner.] Of this old goodwife *Pyrrha* you have heard before, and of her age; now you ſhall know her for her adage, ſhe was full of Saws, and one that had ſeene the day; ſhe read without ſpectacles, and could thread a needle likewiſe, and ſee loſt pins without the help of a paire of Noſe-compaſſes; ſhe knew what was what, I, ſhe knew the *Don's* Father, and remembred the firſt time that he ſmil'd in his mothers Face, and hath a piece of the groaning Cake, (as they call it) which ſhe kept religiouſly, with her *Good Friday Buns* full forty good yeares unmouldy, and unmouſe-eaten. Now that ever wiſe woman ſhould ſee her Maſter come to this, to run a wooll-gathering, I would it were ſo well, but the Wooll we ſhall have is as much as the Devill (God bleſſe us) got when he ſhore a hog.

His Niece affirm'd the ſame.] This roguing Queane had watch'd her Uncle, and ſeen him act *Jeronimo* in his ſhort ſhirt, and now thinking him quite loſt, diſcovers his mad prankes to the Curate and the Barber, one of which undoubtedly ſhe thought to inveigle.

And burnt all thoſe excommunicated Books.] Some books more than others incline men to madneſſe; theſe of Errantry have a ſtrange Influence upon the minds of the Readers, (eſpecially if they be amorous, cholerick, or melancholly perſons who do ſtudy them) wherefore Cooks, Butchers, and all ſedentary men, (who alſo are ſubject to the Piles) as Committee-men, Taylors, Gentile Craftſ-men, Schollers over the degree of Doctors and *ſuper-annuate*, beſides Ladies, & their Gentile-women, and Gentile-men Uſhers, all ſuch ſhould be prohibited the reading of them. For often they commit ſtrange matters after the reception of a patheticall ſtory, and the Ladies going to bed full of Imagination tranſgreſſe in Fancy with *Gondibert*, and forget who they are under, or who is over them; There are as dangerous books as theſe, *Broughton*, *Brightman*, and he of *Banbury*, which if they were doom'd to the ſame fire with our *Don's* Library, would have ſav'd many ones wit, beſides their money.

He only requeſted them to give him ſome meat.] *Venter Caret Auribus*; The

Don is now for the entertainment of great *Dido*, so straight they got some thickned milke, pan-pudding, and souce, such viands as they knew he lov'd, and let him eate till his bones were at rest, or (as they say) till his skin crack'd, which was an easie matter, being so batter'd as he was, and bruised: But these recruits, and sleep, will restore him.

Extend thy empty paunch unto the full,
Laden with meat and blowes, thou maiest be dull.

CHAP. VI.

No place without a visitation,
(Th' Inquisition's worse, yet two to one.)
And while Don Quixot *(dreaming no such matter)*
Sleeps, and refreshes his o're-tired nature;
Foure severe visitors the Study force,
(Of which th' old woman was by far the worse;)
The Barber and the Curate (learned men)
Knew what to save, but silly women, when
They have the chaire, as if they were a baking,
All to the oven must; in this sad taking
Were these rare Volumes, which they censure first,
And straight condemne, you know ill names are curst
To filthy fate; the Curate could reprieve
But few, the Barber with his Neece did strive,
And did the yielding Damsell so beseech,
That she did lay some Books under her breech
For his own use, and for that mighty blessing,
He gave the Book second Impression:
But th' old woman was most implacable,
(For she heard him jeere at old wives Fables,)
And therefore all alike must to't. And thus
Without Index expurgatorius,
Or Melius Inquirendum, *O sad story!*
The Books, the Books, do suffer Purgatory.

TEXT.

Is Library the only Author of his harme.] This is a hard Chapter, like that of a Pedegree full of hard names, which to passe over with a stout silence, were unworthy a Commentator, as if it were all Parenthesis, and as well out, as in; or to give no more light then the construing book, which (of every thing, not understood by the translator) saith, it is the name of a Tree, a bird, a fish, a place, or a plant so called. No, no, being it is a criticall piece, and a censure of the most masculine and smartest Authors of *Errantry*, and a finall condemnation of some of them to *Vulcan*, we must not *ex fulgore dare fumum*, (make a black book of what

what they made a light fire) give a ſnuffe for a flaming Taper: wherefore we lament this *Incendium Troiæ*, the fireing of this famous Library, and in as high a fury (though not ſo worthy) as he for *Maro's*, cry out;

——*Ergò ibit in ignes*
Stultaque vaniloqui Flagrabit Muſa Queſadæ.

Which in Engliſh is thus elegantly (though not *ad literam*) tranſlated.

Pox on thee Vulcan, *and if that won't doe,*
Thy Wives Pox on thee, and Beſſe Broughtons *too.*

Which verſes were made upon the like miſhap, when the *Annals* of the famous City of *Madrid*, that is the acts Chivalry of the twenty four ſingle *Signiora's* Combates of the two *Conſuls*. The Turnaments of the common Conſiliarii, the quarterly prizes of the Deputies of the Wards, and their ſeconds, the Queſt-men. Beſides the Annuall Amphipoliticall and tumultuary *certamina*, or Feaſts of twice twelve ſocietyes, every *Prætorian* day, with the ſtrange Feaſts of the Greenmen, Whiflers, Marſhals, and his Miniſters: Beſides, the Navall expedition of the *Gallyfoiſt*, and many other renowned workes, were all burnt to aſhes, not ſo much as a line ſurviving or eſcaping, in that never to be forgotten conflagration of Father *Benjaminos* ſtudy; Wherein, beſides theſe books of Infamous loſſe, were the ſeverall duels, onſlaughts, ſtormes, and military performances, *of the two never to be reconciled families*, (like the *Capulets* and the *Mountchenſies*, *Eteocleans*, and *Polyniceans*, *Douglaſſes* and *Percies*, *Guelfs* and *Guibblins*) of enraged Sr *John Daw*, and incenſed Sr *Amorous La-Fool*.

——*Quis talia Fando,*
Temperet à Lachrymis?

Which runs thus, but not *verbatim*; for I doe not tye my ſelfe up cloſe to the words.

Who can theſe tales relate, and burning Hiſtories,
And not contribute the Church buckets of his eies,
Or new found ſpouts of teares?

This digreſſion pardon'd, I returne to the note; whence I collect, that it is not love, that alwaies makes men mad, nor griefe and peaſe pottage, that only ſwels the belly; by wofull experience we ſee, that by turning over ſuch books, the *vertigo* hath taken the braines, (which being themſelves voluminous, as you ſee in a Calves-head cleav'd in twaine) they are much hurt with volumes of a contrary make, eſpecially thoſe that are ſimple and fooliſh, whereas *ſage* with braines is very good, and *roſemary* is a good *Cephalick*, and *time*, *ſavory*, and *ſweet marjoram*, in good pottage, make excellent ſettle-braine. But theſe kinde of ſimples, and leaves of *Errantry* (though the Knights themſelves have had opportunitie to be as great Herbaliſts, as *Gerrard*, *Johnſon*, or the *Jô Ambarvalian*) yet experience, (which is the Miſtreſſe, and muſt rule this roſt) teaches us, that they are noxious to the braine, and if to the braine, neceſſarily to the head, and you know *Caput malum, eſt Caput malorum*. And ſo is this Chapter, a Chapter of the ſaddeſt contents that e're was made.

The old woman returned with a holy waterpot to besprinckle, &c.] The old woman should have turn'd the bottle upon her own self, who being the very *Hecuba*, and unquenchable Boutifeu of the company, prov'd the very firebrand to this study, and had she been but sows'd out of her *balneo mariæ*, many books no doubt had escaped, which her dry malice, or rheumatick ignorance condemned to the Ovens whole, or else by parts under apple-pyes or Fooles (on which the *Don* insatiably alwaies fed, and nourished *à simili*, admirably well) or else to more uncomely and unprofitable ends. For Mr *Cutbert* and Sr *Roger*, were mercifully inclin'd, and through their great understanding, gave many of the Books their Book, and would have but lightly sing'd some, or with a cold Iron, which this old Beldam burnt out of hand.

Commanded the Barber to fetch downe the books.] Now the Library ladder is mounted, like the the execution scaling staires, and Mr *Nicholas*, like old *Mounsieur*, toles downe the books with as little remorse, as a Carman does billets; whether in Folio, Quarto, Decimo sexto, stitch't or bound, of what Sexe, what age soever, whether printed at *Antieyræ*, or by the approbation of the *Colledge* of *Goteham*, *Cum Privelegio*, or *sine*, down they goe, whilst the licentiat, like Mr *Godcoale*, at the foot of the Cart, gives ghostly counsell to some, and to others the dreadfull words of *Ite malam in crucem*, farewell and be burnt. For the *Dons* Books were not fast'ned as the Bookes in publick Libraries: then perchance these witty censurers would have permitted them to have hung in their owne chaines, in *terrorem*, to all *Knight Errantry-scribblers* for ever.

The first book was touch'd, was Amadis De Gaul.] Of the Originall of *Knight-Errantry*, there is much controversy. I am not of the opinion, that *Amadis de Gaul* was the first book of that Nation, they being supposed to be descended of the *Jewes*, which were *Errant* over the face of the whole earth, and no doubt, many books of this nature, are to be read in *Hebrew* without pricks: and that all others had their beginning from this, is as improbable: What thinke you of the *Iliads*, the *Æneads*, the Frog and Rat-fights, the *Pigmies* and the Gyants, and the *Giganto-machi*, which were all pure *Errantry*, and of more famous and reverend antiquity; so you *Amadis may*

Longe sequere & vestigia semper adora;
Since that you stand for eminence in letters,
Learne manners first, and yield unto your betters.

This said the Barber is Amadis *of* Greece.] *Amadis* of *Greece?* why may not this be of the ancienter house, of the D' *Amadisses*: we have very good Authority for the Country in generall.

——Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in Historiâ.
Græculus esuriens in cælum jusseris ibit.

Which was further then ever any Knight *Errant* went, though they have been even starv'd as my *Don*. And for particular places, *Aratus* will testifie for the *Cretians*, that they were lyars without intermission, as he writes it to their teeth in their own language; we will therefore end this perplexed piece of controversy (as our father *Ben* hath given example,) who

who dedicating his *Fox* to the two Universities of this Iland, Fox-like (knowing they alwaies quarrelled for Antiquity) in a most handsome and unenviable compellation, stil'd them *most equall Sisters*: So of these two Brothers in *Errantry*, that we may not set the books together, against one another; let them be *Fratres Fraterrimi*: but the licentiate is not so mercifull here, as he might have been; for *Amadis* of *Greece* being the younger, was more fit to have been saved, and D' *Gaul* to have been sacrificed, being of the older house, which was fittest for the fire.

For he had deprived it of much naturall worth, in the translation.] *Aurea hæc verba.* Translations are commonly the staines and shadows to their Parents, and gain only a reputation to the originall Author. Father *Ben* (when one unhappily mulcted for peeping into holes, he had no right to, swore he had got a clap, which he called the *French* Pox) was worthily wroth at the expression, and in a fume, said, why not (Sr) the English Pox? we have as good and as large, as they have any. If a disease may not be translated, why a book? Let English men write of their owne wits, fancies, subjects, disputes, sermons, Histories; Romancees are as good, vigorous, lasting, and as well worthy the reading, as any in the world. Our *Fairy Queen*, the *Arcadia*, *Drayton*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Rondolph*; and lastly, *Gondibert*, are of eternall fame; But Captaine *Jones*, the only unparallell Romancy, and fit to be the Legend of all Countries, and fit to be translated by forreign Nations, for the reason in the Text. But other effects we have of this wise; for would we translated nothing but books from other Nations, our very vanities, nay, vices, and amongst them our oaths, must be of an exotick extraction, and we have arriv'd unto that damnable excellency (shame to our proficiency and ability, in as various and big dialects, as the *Ionick*, *Attick*, *Dorick*, *Hellenick*, or any other) nay, as all Nations under Heaven: Country-men,

Pudet hæc opprobria vobis,
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

If we must be translating, let us translate these vices to their proper quarters, be just, and give every Country that which is their own; sufficient will be our vices, for our punishments: wherefore to *Germany*, her ebriety, to *Spaine* her ambition, to *France* her levity, to *Turky* her Polygamy, to *Greece* her lies, to *Rome* her superstition, to *Venice* her jelousie and revenge, to *Scotland* her treachery; and so to every part what is theirs, and feare not, the remaines perchance will be more then the full meale.

Let Palmerin *of England be preserv'd.*] *Gratias Hispane!* I could kisse thy large *Moor*-lip, for this favour: But had you heard of *Bevis of Southampton*, the *Counter-scuffle*, Sir *Eglamore*, *John Dory*, the *Pindar* of *Wakefield*, *Robin Hood*, or *Clem* of the *Cluff*, these no doubt had been recommended to the *Vatican*, without any *Index expurgatorius*, or censure at all.

These, to wit, books of Poetry, ought not to be burn'd.] Poets indeed, were excommun'd *Plato's* Common-Wealth; but yet *Augustus*, in the *Zenith* of his Empire, cherished them, and sate with them. If such abilities depresse not themselves by meane subjects, but keep up the gravity of their stiles in their due decorum, not making *Corinna's* of *Levia's*, adulterating, and estimating their fancies with unbecomming mixtures, they and their writings too, may be fit company, for the best Potentates in the World.

(*Quoth*

(*Quoth the Neece*) *you ſhall doe well, to have them burned alſo.*] This wench, was neither wiſe nor beautifull, nor ever had ingenious ſervant, who beſtowed a copy of verſes upon her *Mopſa's* face, elſe ſhee would have been more pittifull to men of this imployment, who get little (god wot) by their wits, if they cannot purchaſe a maides good will. If all the female World were ſo hard hearted, what a ruine would fall on a number of diſtreſſed wights, who have no eſtates left, but Phyſick, Poetry, or teaching a ſchool? The gentler breaſts of the virginities of *London*, are compaſſionately mov'd, if a Ballad of *Iane Shore* be reviv'd, or any figment new raiſed: where *Phillis* and *Corydon*, ſadly complaine of their owne unfortunate loves; or indeed, if any Shepheard be ſo long, (through the unjuſtifiable ſtubbornneſſe of his *Amaryllis*) kept from his, and her deſires too, for all her ſeeming coyneſſe, that poor man, he is put to that neceſſitie, that he will have her by hook or by crooke.

The treaſure of divers Poems.] It is a booke with our ſchool-boyes, in great requeſt, called in the Latine Tongue, *Theſaurus Poeticus*. As others we have for helps of young boys, ſuch as *delitiæ delitiarũ*, *Flores Poetarum*, which being collections (choice, as the Authors promiſed, if their judgements were alwayes in the right) out of the numerous liſt of the ſonnes of the *Quill*; there may be very good uſe of them (as Mr *Licentiat* knew of the uſe of Poſtils) if the lazy or ignorant ſcholar, did not take the whole copy, inſtead of a little, to piece out his fancy; But is in Poetry, as in other thefts, give an inch, and they'le take an ell.

It ſhould be purged of ſome baſe things.] Our age firſt reform'd in Poetry, and afterwards in Religion: *Marhaſſis*, I remember, was gelt, if that be Engliſh for *Caſtratus*, who is one of the quickeſt wits, (and a *Spaniard* by birth) as ever wrote an *Epigram*: yet he had ſome ſalt in his taile, which was not refin'd, which cals to mind, that about the time that Author came out purg'd, and made an Eunuch, a reverend Doctor had the book, and ſingularly commended it, as it ſtood now corrected and amended, for it had paſſed the ſtool of repentance, and I believe, the emaſculations were ſome *Scotch* mans. Now the Doctor (for he was much taken with the pure Beuke) told his ſcholars all the filthy *Epigrams* which were left out, and had excellently tranſlated them all from the copy to his head, and I believe to his heart, for by heart he had them all.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Our Knight awakes, perplext and very moody,
At all his losses, Iavelin, wits and ſtudy;
That Muniaton, Freſton, *or the Divell,*
The one ſhould be ſo cruell, this uncivill.
Full fifteen dayes he reſted at the Mancha,
Untill by chance he met with Sancho Pancha,
Who was a credulous old fool, a man,
Who thought each Gooſe of Quixots *was a Swan:*
And ſweld with hopes of Kingdoms and of Caſtles,
He leaves his houſe, and will with fortune wraſtle.
Iuſt as you ſee them in the Frontiſpiece,
Not eggs to eggs are liker, Geeſe to geeſe.

TEXT.

While they were thus buſied, DON Quixot *cryed, here, here, valourous Knights.*] As in other fires of wood or coal, you imagine you ſee the ſhapes of Men, Lyons, Horſes, and other ſtrange creatures; ſo by the light of this Book-bonefire (as plaine as *Eteocles* and *Polynices* in their flames were ſeen fighting) did viſibly apprehend, he ſaw the moſt deſperate Tourney that ever was performed by Knights, which raiſed his valourous ſoule from his bed to action: depriv'd he is, ſtout heart, of armes all, but his naturall; his launce miſerably ſhivered, paſt the cure of a cunning Joyner, the Helmet in ſo many deſpicable pieces, not fit to make nailes of, yet thus bereft, only in ſoule, cap-a-pe a ſouldier, his high conceit

In prælio trudit inermem.
Soon as he waked, he fell a fighting naked.

He continued cutting and ſlaſhing on every ſide.] He is in the very ſame poſtures, as I knew one, who being ſoundly doz'd, had the charity of his conquerours to buttreſſe him up from the Inne to his chamber, where like my *Don*, he took quiet repoſe for two or three houres, after he awakes intollerably dry, and inflam'd i'th throat, roar'd out and ſtampt (ſuppoſing he had been at the Inne, not in his chamber) for the Tapſter, whom loudly and often he call'd for, crying, I burne, I burne, Canns you rogue, and impatient of delay, threatens to fetch him with another Alarum, which ſodainly he puts in execution, and ſtormes his owne glaſſe windowes ſo furiouſly with bedſtaves, old ſhooes, and the like weapons, that he made a breach big enough, out of which he might have throwne the room after: And had not one of his fellow Collegioners paſs'd by, and reconcil'd him to his windowes, the actions of battery would have been ſo chargeable, that his whole yeares penſion would ſcarce have paid for the reparations.

His lines, pronounced by himſelfe, doe raviſh the hearers.] Juſt as much I believe, as when a Greek Oration (ſpoke excellently well by a boy, who ſtood for Election, but made by his Maſter) wrought upon one of the chiefe of the company, who commended the boy that ſpoke the Greek ſo exceedingly, that the Electioners (which were Scholars) induc'd by his exceſſive liking of that tongue, deſired to know, how long he had been skill'd therein, and he anſwered *bona Fide*, 'twas well he had ſo much Latine, that he underſtood not a tittle of it, but he lik't it, becauſe it ſounded bravely. It is indeed a brave language, for a man of a full mouth, a large tongue, and wide jaws, which are good marks for a horſe too, (for there is roome enough for their breath to play, and 'tis a ſign alſo of a noble heat in any creature, where the parts are not too unproportionably extended.)

Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui.
Greek is pronounced wrong,
Unleſſe you trole it o'r the tongue.

I have heard, that the Poets of the Fortune and red Bull, had alwayes a mouth-meaſure for their Actors (who were terrible teare-throats) and made their lines proportionable to their compaſſe, which were *ſeſquipedales*, a foot and a halfe.

The Curate would have all the reſt burn't at all adventures.] *Crepat ingens Sejanus.* Downe goes *Retont* and *Pellican*, *Sericon* and *Bufo*. If theſe books had been old ſhirts, much might have been ſav'd in tinder, enough I believe, to have ſerv'd the *Mancha*, till the Reſurrection: But paper, though it be made of rags, is the moſt unprofitable of all things ſet on fire. Nay, I think, that out of the aſhes of theſe monumentall Hiſtories, it were impoſſible, ever by the labour of *Alchymie*, to recover the reſemblances of the principles, whence they came, nay, not ſo much as the figure of the pot, which in moſt Quires is very viſible. Otherwiſe, the *Don* no doubt, for the love he bare theſe Authors, would have made that his firſt adventure, and might have been as famous upon Record, for Chymicall experiments, as he is at this day, for Heroick undertakings.

The Barber opened a book, cali'd the teares of Angelica.] One act of grace yet, *Angelicas* teares would have extinguiſh'd the fire, and therefore were kept out, but without doubt, the true reaſon, why the Curate and Barber were induced to ſave it, was this; they both were good fellows, and looking downe upon their beſtript doublets and skirts, ſpar'd the teares of *Angelica*, for the teares of the tankard, wherein both were drencht.

In good ſooth, Lord Arch-Biſhop Turpin.] Such ſtrange impreſſions makes ſtrong fancies, and works not onely upon women wonderfull effects, but even the moſt maſculine ſpirits have been (as well as our *Don*) ſhrewdly tainted with it. A Gentleman importun'd, at a fire-night in the publike Hall, to accept the high and mightie place of a mock-Emperour, which was duely conferred upon him, by ſeven mock-Electors at the ſame time, with much wit and Ceremony; The Emperour aſcended his chair of ſtate, which was plac't upon the higheſt table in the Hall, and at his inſtalment, all Pomp, Reverence, and ſignes of homage, were uſed by the whole company

pany: Insomuch that our Emperour (having a spice of self-conceit before, was soundly peppered now) for he was instantly Metamorphoz'd into the stateliest, gravest and commanding soule, that ever eye beheld. *Taylor* acting *Arbaces*, or *Swanston D' Amboys*, were shadowes to him; his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb was alter'd. *Alexander* upon his Elephant, nay, upon the Castle upon that Elephant, was not so high, and so close did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that for many yeares he could not shake off this One nights assumed deportments, untill the times came, that drove all Monarchicall imaginations out, not only of his head, but every ones.

He call'd for his breakfast, which was presently brought.] This Barber, I perceive was no Barber Chirurgion; nor the Curate himselfe any great observer of Lent, Ember weeks, or other fasting dayes, else they would have kept him fasting, according to the dyet of Bedlam, which was the only way to allay his fighting spirit, which being ever and anon supplyed by the fumes of bak'd pudding, and his body blowne up with flatulent meat, such as pease-pottage, radishes, and onyons made, such dangerous recruits in him, that without prayers and spare dyet, it was impossible to exorcize his *Frenzy*.

The plot was to change his Chamber, and damm up his Study.] This delusion of his Chamber, was good, *pro tempore*. I knew a humorous Cook in *Oxon*, so given to shift and alter doors in his house, that one morning early, he chang'd the door belonging to a paire of stairs, which went to one of his Lodgers chambers; who not knowing of this alteration, run down hastily (as at other times) and found his head stuck in a new mud wall, which did so confound him (going about some other necessary businesse) that by reason of the forcible detainer, it was a great question, whether he was in more morter, above or below. Of the like losse of a study, it is certaine, that a scholar call'd somewhat hastily from the place to a friend, who had brought some token to him, left his door wide open, and making merry somewhat late, return'd at night, and resolved to have candle, (though his head was light enough, he passed by his study-door, and came to the window in the study, where finding himselfe, he cryed out (frighted at the apprehension of his losse) Theeves, Theeves, my Study is stolne, but indeed he had lost nothing but that afternoon and his wits, which his chamber-fellowes (awakened with the noyse he made) recovered him to, and having put the door into his hand with much adoe, was perswaded to lock it up, and secure the Study better against morning.

Muniaton Freston.] This Inchanter is of no note, nor doe I finde his name in any famous Authors of *Dæmonology*, he is not so much as mentioned in *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor yet in the Shepheards Calender, unlesse he, was some one of those three *Bungi*, *Bacon*, or *Vandermast*: and so hath chang'd his name, (as is usuall with Jesuites and Inchanters) I know not whom it should be.

The poor fellow determined to serve him for a Squire.] *Sancho* hath bit at the ambitious baite, and is caught poor fellow, he knew not what a dance the *Don* would lead him, before he return'd to the shaking of the sheets, with his *Joan Gutierez*.

Multa tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit, & alſit ;
Much did the poor old Squire endure, before
He got to be the Ilands Governor.

But above all things he charg'd him to provide himſelfe of a wallet.] Two things very unſuitable and Inaugurable for ſuch grand deſignes, an Aſſe and a Wallet. But whoſoever hath read the Hiſtory of *Maſinello*, a poore contemptible fiſherman, will think nothing impoſſible. An Aſſe or two, (*Sancho* and his Beaſt, give them but the fortune) may overrunne *Muleaſſes* and his *Barbaries*, and a wallet may ſack *Conſtantinople*.

Si fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Conſul.
In Engliſh thus,
If it ſeem good to powerfull fate,
A Dray-horſe may be a horſe of ſtate.

In that of the Aſſe the Don *ſtood penſive.*] *Parvis principiis res magnæ creſcunt.* If he had beſtrid *Bucephalus*, the World could have but gaz'd at him, and ſo they would now : exceſſes and defects have alwaies the ſame admiration, as much wondring at *Ieffery*, as the great Porter. Be not troubled and diſquieted (O *Don* of vaſt deſires!) Take the Aſſe along with thee, and be not aſhamed, though his eares are unſightly, his back is ſerviceable. No Beaſt, except a *Dromedary*, (and *Sancho* upon the Aſſe makes one) will be able to goe under the ſpoyles, that thy valour will atchieve.

Mounté cheval, and through all Nations paſſe,
That word mounts thee, and Sancho *mount thy Aſſe.*

Sancho Pancha *rode on his beaſt like a Patriarch.*] whether the Primitive Patriarchs rode ſo, (I meane thoſe before the flood) is very difficult to prove. Aſſes indeed, were then much in uſe, but for the Wallets, unleſſe it were in the great famine, when they went down to *Ægypt* to buy food, I find not example for it; I am ſure our Moderne Patriarchs doe not ſo, the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople* not ſo, nor of *Alexandria* ſo, nor his Holineſſe Papatriarch ſo, nor the Arch-Biſhop of *Toledo* ſo. The *Mule*, and glorious Foot-cloath-pages, and Harbingers, are all too little for theſe Patriarchs ; yet theſe are governours of more then Ilands, what *Sancho* will do when he is in honour, noman knowes.

Joan Gutierez *my wife become a Queen.*] *Ioan* was a great damp to the high thoughts of *Sancho*. For a man of his expectations to be depreſſed with a ſlut, a whore, or a fool (or it may be all at once in one) was an intollerable weight. A dung boat ſunck in a ſhallow, where a wherry is to paſſe, lies ſo peſtilence unhappy, that neither it ſelfe can get forward, or any thing by it. It cals to mind, a ſtory of a poor, but ſimple woman, who for want of a graine or two of diſcretion, loſt her husband the higheſt advantages of the World that ever was. For the good man had ſo ſpent his time in true and honeſt paines, contented and not murmuring, that Fortune ſeem'd to ſmile upon him, as oft as he came to worſhip at her Temple, whither he oft reſorted ; the gracious looks of the Goddeſſe encouraged him to aske ſomething more then before he uſed, & yet conſidering with himſelfe, that too bold a votary might be repuls'd, he modeſtly bounded his requeſt with

this

ſure, that her goodneſſe would conferre three wiſhes upon 'um, which from the Oracle was anſwered; *Ratify'd; Wiſh, and be happy.* The joyfull man acquainted his wife ſtrait, who having been the conſtant companion of his labours, was meet to ſhare in his good fortunes; but ſhee was juſt ſuch another Niddecook as *Ioan Gutierez*, and the firſt thing ſhee deſired her husband, was, that one of theſe wiſhes, might be left to her diſpoſall. The good old man, willing to gratifie her, ſaid, yea Love, one I will ſpare thee: So to the Faire they came, whither they were bound, and the woman caſting her eyes round about, to ſee what ſhe ſhould make the choyce of her wiſh, at laſt, (remembring what ſhee wanted at home) ſpied a handſome wooden ladle, which ſhee forthwith wiſh'd for, and as ſoon the thing was in her hand, which her husband ſeeing and impatient at the miſcarriage of the firſt wiſh, wroth with his wife for her ſimplicity, wiſhed the Ladle in her breech, which out of hand was inſtantly there. But the poor woman (like a fly with a ſtraw in the ſame place) was ſo tormented, beſides the ſhame, that ſhe deſired her husband, that as he ever hop'd to partake of the delights of the oppoſite place, he would remove this impediment, to which the uxorious man condiſcended, and in charity to his wife, wiſh'd it out againe. So all the three wiſhes went in and out with a Ladle.

CHAP. VIII.

Having a witneſſe and his Squire to boot,
He dares high things; now let the Mils look to't,
which though inchanted in thoſe forms by Freſton,
He does encounter, but hath not the beſt on't;
For up hee's hoyſted in their ſayles, and flying
Ith' aire aloft, on th' earth he ne'r fear'd dying.
Roz'nant *was chang'd into a* Pegaſus,
Bellerephon *they made, and* Perſeus.
Poor Sancho *on the ground, doth gape and ſtare,*
And ſees his Don *dubb'd wofull, Prince 'oth' aire;*
Where if the Force had giv'n him t'other whisking,
He'd neer come downe to Combat the proud Biſcaine;
But he deſcends, though ne'r ſo high a flyer,
And Sancho *mones him on the ground a Lyer.*

Text.

Quoth Sancho, *pray underſtand that thoſe Gyants are Windmils.*] This groſſe miſtake of the *Don*, to the not drinking or cleering his eyes in a morning, which *Sancho* never omitted, and if the Squire were not the ſharper witted, he was the quicker ſighted, doth appeare plain by the ſtory. For he ſaw at a convenient diſtance forty windmils to be the very ſame, that the ſpecies repreſented them; unleſſe ſuch a ſpirituall miſchance befell the *Dons* eyes, as did ones eares, who ſtanding very attentive to a ſermon, yet

by no meanes of ſtraining his neck, or ſhifting his port-holes could receive any articular ſound or ſentence, which troubled him much, but ſo much the more, when he eſpied him, and farther off than he ſtood, one taking notes very ſwift in ſhort hand: Whereupon he removed his ſtation, and thought philoſophically, that ſome angles of the Church might carry the voice to that place by his circular concaves, whither when he came, he was as unable to heare as before. He beheld himſelfe, and Sermon-Writer, and did not know which moſt to wonder at, his own deafeneſſe, or the fellows acuteneſſe. At laſt he asked the *Brachygrapher*, whether he wrote the notes of that Sermon, or ſomething of his own conception? Yea (good Sir) ſaid *Stenography*, the words of the Teacher in truth; The other replied, it was impoſſible, for I have ſtood by thee ſome while, and but even now a yard or two nearer to the Miniſter, and cannot heare a ſyllable; That may be, ſaid the Scribler, unleſſe you have ſanctified eares. So it may be the *Don* had his eyes ſanctified, and happily then (though unhappily here) he might diſcerne Windmills for Giants. But yet *Sancho's* eyes for me, which in time (for they were upon improvement) would eaſily (or at leaſt as far as another mans) looke through a Mill-ſtone.

If thou art afraid, go aſide and pray.] *Sancho* though he was none of the beſt at his prayers, yet at this time made election rather of his devotions than the aſſault: His prayers were ſhort and home; God bleſſe me, and my children all three, and *Jone* from above the knee, and no more. But it became not the Knight to give this liberty to his Squire, nor the Squire to take it, who was not to be upon his knees when the *Don* was upon the ſalley. But 'twas his firſt entrance; and though *Sancho* did not what was ſouldierlike, yet he obeyed orders, and therein he is excuſable.

with this the wind encreaſed, and the ſailes turn'd about.] Notwithſtanding the danger of their turning, the *Don* ſcorn'd the motion, and aſſailes them, and no doubt had *Roſinante* been a Mill-horſe, as his Maſter by one attribute was a Miller, they had carried the buſineſſe round; but here the Mill had the better, for their want of experience only in ſuch fights, for the *Don* ſhould not have grappled here, but charg'd at diſtance, and letting alone his truſty Launce ſhould have ventred on with lighted linkes, and then he had made cleare way to his victory, and having fired the ſailes had alſo fired the Caſtle, and *Cacus* in it, where if there had been as much dough as meale, the ſame fire would have made him and *Sancho* Cakes enough for their Wallet, and the Mill ſhould have been the Oven; but thoſe that ever ſaw the Picture of falling *Icarus*, may gueſſe the condition of our *Don*, who fell not into any ſea, that afterwards bare his name, but with a ſound Thump he fell to the Earth, who bare his body; his mother had hop'd he would have returned to her as ſhe gave him to the World, but he falls a *Centaure*, who came forth a man, and a heavy burden he was, as ever lay upon a Grand-mothers back.

Sancho *comes to his ſuccour as faſt as the Aſſe would drive.*] Poore *Sancho* laments the windfall his Maſter, and was gathering him up like a bruiſed Codling Apple a little corrupted on the Leiger ſide. I know not whether from this eminent misfortune that befell the *Dons* Windmils, ſince have been made to go to the Left, in memory of this diſhonourable uſage. The Obſervation hath eſcaped the learned Author of the Vulgar errours, and I will not undertake the deciſion.

Diego

Diego Peres of Vargas.] This Knight from his ſucceſſe againſt the Moores gotten with an Arme of an Oake, was ſirnamed *Machuſa*, which ſignifies with us *John an Oakes*; and our Don (or if *Sancho* had the braines, for the Squires were whim'd in the whiske) might very well from that encounter have ſtil'd himſelf a Knight of *Millan*. So *Scipio* from his victory againſt *Carthage*, was called *Africanus*, and the *Cæſars* ſurnamed from their Succeſſes, *Almanicus*, *Gothicus*, *Britannicus*, *Germanicus*, *Dacicus*, and *Claudius*, for other exploits, was called *Ca[illegible]icus*, and was the very * *Dackins* of all the Emperours. And no doubt but *Sancho*, if he had skill in the Latine, would have call'd him *Querceticus* of the *Mancha*.

* *Dukins* a fellow us'd to defile himſelfe.

Don Quixot *could not forbeare laughing, hearing the ſimplicity of his Squire*] This is the firſt ſymptome, whereby 'tis gueſs'd the *Don* to be rational, that he could laugh. The Query of *Sancho's* was very provident. For *Sancho* having now two capacities, the one perſonall, and the other *Squire erranticall*, 'twas very well worth the enquiry to know in which of thoſe two he ſhould ſuffer. For if the Squires Arme, Leg, or Neck were broke, it made no matter, ſo that *Sancho Pancha* were a whole man (as they ſay.) But the Knight did ſtate the Queſtion in the Affirmative, that the Bodies of *Squire-Errants*, and *Knight-Errants*, likewiſe, do ſuffer perſonally (as Witches in their Bodies ſuffer for the harmes of the ſhapes of Cats, Dogs, Hares, or any Creatures elſe they aſſume) For *Errantry* is but a nobler kind of Incantation and Witchcraft *ſans* queſtion, and therefore *à ſimili* 'tis ſubject to the ſame Inconveniencies. Our Knight (who was none of the wiſeſt) experimentally knew (which is the ſureſt knowledge of all, but not the ſafeſt,) that when the *Knight-Errant* was in the aire, that *Don Quixot* was there alſo, and when he and *Roſinante* come with a ſquaſh to the ground, that the *Squire-Errant* was then Couchant in a field Greene, Noſe Gules, and Sides and Back azure: and ſo you may ſtate the Queſtion for Perſonall or Politique capacities, if you hurt one you hurt both.

Then Sancho *ſaid unto him, it was dinner time.*] *Sancho* could not looke on the one ſide him, but the Wallet did *Item* him, ſuch memento's he lik'd very well; a fall too, rather than a fall from the Windmill; but the *Don* had no maw to victuals, having not yet diſgeſted his Feaſt of freſh aire, which almoſt turned him into a *Camelion*. But he that travels with a Cane that will hold Sack (for ſuch there are as well as Sugar Canes) may go further than one with a firme Staffe, this is better to jumpe with, or leane on, but for a great journey I would relie on the other. The Bottle and the Wallet are two good Companions; and as he rode, it was in *Perſian* ſtate, for the ends of the Wallet being of each ſide, *Sancho* poſſeſſed the middle place (which in thoſe Eaſterne Countries) is of higheſt honour. The Bottle *Sancho* often advanceth to his noſe, which raiſed his eyes to heaven, which he ſeldome ſo devoutly looked on, as in that poſture, and by that meanes he often called to remembrance that there was ſomething above him.

So Cyrus *on a Dromedary rod,*
Adoring, like to Sancho, *his Warm'd God.*

He tore an Oake and ſet on the Iron of his own.] It was ſtrange that *Sancho* did not alight and ſet on the Iron, but permit his Maſter to doe it. But hence you may gather, that *Knight-Errants* as they are of all Countries, and all Languages, ſo they are of all Trades; They take it from the *Otto-*

man

man Race, who are alwaies bred up to handicrafts.

Thou must not assist me, unlesse those that assault me be base and Vulgar people] Very easie Indentures these of a *Squire-errant*; and yet had they been given sooner, *Sancho* was, by his Conditions, to have run the same danger with his Master at the encounter of the Windmils: For what more base Castle than a Mill? And what more vile Rogue than the pilfering Giant in it? But *Sancho* was not dub'd, and therefore was excusable, and never meant to be, and therefore would for ever be excused. Nor did Quixot (as ever I read of) make tryall of his Squires personall valour before they mounted, as a Knight in our Country (but not of that Order) did, who having dealt with a Master of the noble science of defence for his Usher of the Schoole, whom he obtained from him for a summe of money, before he came to his owne seat rode to a City, where he was acquainted with a huge *Bravo* in that Art, unto whom he repaired, and told him, that he had got a young pretender to the tacticks, and desired that he would be pleased to try what mettall he was made of; the Tryer, looking very disdainefully upon the young man, (as *Goliath* upon little *David*) went forthwith to the Schoole, where having chose the weapons, to it they fell, the Tryer bidding him *Guartha*, and be carefull, for he should give him cause to know, that he met a man of skill; the Usher lay purposely open, and unguarded, and the other spying the advantage gave him a brush, whereat he vapoured extreamely, shaking his head at the fellows unexperiencedness; whereupon the Usher gathered up his skill and mettle at once, and gives his Trier such a wipe o'r the shins, that he made him make a Leg for't, though not in Courtship; and presently retires to the Knight, and swore, 'Tis a pretty fellow, there's hopes of him: Anon the Usher gives him a shrewd swap on the very end of the elbow, which he rub'd likewise in his commendations, and said, 'Tis a very pretty fellow i'faith. By and by the Probationer with quick returnes laid his Trier o'r the sides, legs, and pate, all in an instant, whereupon he threw away his Weapon, and sware to the Knight, He is for your turne Sir, 'Tis a question whether his Tongue or head ran faster in his commendation.

Do you not see Sir (said Sancho*) that these are Friers of Saint* Bennets *Order.*] The *Don* (contrary to the advice of *Sancho*) attempts this more dangerous adventure; for the Windmils could only grind the body, but these Friers the Purse. That Coate is higher priz'd in *Spaine* than in *England*, where it was five pound a blow, and the *Don* being a nimble striker, how soone might the revenew of the *Mancha* have been thrash'd out upon one of their Canonicall Coates? Besides the danger of the Inquisition, which *Sancho* dreaded as hell, where no Wallet would be admitted, and the bottle of good Sack for ever to be banished, Bread and Water unto *Sancho*! the Furies were not worse Torment to him than the latter of them, for which cause he was very glad the World should ne'r be drown'd againe; for of all deaths he hated it, and like *Ovid*, not with him, was used to cry out,

Demite naufragium, Mors mihi munus erit.

Which *John Taylor* thus Englisheth:

To drinke indeed is all my wish,
But how, not to drinke as a Fish.

Sancho

Sancho *run in to the* Monke, *and would have ranſack't his habits.*] *Non videt id Manticæ quod in tergo eſt?* Yes, *Sancho* had ſeen *Cappuchines*, and knew where their Wallets were, where the ſtock lay, no paddee to a Trooper, ſo expert; and now you ſee the chiefe of *Sancho's* ſervice, he was for the plunder, the Squire for the bag, the Knight for the baggage, for he is with the *Biſcaine* Lady, while his Squire made an adventure indeed, of robbery, but was taken in the fact, and having two unmercifull Jurymen, and Judges (for they were all) two heavy fiſted Lackeys, never was horſe ſo curryed, betwixt two Northern Jockies, as *Sancho* was. *Sancho* pleaded well, that they were lawfull prize by law of Armes, but the unskilfull knaves (not knowne to Civill Courts) uſed him very barbarouſly, nay, no Barber would have ſerv'd him ſo, (though he had often gon away trimm'd for nothing) they grubb'd up his reverend haires by the roots, and left his chin as bare, as a pull'd hens rump. In ten yeares travels they came not againe; ſo that *Joan* at his return, thought him made young againe, and had they grubb'd downward, and a like growth come there alſo, it might have paſſed for a very good Metamorphoſis. The *Monk* all this while (though he had his, *Thou ſhalt not ſteale for* Sancho) not remembring his Lackeyes of the other precept (which was very neer violating, for *Sancho* was breathleſſe, and that is as good as dead,) got to his horſe, and with a greater ſpeed (then he rode to be admitted into the *Monaſtery*) made away, and left poor *Sancho* in pate and beard a *Monke*, but of the order of the *Maledictines*.

Get thee away Knight in an ill hour, or I will kill thee,] This *Biſcainer* was a *Caſtrill*, a very Foighter, and no doubt, but the Puſſes in the Coach, were his ſiſters. But the *Don* recounting with himſelfe (notwithſtanding that he ſwore damnably, he would kill him) the infallibility of his ſecurity in being *Knight-Errant*, that it was impoſſible to be ever out-right killed, he made bold to throw the Caytiffe in his face, which was the greateſt affront to a *Biſcainer* (who is *terrâ marique*, a gentleman) that could be offered. Had the *Biſcaine* been toſſed as our *Don* was by the Windmill, and a little higher in *concavum Lunæ*, no doubt but he had been a gentleman by all the four Elements. Two ſuch high ſpirits are now met, and more implacable then *Clinias* and *Dametas*. The Author leaves us uncertaine of the iſſue of this ſingle combate, (which however it went with the Maſter) was notorious on the Brutes ſide, for *Roſinante* run down the hired, tired jade of the *Biſcainer*:

And if the horſe ſuch prayſes had,
The Knight got more, or he was mad.

The End of the firſt Book.

FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DONQUIXOT:

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Joult here! we're at a losse, now what shall we doe,
We must toth' Exchange for newes, e'n at Toledo.
where if a Hawker *with old scrowles Arabick*
Doe not support us, downe goes all this Fabrick
Of Quixots *Errantry; but let me tell yee,*
We happ'ly meet Hamete Benen-geli,
An old Arabian *book, which very few*
Doe understand, but we have hir'd a Jew,
(Of which there are good store in Spaine,) who kenn'd
A better tongue, then wherein this is penn'd.
He doth translate this brave ensuing story,
Which book by book shall now be laid before you.
Give eare therefore, 'tis time, for we have found
One of our Dons *fall'n off from's head toth' ground,*
Cut by proud Biscaine *hand, but see he lies,*
To answer for one eare, with both his eyes,
He dearly payes the making Don, *Scriva-no*
Dead on the place, but that the Ladies-pray-no:
what could not Ladies doe upon a Peer,
The most humane, that ever wore an eare.
No man but he, would e're us'd a foe-so,
Upon his homage done to Dul Toboso.

TEXT.

WE *left the* Don *and* Biscaine *in so doubtfull taking.*] This pause, is like an *Istmos* or *Peninsula*, which dividing two enraged seas by her naturall interposition, keeps them from emboguing or præcipitating one into the other. Otherwise, *Jonium Ægeo frangit mare*, as saith his lofty Country-man *Lucan*. But you may guesse the Com-

Combatants by their metall, like Stags and ſtonehorſes. For as on each ſide of an *Iſtmos*, by the iterated beatings and rebeatings of the waters, the froth and *Venus*, the ſalt and ſpirituous bubbles (churn'd into a creame) are ſeen at top about the ſhoar: So every where did appeare upon this *Pharſalian* Camp, the drivelings of theſe emboſſed Rivals, who foam'd like two chaf'd Boars, or blowne *Maſtiffs*, whoſe rage had curded one anothers chops, that had they been milk-ſops, they might have din'd from one anothers face, nor were their Horſes in leſſe Agony, and by exceſſive heats, continuall evaporations, and ſweats, they were laundred and ladder'd; had there been water by, as there was land enough, they might have very well ſerv'd for the ſport of the ſoaped Bull. It is great pity to leave two Knights tugging thus, like ſlaves at an oare, I will (with my Authors leave) make what haſte I can for their redemption.

The Author leaving no notice, where we might find the reſt of the narration.] This a *Spaniſh* quirk, a maze of the Authors owne making, as intricate as his braines, to puzzle and with-hold the inflamed Reader, whom he would make believe, for the dignity and antiquity of his Hiſtory, that it came from *Arabian* head and language, and was tranſlated by an *Hebræan*; But I am cleare of another opinion, though I like his invention well, and

Facile eſt addere.

And I ſhall put my conceit upon the judgement of the World, which of the two they thinke moſt probable. Therefore I conjecture that this ſtory of *Quixot*, with many more eminent *Opuſcula* of that nature, were all preſerv'd in that famous and wonderfull hollow tooth of *Garagantua*, from the irruptions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and the *Barbariſmes* of the *Ottoman* cruelty: which ſaid tooth, *John Pontæus*, his *Ter-quaterque retro-Tritavus* deſcended into, by the aſſiſtance of a Colledge of Phyſitians (for there was room enough) and Chirurgions alſo, with all thoſe huge engines, tooth-pick-axes, tooth-mattocks, and all manner of mouth-Pionery, provided for the ſcouring, cleanſing, and purging of that ſtupendious concavity. In the rubbiſh of that vaſt *Hiatus*, were theſe two Volumes of the *Don* preſerv'd ſafe and unperiſht; which how they came thither, will be the hardeſt thing to make good: But it is of no ſuch difficulty to ſalve the ſcruple. For that exceeding Gyant being troubled with no ſmall paine in his tooth, called the *Hodontalgia*, it cauſed ſuch a *vacuum* in the place, that ſo much wind had gathered thither, as it was enough (as out of *Æolus* cavernes) from thence at any time to have caus'd a tempeſt; wherefore from all places there were helps and councels call'd, and when ſtopping of it was concluded upon, they thought not at the inſtant, with what to doe it, (mens braines being not alwaies ready for every punctilio) but then finding what an intollerable charge it would amount to in Cotton-wooll, Linnen or Canvas, they thought it beſt, (and beſt cheape) to doe it with waſt paper, which was approved on, and the Gyant willing to ſave his purſe, condeſcended to it: So all the Pamphlets then extant, all Romancees, Engliſh, Spaniſh, French, and throughout the world were bought up, and amongſt the reſt, this of our *Don*, which being chiefly to be preſerv'd, was laid next the root of his tooth, many piles of leſſe worthy labours lying betwixt it and the caſualties of the continuall defluxions that fell upon the place.

So have you him uncorrupt, and by the help of *Rablais* ſweet as a nut.

Reſcuing damſels with all their virginities at their backs.] This is virginity tranſplaced; but it is plaine he means mothers, who had their little ones, as our Iriſh women uſe to go laden (who without all queſtion were virgins) at their backs: Which cals to mind, a ſtory of a Foot *Knight-Errant* of our Land, who was much given to take the pleaſure of the Woods in the Summer time, and eſpecially that time of it, when nuts are in ſeaſon; into the thicket, where he was uſed to adventure, came a very faire Lady of goodly ſtature, rare and flowing haire, and of good carriage (for ſhe had two barnes bound faſt to her:) the melancholy Knight viewing her, was amaz'd at her rich beauty and poor clothes, at her light ordering her paſternes, and heavy burthen at her back, and calling the Lady to him, ask't her, whence, and who ſhe was, ſhe told him, one whom misfortunes had ſent into England for reliefe; yea ſaid the gentleman, that thou ſhalt not want, and preſently gave her a piece of mony, the Lady bowed her ſelfe and her family to him, and as ſhe was praying God to bleſſe him, he deſired her to ſpare that, and ſtay a little with him, and preſently requeſted her to take the pleaſure of the place, and ſhee ſhould have better chaffer then nuts; which the Lady apprehenſive enough, was willing to entertain, but told him the diſconvenience of obtaining his purpoſe, whilſt thoſe weights and impediments were tyed to her, we will unlooſe them, ſaid (*Sr Solitary*) nay ſaid the Lady, but if they be unfaſtened, they will cry for meat, and laid aſide without it, keep ſuch a noiſe, that may call in ſpectators more then we deſire. Come ſaid (*Sr Solitary*) that all may be ſecure, faſten the barnes to my back, and I ſhall be (as you ſhall order it) as good as a cradle to them. The Lady lik'd his pregnant fancy, and preſently unwhitled, and ſwathed them to her Paramor, who was no ſooner faſt, but he was deſirous to be looſe, and when he prepar'd himſelfe to beat the Tree, the Lady vaniſh'd with ſuch ſpeed, that he running (with weight) was not able to overtake his flying *Daphne*; and too farre he durſt not follow, for feare of diſcovery: now he tryed to eaſe himſelfe of his charge, but the cunning Lady had faſtened the whittles ſo equally behind, that his hands could not reach the knots, and while they were in the amorous embraces, ſhee withdrew with his mony, all injurious weapons from him, ſo that his knife, which would have decided this Gordian knot, was ſtolne. The Gentleman reflected upon himſelfe, and both ſorry, and aſham'd of the action, that he might take heed for the future, and ſatisfie for what was paſt, made haſt toward night to his Towne, accoutred as he was, and at a Tenants houſe diſmantles himſelfe, telling her the ſtory, and giving her charge to ſee the brats well brought up, which was a piece of gallant *Foot-Errantry*; and ſo what was intended Lechery, prov'd an act of excellent charity.

This Dulcinea *of* Toboſo, *had the beſt hand for powdering of Pork in all the* Mancha.] This is the firſt Character we have of the excellencies, which were in this Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*. But why this ſhould move a *Jew* to laughter, I know not? rather it might have provok'd him to have throwne away the book, for the *Jewes* abominate all ſwines fleſh, freſh or ſalted: which hatred againſt that foule beaſt, (beſides the prohibition) was augmented from the Divels choiſe, after his diſpoſſeſſing, and changing his lodging

lodging into a heard of Swine. But that the Commendations of her hand, in that piece of huſwifry, is not ſo ridiculous; I ſhall make it appeare by two ſhort ſtories in our owne Country: where a Gentleman having invited (about the Lent-time) ſome friends to his houſe, his Lady provided ſuch cheer as was ſeaſonable, the Collops and Eggs, and as it fell out, (a Hogg being ſlaine) ſhee had a ſervice of the puddings, which being deſervedly commended by the gueſts; Nay, ſaid the Gentleman, friends be it known to you, my wife is abomination good pudding-wife. Take unto this another of like brevity, of one, who being merry with ſome friends late at a Taverne in London, and (as after all mirth ſome qualmes of repentance ſurprize us) he reflected upon his family in the Country, and pathetically laying his hand upon his breaſt, ſaid, wicked wretch as I am, to be at ſuch a late houre deboyſing my ſelfe, when now at this ſad time of night is my poor wife making Puddings and Candles.

Quixot *written by* Cyde Hamete Benengeli.] I never read or heard of the mans name before, unleſſe he were Nephew to *Allo-hazen Hali-Ben-Hali-Ben-Ragan*, who indeed was a grand Tranſlator, and an Aſtronomer, and from that high ſtudy underſtood, what Country would produce the moſt eminent men for Chivalry, as well as other matters.

There was painted in the firſt quire very naturally, the Battail betwixt the Don *and the* Biſcaine, *and the* Mule *and* Roſinante.] The lively pourtraictures of the *Biſcaines Mules* and *Roſinante*, makes me condole the want of thoſe Artiſts in my Nation; eſpecially ſince the loſſe of that famous *Hyliard*, made more famous by the Incomparable expreſſion of the dead Author,

——*A hand, or eye,*
By Hyliard *drawne, is worth a hiſtory,*
By a worſe painter made——.

Such ſtuff is now (though we have thoſe can doe well yet) drawne, that it were a good piece of charity in the Painter (if he were skill'd in penne as well as in pencill) to write over the piece, what it is, that the puz'led ſpectators might know, which was the Hare, which the Greyhound, which the Lyon, which the Lamb, which the Eagle, which the Child. *Roſinante* was drawne ſo thinn, that he was tranſparent, and the *Mule*, that one might ſweare he was hired. O for an *Oxford* tyred hackney with a *Freſhman* upon his back, to be thus drawn to the life.

Yet in reſpect the Moor *doth hate us ſo mortally.*] *Fratrum concordia rara.* The *Moors* and *Spaniards*, (eſpecially thoſe of the *Auſtrian* family) are as like as an apple to an apple, an egg to an egg, an eye to an eye, a tooth to a tooth, or to come nearer, a lip to a lip; and for that reaſon, there may be ſome emulations, both ſtriving, who ſhould outlip the other. But the pretender to univerſall Monarchy, hath now the better on't, though the *Moor* may juſtly eſteem himſelfe of the more antient houſe, being more ſooty and ſmoaky.

Hiſtoriographers *ought to be very true and unpaſſionate, &c.*] *Lipſius* could have ſaid no more to *Tacitus*, who both were better Polititians then Hiſtorians; for by interpoſing their owne cenſures into the affaires they wrote on, they ſhew'd indeed their Art, but not their faith: That brings into ſuſpi-

tion the truth of all the rest: better did *Stow* and *Holingshead*, wherein though there be many lies, (which they took upon relation to the times) yet they added never a wise word of their owne. Here is a very good description of History, and whereas I presume to turne his prose into verse, so here I shall turne his English into Latine. *Mater & nutrix veritatis est Historia, temporis Coætanea, Repositorium & Bibliotheca actionum; Index & testis rerum præteritarum, Futurarum Aruspex &* Sybilla.

The Trenchant swords of the two valorous, &c.] The Gyants and the Gods for the time, were not so hot at it, as the *Don* and the *Biscaine*. Have yee ever seen two driving a Buck? that's something to it: two beating of Hemp, very like; but a brace of threshers excellent, who falling out about the overlarge soope of the Colley or Harvest-bottle, bestow upon themselves what was due to the sheaves.

Who is he that can well describe the fury that entred into, &c.] *Quæ dixit & quæ fecit?* nay, what said he not? what did he not? He did not regard his owne lost eare, but said, he would have two for one, hee was alwayes covetous, and given to extortion, for he vow'd to have the head too, towhich they were supporters. And being resolv'd for improvement, he inclosed his valour, which before lay in common field, and with united hands, eyes, and all but eares, he let fly at the *Biscaine*, and with one blow, confounded and downe-dagger'd him, and as we say in our poor English Proverb, *put him clean beside the Cushion.* And there he lay *Semi-mortuus, Sepulchrorum & manium Penincola.* We had seen his head on a Speare (like the Boars before *Guy* of *Warwick*) had not the Ladies in the Hell Carts, screem'd out for their *Hector*, and humbly begg'd (once on their knees) to save his life, who had serv'd them on his, all his dayes, and nights too.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Our Dons *in blood, and won't heed* Sancho's *rules,*
But rides about the field which is all gules
From his eare ſtillant, *ſweares they ſhall repent'um*
That drew that blood; and ſlights Album unguentum,
Which Sancho *ſtole from his illfavoured Mopſe,*
Thinking it good for cuts, as 'twas for chops
In her o're parched face. But the Squire was
Unwilling that the Balme Fierebras
Lay in his Maſters head, which being ſo neer,
He hop'd, in time would iſſue to his eare.
But now he rages worſe than any Cæſar,
When he beheld his broken Helmets vizar;
The Biſcaine *he'll recall upon the place,*
(For troth he was aſham'd to ſhew his face)
And had he kept his oath of Faſts, and Wakes,
H' had Wak'd his laſt; but Sancho *(wiſe) uptakes*
That matter, and finding his ſtomack high,
Deſires with bread and Cheeſe to pacifie
His great diſtemper, and by perſwaſion,
Upon the Cruſt and Caus, *he makes invaſion.*

TEXT.

SANCHO *prayed with all his heart.*] Somewhat of kinne was *Sancho* to the Sea-men, who ſeldome pray but in a Tempeſt, and the prayers much alike; *Ut optatâ potiantur, arenâ:*

As ſaylors pray at Sea, to ſee the dry land,
So Sancho *prays, that he may have his Iland.*

Theſe are not adventures of Ilands, but of thwartings.] The pitcher doth not goe ſo often to the well, but ſometimes it comes home broken. This Proverbe, (if the *Spaniard* had underſtood it) would have ſuited very well with the *Don*, who very much at preſent reſembled the *Hieroglyphick*, having eares, *Ana.* It is the right diſcipline of *Knight-Errantry*, to be rudimented in loſſes at firſt, and to have the *Tyrocinium* ſomewhat tart. Thoſe prove your ſureſt *veterani*, and hardeſt Knights, who have ſmarted for their experience. The caſtigation of the lackeys, the unfavourable but auſpicious hoyſt of the Windmils (for in that elevation he ſaw all the Caſtles he was to conquer, and *Sancho's* Iland too) the eare-ring of the *Biſcaine*, (for it was more than admonition,) were the præludiums and tryals of his doughtineſſe: *Ardua virtutis via.*

And whoſoever is to make his way thorow quickſets, thornes, and bryars, may very well loſe an eare in the thicket.

Don Quixot *check'd* Roſinant, *untill* Sancho *did arrive.*] Marke the great love betwixt *Sancho* and the Knight, and the two Brutes reſpectively.

Much

Much like that of pothooks and dripping pan, who once were at variance; the one was off the hooks, the other upon it was a drooping-pan; but at last by meditation of Andirons, parties of each side, they were reconcil'd, and in signe of everlasting amitie, when pothooks lookt down upon dripping-pan, then did dripping-pan look up upon pot-hooks. Even so and so the *simile* is quadrate, when *Sancho's* Asse bray'd, then *Rosinante* neighed, when *Sancho* out-cri'd, then *Don* did not out-ride.

It were not amisse to retire to some Church.] *Ignavi semper specie prudentiæ admonent.* Cowards are alwaies great Polititians, and huge creators of dangers and safeties. *Sancho* is afraid of hues and cries, for the *insultum fecit* upon the *Monks*, and a *clausum fregit* it had lik'd to have been, if that the Pages had not come in before the Burglary, committed upon his treble lock'd purse. Two reasons yet *Sancho* had for this caution; security of person, and conveniency of revictualling, for the provisions were far spent, the wallet was emptie, which made Asse and Man goe sorrowfully: *Sancho* was short and thicke, and being empty and lanck, there were two wallets upon one beast: He (though others hate it) lov'd to make a cloak-bag of his belly, wherein he desired a dayes provision at least before hand; for he did not use his wallets, emblematically one, and that the foremost, should hold others vices, and the hindmost his owne. That dyet was for envious folkes (of which number he hated to be) because they were lean. He lov'd all religious houses, but especially the Monasteries, for that the *Monks* were very well spread men, not dwindlers, but of an ample size, having bodies capable for large undertakings, and wherein the soule was not streightned, as in pinch'd and spiny carcasses, where the received aire being stifled and choakt up into a narrow compasse, causeth stinking breath, and many other aneusanses in the body naturall, which he intended in his future Iland (when he came to it) to prevent.

I will deliver thee out of the hand of the Caldæans, *how much more from the holy Brother-hood.*] This holy Brother-hood, were the Officers of the Dorps, as Constables, Tithing-men, Bayliffs, bumme or shoulder-Marshals, and the like dreadfull appearances, which make stop of suspicious persons, vagrants, under which *Squire-Errants*, if not Knights, might very well be comprehended; But that *Knight-Errants* are for the holy sisterhood, and feare no such bugbeares. He that feares not the *Caldæans*, scorns to come before the Constable, or his vigilant *Capitolian* Watchmen.

O what a valdè vult, *or rather a* vult valdè
Is here, that feares nor Constable nor Caldee.

Pray use this lint, and a little unguentum album *he hath in his wallet.*] *Sancho* had stolne his wives *unguentum*, wherewith shee soder'd up the chinks in her ruinous face; that poor woman, for want of it and the thiefe, will gape till his return, like the parch'd earth in a drought.

A viall full of the Balsamum Fierebas.] *Opobalsamum*, I pray you, for a rarity of so transcendent operation! This was an imaginary *Balsame*, which was good for imaginary wounds. *Phantastes* being ask'd (in that learned play of *Lingua*) what a man thought of, when he thought of nothing, answered by present strength of imagination; he is thinking how to answer him, that asketh nothing; so for no wound, no *Balsamum* is best. This *Opobalsamum*, (as he would have it valued and esteemed) was neer of affinity

to

to the ſympathetick powder, which hath done wonderfull things. A ſtrange but true ſtory I ſhall tell you of the effects of ſome of it. A Lady fell aſleep (as many do) with needles and pins in her mouth, which ſhe unhappily ſwallow'd: great care there was to preſerve her; Phyſitians from the four corners are called, and a Regiment of Apothecaries & Chirurgions; For her Knight terribly afraid of inteſtine turn-pikes, could not reſt, till ſome remedy was found out. A councell was had, and no concluſive reſult; at laſt a little *Paracelſian* Apothecary Clyſter-high, adviſed to make a Clyſter with three hundred ingredients, which you may read in the *Pharmacopœa* (tranſlated or not tranſlated) but the chiefe *prædominator* in the buſineſſe, was to be two graines of *pulvis magneticus*, powder of Loadſtone, which having the *Miſceatur* and *Condiatur* by direction, was adminiſtred unto the Lady by the *Pigmy Minos* (dreſt up like a Gentilewoman) for more modeſtyes ſake, which wrought ſo appoſitely and ſympathetically, that the occult qualities of the Loadſtone, preſently exerted and ſhot out their vertues through the body of the patient ſo vigorouſly, that at laſt they faſtened upon the needle, which was attracted with a powder, the other impulſives helping to the *qua data porta*, and in ſuch an inſtant of time, that little *Minos* could recover himſelfe from the ſtorme of her Ladyſhips Poſterne gate, which ſtream'd and iſſued ſo furiouſly, that my Apothecaries face was ſtuck like a pinne-cuſhion, and the needle ſtuck, was in his noſe cleer and untainted, with the many *Meanders* that it had paſſed thorow. The Apothecary was carried forth to the Doctors and his fellow Artiſts, who wrote *probatum* to the Clyſter, and for the miſhap, no other of the function was to doſe it but himſelfe, the Chirurgions as their office is at Anatomies (cleanly dreſt) made his face cleane, and the Knight gave him *Pulvus auratus* for his *ſympatheticus*: And ſo all parties were very well pleaſed.

Give me but a draught of the Opobalſamum, *and I ſhall, though cleft in twain, be ſounder then an apple.*] All the Art is in the cleanly conjunction of the diſunited parts againe; for if there ſhould be *ſolutio continui*, but for a minutes time, and 'twere a head of Gold 'twere loſt; for experience, you have ſeen a Calves head cleft by a Butcher at a ſtroak, and immediately (*ictu oculi* as they ſay) clapt together againe by the benefit of a fine white thread, which muſt be ever neer (for it is the thread of life) ſutures like Portcullis-ſes, or a paire of ſhuts, ſtrike one into another; but as I ſaid, if an eare from that head be ſeparated, as it befell the *Don*, not *Fierebras*, nor *Paracelſus* himſelfe, nor *Bacons* head of braſſe can cure it.

With leſſe then three Rials you may make three gallons of it.] With as little coſt as he that found out the Philoſophers Stone at firſt, and beſt (becauſe beſt cheap, but theſe *Lapides* are not for Ladies) even with what think you? with the white of an egg whereunto the cock tread is joyned, which without doubt hath a villanous *contagium* upon the grand *magiſterium* of the *Stone*. Since Coales have been ſo dear, few doe adventure at this great worke. But that this opinion may find its abetters is very probable, for all things are now diſcover'd to proceed askue (the round world and al) Ladies are with egg, not with child, happily ſo by their cackling, I wonder they don't lay before they ſit, and make up their la'ter as they ſay in the Country; To hear a woman cluck were pretty. But to our Balſame, the poor is more becomming a Mountebanck, then a *Knight-Errant*. *John Pontæus* talkes of Dolars, and takes ſixpence.

He

He swore to lead a life like to the Marquesse of Mantua.] Proh Jupiter inquit!

What, is my trusty Helmets vizar broke in pieces?
Lend me his oath, of Mantua *who Marquesse-is;*
I will not eat on cloth, I mean on Table cloaths,
(*For as* Dulcinea, *so her* Don *clean Napery loaths:*)
I will no Turnament of flesh, though my Dul-
Long'd as they say, and I of lofty thoughts were full;
I will not see the Mancha *honoured by my birth,*
Nor wil I tread (*though a* Knight-Errant) *much more earth,*
Untill these unpar'd nailes, these sharp and tearing tweesers
I fasten on his face, that broke my Helmets vizar.

Thou hast spoken right and well, and therefore I disanull the oath, but I confirm it againe as to the Helmet.] *Sancho* keeps his Master very just, a Turk if he lay his hand upon his head, will never deceive you, nor a Jew, if he pat it on your thigh; the *Knight-Errant*, if he lift up his eyes and hands to Heaven, cannot be released of the ingagement, unlesse the matter it selfe be null, as if he should have sworne to maintain *Dulcinea's* virgin-honour against all Knights, and shee should, unknown to him, though not to others (as they use in *Scotland*) have vent'red only a tryall of her potentiality to procreation, and had the scruple of her mind satisfied with a brace of barnes at once. In such a case (as the *Casuists* say well,) *Juramentum est irritum*, or (as Doctor *Cutbert* hath it in his notes upon *Baldus*,) *Irritum est Juramentum*. But the Knight was here *Errant* in his rage, and forgot that the *Biscaine* was a military Trophie, and Marshall Donative sent upon *Parole* to *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*; Whereupon, the oath fell of it selfe, as to the *vindicative* part, 'mary for the self-denying part, which was a voluntary and Sacramentall Renunciation of clean linnen at Bed or Board, it was to be kept, unlesse he purchas'd a dispensation from *Rome*. But I never heard that he wandred so farre out of the way, but inviolably kept so much of it as concern'd his sheets and shirts, as the *Arch-Dutchesse* of *Austria*, at the siege of *Ostend* for her smock.

Knight-Errants, if they perchance eat, they eat only what is next to hand.] *Venter caret auribus*, is that true? then our *Don* wanted three. The onion though it be nought for the eyes, it could not hurt his left eare, strong smels being no annoyances to the sense of hearing; yet why may not the senses make bold with one anothers objects? you have heard it commonly spoken, I have smelt out his meaning, I smell what you would have, or what you are doing, (that is more properly indeed at some time) let me see what you can say; so for hearing, as an ill aire is smelt, so it may be heard, or understood, or felt. But the sense of tasting is most made use of at present, (which being very neerly related to that of touching:) the *Don* a naturall Philosopher (if ever any) would not suffer the objects (though they were very hard, and which is destructive to the Organs) to be at any competent distance or medium from his teeth, which encountred a Gyant called *Crustbread*, (a hardy whorson) the *Cheese* also was another Gyant, an *Argus* (but an old one) with an hundred eyes, as many as you shall see in a vault, and the matter as rocky, which this *Cutis* never left, as long as he saw one.

The

The chief ſuſtenance were ſome Herbs they found about the fields.] *Sancho* was a very *Ingrum* as they call him, he could neither write nor read, a very beaſt, and fit for nothing but to pick ſallets, which being the chief food (as the only *parabile*) wherewith the nature of our *Knight-Errant* was contented; What could you expect but faint performances from graſſe dyet, or ſuch as his laſt was, groſſe fare? Had ſuch a Knight liv'd in our Horiſon, and led ſo valiant and ſo frugall a life, he had been dubb'd brother with *John a Green*; or had the times of old been worthy of him, he had been the only companion for *Nebuchadonozor*, when he was chang'd into a Beaſt. But we muſt leave him *ſub dio*, whether a ſleep or at ſupper all's one, the earth is bed and board to him.

Sleep pair of ſoules, than whom none worthier lie
Under the blew, and the den-dropping Canopy.

CHAP. III.

Their Fare is mended, and now Sancho's *Aſſe*
And Roſinante *pick ſallets on the graſſe.*
Our Errants are invited, and this night
Is merrily paſt away without a fight;
Yet to the pot poor Sancho *went; ne'r fear,*
'Twas toth' pot only (where the Goats boyld were.)
The Don *doth drench his over-dry'd Muſtachios*
Once in good Wine, out of the beards Borachios;
Good wine, as it with ſeveral ſpirits meets,
So doe it ſpirits work; it rayſes feats
And golden fancies in Don Quixot's *head,*
Whilſt heavy Sancho's *fit for nought but bed.*
The ſnorting Carle, doth ſleep out all along
The Dons *Oration, and the Goatheards ſong.*

TEXT.

SANCHO *preſently repaired to the ſmell of certain pieces of wild Goates fleſh.*] Here is *Æſops Fable* of the two Hounds, moraliz'd in the Squire and the *Don*. Hound *Sancho* was for the Kettle, Hound *Quixot* for the Field, Orations, or Muſick; but *Sancho* as he had a tun belly by nature given him, ſo he was very much given to the belly, which being of that meaſure, was not eaſily fill'd. Such a ſervant was never advis'd to his Maſter by *Mairiot*. But although the *Don* could have been contented with the freſh ſervices of *Madam Aura*, for which he opened as conſtantly, as an Oyſter againſt tide; Yet the Knights of the Mountaines obtained this favour of their younger brother of the Hils and Dales, that he would vouchſafe his company to ſuch cheer as they had; which Goat-proviſions were moſt agreeable with their *Errant* bodies, which were alwaies ſaltitant, paſſant or currant, ſometime volant, ſometimes after a Windmill, or ſo, couchant. *Omne ſimile nutritur à ſimili*, which is the reaſon that ſwines fleſh, (which moſt

inwardly of all creatures resembles his master) is so nutritive and apposite, unlesse to old Jewry men, or *Scots*. I believe *Sancho* and his Master, fed most upon Goates countenance, the head boil'd in haire, being as rare and choyce meat, as Lambs head in the wool; very good dyet, and the most successfull for any that are troubled with a *desperatio Barbæ*, beyond your unguents, or whatsoever else is given to dilate the pores of the place: 'Tis true, 'tis somewhat rough at going downe and untoothsome, but I told you before, it is not for the teeth or palat, but the chinne, though a pallat of Mo-haire is very good lodging (I take it;) now you know the attractive facultie is implanted in every part, and every part drawes, and every part, (as the learned say) *agglutinates*, and *assimilates*, and then the work of nature is done, so that the chinne, the cheeks, the boscos, and suboscos (I mean,) the dulapes and the jawy part of the face, know what they have to doe, and what thatch is best for that place: And it is very well known, that ever after this entertainment, and the next day, *Sancho's* face mos'd, and his chinne had a down sprung out, substantiall enough to grate a nutmeg. The *Don* had a Philosophers Aspect, with an oblong handle, Mustachios circular, which were a great grace to his countenance Martiall. *Sancho* was a most grosse feeder, and you might smell much of his dyet, evaporated from under his Arme pits, which reak'd upon motion like a lime-kill, and by this dyet, gave a stronger Hogo.

And spreading certaine [*heep-skins.*] Those sheep-skin coverings without infringement of his oath, the *Don* might endure at his table; it was agreeable with the chief head at board, and the bottome of the trough was sutable to a knight in pennance, and in pilgrimage for a new Helmet; the horne cup, if it had been large enough, would very well have supplyed that defect, and became the *Don* better then the cushion did the *Biscaine*.

The same is said of Chivalry that is said of Love, that it makes all equall. Love and danger are very glutinous, and of a sodering and associating nature; if two love one another, it is very probable they will lie together; and so for quarrelling, if two fall out, they will presently fall in, and together by the eares; *Contrariorum eadem est Ratio.* So here, extreame love of *Sancho's* person made him sides-man with his Master, love is a leveller, for laugh (which is a but a variation for love) and ly down, and Chivalry do's so too, lay all before it.

I doe here renounce from this time to the worlds end.] It was not modesty in this duck-legs, that made him refuse the Table-fellowship with his Master, but only feare of starving. For the Knight was but a small feeder, and *Sancho* durst not gormandize, and guttle and guzzle too (for he would doe both) under his Master's nose, as he us'd to doe at the side Table or the Cupboard. It is a good house-policy, and piece of great frugality, that a whole family should set all in common together (according to the Proverb, 'tis merry when beards wag all;) the Master and men, Dame and damsels all together, (these cannot be so merry) whereby much, that by licentious feeding, would be wasted is sav'd, besides, orderly eating makes no mammocks, nor scraps for the Almes-basket. It is impossible to cure servants of the woolf or dog in the stomack, without they be fed under the Mistesses eye; and on the other side, I doe admire how Ladies gentlewomen and themselves too, make a shift to look so plumpe and faire, with those

thoſe ſlender pittances, which they eat at their Tables, where I am ſure they abſtain not out of an intention to ſave their meat, but from conſtancy in the ſobriety. I will not cenſure the reaſon of the temperance, nor impute it to the *Culliſes* eaten before dinner, or the ſweat-meats after, but leave them to their own waies and cuſtomes, knowing full well, that they were old enough to fill their owne bellies; with what? let it be left to their Ladyſhips good liking for me.

Toſſed in with their fiſts whole ſlices.] If any man hath a deſire to learn how to choak himſelf, let him look upon *Sancho* and theſe commoners, or cormorants ſhall I call them? with whom a piece of Goates leg goes as nimbly down, as it ever alive went up the crag; they doe as an exact trencher-Squire did with a Capons leg, draw him at one paſſe through the teeth, as emptie as you would doe a boyl'd peaſecod. For handſomeneſſe of feeding, uſe of Napkins, and complement, they had been very well all trained up in *Grobians* ſchool, where they learn'd every punctilio of abominable naſty and groſſe feeding, which would make a man loath any meat that ſhould be eaten by ſuch ſwine;

His non invideas porcorum aſſine palatum.
Their palats all alike, it had been rare,
If with the hogs, alike had been the fare.

He took a handfull of Acornes, and beholding them earneſtly, he began this diſcourſe.] This Oration of the *Dons*, is much alike to that deſcription of *Ovids* golden age, which being excellent well rendred by the *golden Sands*, I ſhall not render it in ſuch meeter, but in a ſuit agreable to this ſubject.

The Oration of *DON QUIXOT.*

Happy that Age, which called was the golden,
Not becauſe gold (which doth ſo much embolden
Men in this Iron age) was plenty ſtore;
Alas (good men) they had nor coyn, nor oar;
But becauſe all things were in common to 'um,
And thoſe two filthy words, meum *and* tuum,
were not i'th' World, but each mans heart and houſe
Were open, they kept gen'ral randevouze.
A man might dine, (like Sancho*) fill his guts*
For nought with Acornes, or with unſavory Nuts;
And for his drink (for Nuts are ſomewhat dry,)
The ſilver liquor did run bubling by,
which out of hand they drank; for cups and diſhes
were not in uſe, by word of mouth, like fiſhes,
They drank and drank, and ne'er could drink all up;
Nor was it vile to ſlabber in the cup.
In clefts of rocks, and antient hollow trees,
The Common-Wealth or Monarchy of Bees
Did hive, and left to men the fragrant vales,
Carrying no ſting, but honey in their tailes:
Vulcan *was then no God, for then no ſteel,*
But only cork, was faſt'ned to horſe heel,

Which made Light-horses all, but not for fights,
But Hide-park-*races, and such free delights.*
Children they might at pleasure get enough,
(But not as in the song) by going to plough,
No hobb'nall whistled to the Teem, the ground
Gave freely all her graines, without a wound;
And all those fragrancies she kind disposes,
Which now we buy of gardners for our noses.
Then went from hils to dales the Shepheard-esses;
(Save of their haire) without all curious dresses,
Their haire in ringlets, which they sometime twine,
(Their beauteous skins as through a lattice shine)
And sometimes flowing from the top toth' toe,
You could discerne nothing but haire to goe,
Only some slender, but sufficient cover
Lay o're the Entry, *which they call the* Lover.
The silk-worme was not then put hard to work,
Nor fed to cloth the Minions of the Turk:
Ivy *was all their cloathing, and good soules,*
Though they were simple, yet they were no Owles,
But deem'd themselves as gallant in green Bur-docks,
As they which clad in silk their stale Sca-vernocks.
No art of words, no lisping, fraud, nor doubling
Of minds, or chins, not gaggling like Geese stubble-in;
But if they lov'd they lov'd, pure down right they,
Not having learn'd th' Hypocrisie of Nay.
Justice was blind indeed (as true as Steele)
As shee saw not the person, shee'd not feel
Whom to befriend, and as the weight oth' fee
Pois'd her, doe either right or injury;
It was before the dayes oth' dreadfull budge,
There was none guilty, and there was no Iudge:
Young men and maidens met, and so return'd,
Lust was not kindled then, which since hath burn'd;
No damzell can escape, though shee be shut,
As Rosamond *the faire was in a but;*
Nay, were there now a Labyrinth this day,
If money can't, Love will find out the way.
Corruptions thus increasing, bribes and rapes
(To such a height, that scarce a Lady 'scapes,)
An order was invented, as you see,
Valiant and chast, of bold Knight-Errantry;
Whose office 'tis to vindicate all Ladyes,
(Which by constraint have teem'd with pretty babyes)
And all such widdows, whom miscarriage
Hath poyson'd, 'fore their second marriage:
They must all Orphans help, whose cunning mothers,
Knew the right father, not the barn to smother.

These when their mothers dye, being fatherlesse,
From their reputed *ones they must redresse,*
And of this noble order is your gueſt; that's I
Whom you have feaſted, with Goates fleſh full high,
For which, and for your Acornes as it due is,
I give you thanks, as 'had been Beef and brueſſe;
And though the meat was due, as I'm a Knight,
I take't more kind then if I paid for it.

Here the Goat-heard ended his ditty.] This entertainment was Prince-like; meat, wine, and ſongs, it wanted only wenches, and as they in *France*, it had been cheer entire. I wonder the *Don* offer'd not a *madrigall* of his owne, but indeed, his Oration did ſupererogate, and no doubt but that *Dulman Sancho* was ſo heavie, it might have been obtained.

Fæcundi calices, quem non fecere diſertum?

'Tis eaſily anſwer'd, not ſuch a clod as *Sancho*, or the Goat-heards, whoſe dull and unactive clay, no *Fragrantia frigida friſca* can elevate or firk up into any ſparke of fancy. Wine is drown'd in their bottomes, and only happy when they ſpring aleak. But clods as they are, to their mothers lap, with them the earth, where they need not feare falling, but may ly ſecure without bedſtaves.

Qui jacet in terrâ, non habet unde cadat.
VVhoſe pallet is the very ground,
Sleeps ſure from fals, if he ſleep ſound.

Chap. IV.

But here we are diverted, and your eyes
Awhile are heated with ſad Tragedies;
The death of Chryſoſtome, *who loſt his life*
For coy Marcela, *who would not bee's wife.*
O that a Scholar and Aſtronomer,
Should for a placket knack ſo fowly erre!
Runne melancholy, mad, mopiſh, and cry
Old fool like a young child againe! and die;
And for an apple, in Marcela's *eyes,*
And for the Cherries, and the Straw-Berries
In her faire Cheeks and Lips; and for the ſnow,
The warme ſnow-balls, that lay her neck below;
And for a thouſand knackeries, yet lower,
For which he many day, full hard did woe her.
But nothing would prevaile, ſo the old Dotard
Kicks up his heeles, as Peter *told the Goat-heard.*

Text.

THat Chryſoſtome *died for love of that diveliſh laſſe* Marcela.] Hey ho! for a wife ſay ſome, and hey ho, with a wife ſay others. Birds in the cage would faine get out, and thoſe that are out would willingly be in. How is it, that no man likes his preſent condition? Old Father *Chryſoſtome*, would make young *Marcela* Mother *Chryſoſtome*, and

and young *Marcela* she loves no fits of the mother; a crosse grain'd slut, and lov'd courting, but not lying; servants, but no subjection. Well would she have lik'd a homage of a whole day done her with a bare head, and thredbare flatteries, besides favours and sillibubs, and for all this, think much to let her hand be kiss'd by the Idolatrous lips of her languishing Paramour. Nothing wil surfeit one sooner than such fits, and pan-pudding, there may be some raising in these, but no reason for the other.

Leave off fond Lover, never dye at her feet,
Love and Pease-pottage, are a dangerous surfet.

Chrysostome *was skilfull in Astronomie.*] He should have taught her some of his Astrological postures, and it had been a done businesse: But where were his braines that he never cast her, nor her nativity? Could not he read in those bright Characters, what would be the event of his own sute? What happy conjunctions were at her nativity? whether *Venus* were crosse legg'd, or *Saturn* costive, or *Mars* melancholy, (as he is alwaies after a conjunction with *Venus*,) or *Mercury* honest, and then you shall never steal a maid, especially if *Luna* be in the Wane, or picked, and then it blowes no body good? Or whether *Jupiter* was not joviall, or *Sol* in his *Mubblefubbles?* that is, long clouded, or in a total Eclipse, then little work for Mother midnight, for *Sol & homo generant hominem*, though men goe to work after Sunne sets. This old fellow had not the *Hocas Pocas* of Astrology, he could not shufle the Ephemerides nimbly, and make the stars move with a *Palabras* or a *Falathra*, according to the wishes of the ignorant enquirers. Our figure-flingers went beyond him farre; they deal with the Chamber-maides to Ladies first, and (more like sutors then wizards) learn of them what the stars shall prognostick: *Abigal* discovers whom her Mistresse dreames of, and then this *Albumazar* will tell her it waking at what rate he pleases: Or if this take not, peremptorily conclude the Lady doom'd, destin'd, and star-assign'd to one, who at such a time, in such a place, with such a shape, in such a suit of cloaths shall be walking, (and all that laid before by the gentile-man, who brib'd his *mercenary* tongue to the description) and this shall passe for irresistible Fate, and the wedding instantly dispatch'd, for it was sign'd in Heaven, and they will seal it on earth.

He saw her first at the foot of a rock, where the Fountain stands of the Cork-tree.] Many take great Omens from the place where they first saw their Mistresses; this fellow's first view was from a Cork-Tree Fountain, ever since she made water in his mouth, but it was unfortunate; first, because there was a Rock, which was the emblem of her hard heart; then a Cork Tree, which is the emblem of levity, inconstancy, volubility, and hupernatability; then at a Fountain, which will never stand still, but is alwaies running, and so nothing can be done. It had been farre better, (if fortune had owed him so much good luck) to have seen her rising from gathering of a Rose, or in the very cropping a flowers, or collection of a whole posy. Besides that the proverb (especially that which plainly, and not parabolically laies down the beginning of Love) made for him, it must needs have prov'd auspicious, for in progresse of a small time, it must have come to a wedding. Others have had their first views in a Church, others at a puppet play, at dancing of the ropes, some at Green goose Fair, many upon

upon *May* day in the morning, which being heretofore ſacred to *Flora* (who was a ſweet minion I can tell you) in purſuance of her ceremonies, have had a green gowne, which hath brought things in it's due time, out of the *parſly* bed; of him that had the view of the Temple, (for I cannot enſample you in all) take this ſmall account. The *Amoretto* was wont to take his ſtand at one place about the pew, where ſate his Miſtreſſe, who was a very attentive hearer of the man above her, and the ſutor was as diligent an eyer of her, for having a book, and black-lead pen alwaies in his hand, (as if he took notes of the ſermon) at laſt he got her exact picture. The Lady obſerving his conſtant zeale, and quotidian paines (for ſhe imagin'd that he wrote ſhort-hand) could not withſtand the pious Rhetorick of his eyes, by which faſcination he firſt tranſmitted the venemous qualities of his warme affections; then finding ſome gracious returnes of her bright luminaries, and favourable aſpects, he gaz'd ſo long ſometimes, that he forgot his Table, till eye checkt to his duty, he ſcribled not a word of what was ſpoken. In proceſſe of time, he came to neerer Colloquies, and they ſpake as others doe by their lips, whereby the Impulſes of his deſires were ſo ſtrong, that ſhee ſubmitted her ſelfe to this religious ſervant, who, (after taking poſſeſſion of her enſuring office) told her the notes he took, and ſhew'd her the faireſt lines, that ever were drawn in ſhort hand; the Lady ſeeing her face ſo well done, chid him for his hypocriſy, and bid him abuſe that place no more, but charg'd him to work on where he was, untill he copy'd out one like them both.

Sow Barly this yeare, and no wheat.] Country people are abomination ſuperſtitiouſly given to credit ſuch kind of Artiſts. A ſeaſonable *Almanack* gaines more reputation then the King of *Spaines* Bible with all his languages, or the King of *France*, with more then his, or our late Engliſh tranſlation, with more then both. If the Calender ſay fair, wet, windy, indifferent, or mixt of both, they will quarrell with the ſtars, if they make not good what *Lilly* ſaid, though in the point of the Eclipſe, they think him a little contoxicated (as they ſay.) He that made the day, is not once thought on, unleſſe he agree with the book, which is ador'd, if it prognoſtick a good ſeeds-time, and Harveſt-time, and thoſe yeares moſt joyfull, where our Ladies day (being Rent-day) fals out late, when the Lady lies in the Lords lap; 2d for ſuch an *Almanack*. It is ordinary in the Meridian of London, for the wenches at an *Eaſter* to refuſe the Communion, unleſſe the Apprentices aſſure them a faire day to aire their *Feſtivall* cloths at *Iſlington*, *Hogs-Tone*, or *Totnam high croſſe*.

He appeared one day apparelled like a Shepheard.] Our ſtudent hath chang'd his coat, he is of a black, become a gray Fryar. O Love, what a pudder haſt thou made in this world below? yea, and in that above too? if we will believe the ſtories of *Jupiters* ſhapes and eſcapes, his cleanly conveyance of himſelfe, into the ſhape of *Amphitruo*, and thereby into *Alcumena*, was very neat, and of all his Metamorphoſes, the moſt probable, that of the *Bull*, *Swan*, and *Ramme*, are beaſtly lies; But for a Lady to be ſurpriz'd (with I pray *Jove*, it be *John*) makes her in the very fact a *Lucreece*, a Goddeſſe of chaſtity, while *Amphitruo* is made a *Jupiter* and takes one of his principall attributes, even *Capitolinus*, which when he is ſo worſhipp'd, he weares hornes, which ſignify not (as we vulgarly imagine knaviſhly) but according

to

to the Hebrew signification, light, shining, glorious or transparent. This whining passion of Shepheards was very antient among the *Arcadians*, who were the first pipers that we read of, but they made their nymphs dance after their musick, two or three to a flute; for the first age was *Polygamous*, they were stout lads, and more than *Cock-a-twos*. I wonder how the *Don* mist this praise of the golden Age in his Oration; I fear I shall find him a *Castrill* or a *Pigill*, like old *Chrysostome*, or else thus transform'd, he would have had her by hook or by crook.

He made the Carols for Christmasse *day at night.*] As good songs, no doubt, as our Wassallers, or the *whitney* singers tone upon those antient *Festivals*. His fancy sure could not be very high, where the subject and reward was but a spice boul; but it took excellently, and that's enough, *Don* could doe no more, and he that wrote in contempt of minor Poets thus, in that Elegy,

——*You might safely swear,*
This verse they wrote in wine, and this in beer.

Very critically observ'd; and yet to see the fate of the times, some like him, and some doe not, some cry hey for *Garzinton*, and some cry, hey for *Horsepath*. E'en as they like, 'quoth the good fellow when he kiss'd his Cow.

The Villagers could not guesse the cause of the two Students wonderfull change.] I can tell you of a stranger Metamorphosis, and of a Knight and an old one, (who by his yeares was fitter for the grave than a Lady) Who notwithstanding the silver Items on each side his face, and argent pendents of his chin, was resolved to stumble in at the Lover-hole, before he fell into the pit, and so passionately pursued his affection, (*Hercules* was not more effeminate, when he turn'd *Spinster* to Cozen *Omphale*) that he shifted his Velvet Trunckes, which was his customary wearing, and habited *All-a-mode* in the long slopps, became a Monsieur of Sr *Thomas Gresham*, O strange Exchange! Then he cut off his reverend beard (which on *Cato's* face would have countenanced a rattle) and smoothed his cheeks, (which the wind in fifty yeares had never kiss'd) and with a black-lead combe, chang'd the colour of those haires which were then Senatorian, and like a silver snow had covered the reverend house ten yeares beyond the Clymaterical; his close shooes alter'd into pumps, and he that could scarce goe without a staff, will now dance out of measure. He is turn'd Masker, Actor, and Author of a play, composed of Love, and at once personates himselfe, and is in act, Representative, Type and Antitype altogether: And all this like our *Chrysostome*, to winne the affection of a most delicate Lady, who to her beautie had wit also, and knew that a gentleman of four and twenty, was better company than old *Æson*.

He had a face look'd like a blessing.] The context or words before will be comment to these; for a word or two backward, you shall find him ennobled for a good fellow, thence you guesse, in what degree of beatitude his face was, an illustrious face, a glorious face, a bony face; or if you will have names more known and to the life, a *Robin Good-fellowes* face, a *Bardolphs*, a *Furnifals Inne* face, or a *Bradwels* face, which was the blessed-dest that ever I saw, wherein there was not room for another blessing, if you would have studied it. Our Hosts faces (if they have not the thorow

row blessing) yet their Noses commonly are in the *Zenith*, and as torrid as if they lay parcht under the Sunne, when he enters into *Cancer*. Dangerous faces, to come neer a Magazine, and as comfortable and refreshing in a frosty morning, they smell well, (as the English proverb hath it) such a Nose is worth a double toast in a pot of Ale, and will make it whistle as well as a hot steele. It hath other uses too, and very serviceable ones. It was ones fortune to prescribe a direction to a friend, (who was too impatient to follow it, being cholerick of constitution, and blessed in that part,) and it was concerning the fetching out a spot of grease from a sute, which the party imagin'd, should have been effected by brown paper and a coale, but the adviser said, with no coale (friend) only a brown paper indeed, which being applied to the middle part of his arme, on whom the mischance of Tallow fell, the patient, so I call him, though he prov'd otherwise, ask'd, and what now? e'n lay your Nose close to it, (said the Emperick) and it shall take it forth sooner then the best coale that comes from *New-Castle*. But the blade was Sr *John Oldcastle*, *Duke Humphrey* never raged so, and made after the Emperick, whom if he had reach'd, he would have given him a fee for his Counsell, as good as he could have told with his ten ends of his toes. Thus you see that all blessed Faces are not charitable, for who, (but one that will carry no coales) would have rewarded a friend thus for his opinion, only in Face-hot presses.

Her Face had on the one side the Sunne, *and the other side the* Moon.] I see *Peter* is no kinne to him that keeps the Keyes where these Stars shine; what a heavenly wide face was this? wherein the *Sunne* and *Moon* must necessarily be ever in Eclipse one to the other, the interposition of the Nose being but small, and not casting shadow enough for a dyall, the Stars no doubt were like beauty specks all her body over, and from her breasts downeward, those infinite company of little Luminaries made a milky way, whither we must referr the man, (usually in the concave of the *Moon*) but now somewhat eccentrick; for it would have spoyled the *Moony* side of her face, to have had the pourtraicture of a man there. Beside the spoyling or crossing of the proverb, for the woman dyed in child-bed; but what of that? *Sol & homo* (as is aforesaid) *generant hominem*, as was here done; *homo* being Latine for Man or Woman, which at this time was born. But if the Man should have been in the *Moon*, it might have been *Luna & homo generant*, and it had been enough to have set the *Sunne* and the *Moon*, and the Man in the *Moon* together by the eares, with old *William* the Man of the house, about the Legitimacy of *Marcela*, which was the right Father; but they both dyed, and shee first, (as being the weaker) went to the old hole, and old *William* staied not long after, and indeed, according to *Peters* relation, I wonder the World did not end with her; for no doubt, but the *Sunne* and *Moon* were both extinguished at her death, and that is an absolute signe of the dissolution of the whole World.

Her Uncle was willing to marry her, as soon as she was of age, but not against her good will.] *Marcelas* parents dead, (old *William* and his *Astronomia*,) the Priest her Uncle was made Guardian of this falling Star, which at her Mothers departure to her fellow bodyes in the firmament, dropt by the way. The chiefe care for such a charge, the Priest presently pitch'd upon, advisedly, providently, and *pater*-familiarly. It is a great improvidence in

Parents to let their daughters ſtay upon their hands like over-blown roſes, till they become contemptible. A ſeaſonable application, and timely looking forth is beſt (ſaith he of *Banbury*) in his Bride-buſh, which to that purpoſe is very good, if a thorne or two were pluckt out of it: For as it is very good to provide, that the childrens, (I mean the young wenches) teeth ſhould not be ſet on edge, ſo it is too ſevere, if for a ſmall fault, as the plucking of a crab, (for the ſauce of ſuch folly is alwaies verjuice) you make them taſt of the Body of the Tree. A ſhort, but appoſite tale I ſhall tel you, and conducing much to the note; There was a Gentileman, who was very diſcreet, and ſearching into the natures and diſpoſitions of his family, and finding amongſt his *Philocleas* and *Pamelas* (his daughters, for their beautie ſome, and ſome from gravity might not be denyed theſe names) that one, and one of the leaſt and youngeſt was ripeſt, and more requiring then the reſt; Husbandically provided firſt, that wanted firſt, forthwith got a *Principiis obſta*, as they call it in Phyſick, or an *Intus exiſtens prohibet alienum*. The Virgin overjoy'd, that her good houre was come, could not containe, and be content, that the ſervants ſhould invite the gueſts, but her ſelfe would needs ſpeake to ſome of eſpeciall familiarity with her, unwilling any ſhould foreſtall the news to thoſe, whom ſhe wiſh'd in the ſame happy condition with her ſelfe; which when ſhee had done to her play fellowes, (for ſhe was not well wean'd from that ſociety) they wondred and ſaid, (good Lady!) Mrs *Abigail*, I pray how is it, that you are ſo forward, and leap over your ſiſters heads: We ſhould never have believ'd it, but from your owne ſweet lips. Truly (ſaid ſhee) ſimpering, and with her hankerchiefe at her mouth, it were preſumptuouſly done, but that my Father, who knowes me of an egg, gave very good reaſon for it, for he ſaid, (I know not what he meant by it) that ſome eggs would hatch in an Oven, and that in hot weather, things won't keep without ſalt.

Parents are not to beſtow their children, where they bear no liking.] To whom it concernes this. The worldly Parents of theſe dayes, are rather huckſters then Parents, and make markets of their children, *A quantum dabis*, upon their heads, putting them off to him that will give moſt, without reſpect of yeares, or complyance in affection. So the Lands be coupled, the eſtates joyn'd, the parchments ſeal'd, 'tis no matter whether the two parties come in any other ſheets. Like *Sampſons* Foxes, they meet, if ever, with firebrands in their tailes, and burne up all that Patrimony (or Matrimony, ſay you which) that was ſo unhappily laid together: Matches made in the minority of both parties, are like thoſe in a tinder box, for a ſhort flame, not durable love, and goe out as ſoon. The Male commonly, is ſent to travell halfe a dozen yeares, to know what to doe againſt he returnes, and in the mean time (ſcholars in that ſchool, take too much, and turn over too many leſſons;) he learnes more then doth him good: Sometimes (like an unfortunate Merchant) he brings home leſſe then he carried out, and if he dare examine his Cocquets, he finds himſelfe a ſhrewd loſer. Miſerable muſt needs be the condition of two ſo joyn'd, eſpecially, if the Female have made experience, or was told by her Aunt or Grandmother, what incombe he might have made in his travels. As unfortunate it is, when fifteen joines to ſeventy, there's old doings (as they ſay) the Man and Wife ſitting together like *January* and *May* day, his Noſe with *Iſicles* dangling,

and

and her breasts as fire-bals, beating with a vigorous spirit, and never leaves the trepidations, till she hath got a Pericardiall *Tulip*, which she loves at her heart.

She cast her suitors from her, as with a sling.] *Marcela* was not like her in the Eclogues,

Quæ fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri,
Who runs into a bush her head to hide,
But glad with all her heart she was espi'd.

Shee was a sullen Shepheardesse, and meant to keep her virginity, till it was impregnable for ought she knew; for if it be fortified, or rather fifty-fied, 'tis as hard work, as the siege at *Ostend*; let it alone for me.

There is not one of the Beech Trees, in which Marcela's *name is not ingraven.*] Of these kind of Love-knots, the *Arcadia* is full, as *Hide-Parke* which will not be so full, as heretofore; therefore happy those Ladies, whose names are to be seen. As they would wish themselves in the bark-green, before that it was inclos'd, for it was impall'd before, and a price set of six pence a man, twelve pence a coach; I believe it is the best pennyworth this day in the world, if there were but one season all the yeare, and that the Spring. But if you ever come to these Beech Trees, you shall finde excellently well cut by his owne hand, as the Monument of his true Love, and her cruelty: This insculpture of our unfortunate Lover in Capitall Letters.

CHRYSO—MAR
and
STO ME—CELA.

Sancho *did lay himselfe betwixt* Rosinante *and his Asse.*] *Sancho* slept most of his story, only wak'd when the Goat-ticks stung him, for flea-bitings would not move him. But for the sight of a lodging, no man ever came neer him, he provided against all winds, for he lay revers'd with his head to the beasts tailes, so that when he turn'd North, he had the warme blasts of *Rosinante*, and on the South, the Fuzzings of his owne *Asinego*, betwixt which two naturall stoves (besides the unctious Lard wherein he batten'd) he slept as profoundly, roundly, and soundly, as if he had laine by the gentle, and sleep-moving murmurs, and ratlings of the silver currents, and the sweet and refreshing gales of *Zephire*, fanning his fooles face.

CHAP. V.

Fie, what a pudder's here! A man, no place
Will serve, but that where he saw his Loves face,
There he will lay his bones; e'n at the rock,
Where first he saw Marcela's *hemme 'oth' smock;*
Actæon *like, the fool was peeping then,*
When Women can't endure the sight of men.
Iust as if one a Lady bright should seize,
In that strange moment, when shee's killing fleas;
Yet like Actæon *he would fain have borne,*
Rather then lost her, the faire sprouting horne.
The Nymph comes to the Funerall, and makes
A set Oration, which Don Quixot *takes*
Not by the eares, and yet it wrought so much,
That he the Lady faire doth stout avouch,
And justifies her Nay *to all fond wooers;*
What will they have her, soon as they come to her?
Soft Fire will make good Malt; *she will doe so,*
Let 'um expect: what? a word and a blow?
Don Quixot, *though* Knight-Errant, *thought not fit,*
Though shee did want a man, to enter it.

TEXT.

They saw six Shepheards more comming towards them in black skins.] 'Tis strange the *Don* did not think of accoutring himselfe according to the equipage, a sack-cloth, or black Goat skinne, would have made him a compleat mourner. But it seems it was repugnant to the order of *Knight-Errantry*, which does appear *Azure* and *Sables*, black and blew, or else in no colours; yet he might be no unbecomming person there, for the Knight was a very dolorous object upon one side, (you know how pitifully a lugg'd sow looks) and therefore being a very lamentable spectacle himselfe, and a most pittifull spectator, you cannot without manifest injury to his passion, deny him to be a man of as much sorrow, (and a close mourner too) as any in the company.

This discourse thus ended, another began.] In *Grivaldo*, you have pourtraicted unto you, the forme of a wise Traveller, who studies men more then places, and rides his company more then the way. He is like the winged *Peregrine*, the Bee, who sucks from every flower something, till shee hath fill'd her sweet bagg, and laden her slender thighs with gummy balme, that her oares and sailes can hardly beare her up; when with her he comes to hive, at night he stores up his dayes gatherings, and what is worth his observation, goes into his cereous Tables, and what is not, passes away at supper for Table-talke.

Since which time, never any Englishman kill'd a Crow.] The Metamorphosis, transiation, or rather tranation of *Arthur* into a Crow, is not a *Since*

in

in our Ephemerides or Almanack; how it scap'd *Lilly* I know not, unlesse because he is white, and the other black. But *Bene dictum there*, well said *Spaniard*, we will grant that we kill no Crows to eat, but to fright themselves and Kites from our fields, and such ravenous birds from our gardens, we doe;

Barbarus has segetes & culta Novalia Milvus;
Do.'t you Remember (*Moors* face) *Tilbury*?
I doe believe we pluck'd a crow with yee.

Or if you deny it, I am sure we slew abundance of Rooks, (which were birds of a feather:) In 88. a yeare you may remember well, as also about the time of the Powder-plot; for the infinite love and reverence we owe to *Arthurs* bird, we gave the Crow a pudding or two, which were first very good links, & then they were broil'd for the birds better digestion.

And Sr Eglamore *with divers others of that age.*] Your Catalogue is not perfect, it sounds as if an expurgatorius were upon it. I could help you, if I were so minded, but because *stultorum omnia plena*, let *Don Quixot* and this Comment prime the Basket; what matter is it?

Nos numerus sumus, and though we be not three, we are two; and *vel Duo vel Nemo*, both or none.

The Travellers perceiv'd he was none of the wisest.] It is strange to see the sagacity of some men, and their insight; though the *Don* thought big, lookt big, & talkt big (which is the only way to set off the simples) yet these *Abingdon lads* (as they cal them) these *Capritios*, the Merchants, had him in the wind, and found him out to be a fool very handsomely, coucht under this notion, of none of the wisest; in all faculties, in all professions, you (if you be curious and inquisitive) shall find some of these sort of people, that they call none of the wisest; and if you are given to strict observation, you shall find others, who do not move out of doors, but they lay their business, the time, the place, the stay, the return, all so exactly and methodically, as if it were by a scheme: And these, when all this pains and forecasting is bestowed, (though they will not be thought so) are none of the wisest; nay, these criticks and censurers of mens manners, garbs, discourses, clothes, (I knew one so punctuall, that he could tell how many buttons his friends had to their suits, and how many clocks; were in their hands,) are even as their objects, nay, some *super-superlative*, none of the wisest: I leave off this note, with a worthy piece of indignation, of a scholar I cannot say, but of one who wore a gown, who hated a gentleman of such a house, only for this Reason, that he was the first (for the other had lain long hid and obscure) who discovered him to be a fool.

I doe believe, the Monks *of Charter-house liv'd not such strict lives as the* Knight-Errants.] The *Don* is at his oration againe, and by the length of them they are *Ciceronian*. I shall once more take the paines to run it into verse, and because it is a question, as it were stated by the *Don*, that *Errantry* is a more hard life then *Monkery*; we will suppose *Vivaldo* for the Monk, and the *Don* in his owne person, shall by way of a short and pithie dialogue, canvasse the matter over againe, 'till convinced by the pregnancy of both reasons, you yield to which your judgement shall incline.

VIVALDO.

Piety forbids to raile; I will be civill,
Though I encounter with incarnate Divell!
Knight-Errants *to compare with* Monks? *what hopes*
From our shav'd Crowns, course coates, and girded ropes?
If one, whose hands are purple with man-slaughter,
Shall think to be in Limbo Monkes *hereafter;*

QUIXOT.

Father I say not so, i'le ne'r desire
To come to yours, or good St Tonies *fire.*
Enjoy your Limbus *to your selves, I know*
You doe deserve enough for living so,
So barely, poorly, basely; yet for all that,
(Sure 'tis Gods blessing,) you're all very fat;
If that your Limbus *be a fat'ning fier,*
Make hast unto't, you'l make a jolly Fryar.

VIVALDO.

*Not so much speed (*Knight-Errant*) you ran post.*
But 'lasse you never read of wandring Ghost,
Of a Knight yet uninterr'd, who sodaine dy'd,
And never men nor God have mercy *cry'd,*
And there may wander on the Stygian verge,
For want of mony, to procure a derge.
We are content to live within our Cel,
Praying for such as you, who fight for Hell,
And in a desperate frenzy doe such Deeds
Which puts us Monks *unto our nightly Beads.*

QUIXOT.

Father, we are for fighting, not for pray',
I have not said that thing this many a day;
Only Dulcinea *help me, smile upon*
Thy Don, *and blesse him in the action;*
When Gyant doth lay on with Stump of Tree,
Then deer Dulcinea, *down upon thy knee,*
And that's enough, that without word spoken,
Confounds all weapons, whether steel or oaken.

VIVALDO.

Is this devotion? 'twere a sin to smile;
Dulcinea *helpe! how you your soule beguile?*
You must invoke some other kind of Saints
As are departed, who did know our wants,
And feel them too, who liv'd cum-vobis,
And to those cry, orat' orat' pro nobis.
Pray Sancta Clara, Bridget, Frances Win,
And pray Loretto, *against all my sinne,*
And pray good Katherine, *that didst wind thy wheel,*
That I by fumes of drinke may never reel:
O pray all Saints of ages and of Sexes,
Against all evill, that our soule perplexes.

QUIXOT.

QUIXOT.

What though I ſay no hymnes, nor Ave-Maries,
I faſt, and keep a dyet like the Faries;
Sancho *ſhall witneſſe it to good St* Peter,
That when I have to eat, I'm no great eater.
I've read of Peters *ſheet, and large proviſion;*
But I was ne'r in any ſuch condition;
Sheets I renounce, and victuals I have none;
Sancho *produce the wallet; See, all's gone:*
Who does endure ſo much? beſides I'm batter'd,
Thirſtie and lowſie, gall'd, tatter'd and ſhatter'd:
Shew me throughout the world ſo wo' a ſight,
As I at preſent, and yet I'm a Knight.

VIVALDO.

I grant, you Errants *are a ruefull Tribe,*
Like wandring Jewes *indeed, (without a gibe)*
Yet though you want from laſting, to ere-laſting,
You cannot call this a religious faſting.
This is plaine hunger, want of vict'-als,
Poor rogues, you'd need be ſent to ſome Hoſ-pitals.
But we a thouſand Ave-Maries *ſay,*
And night by night, and day by day we pray:
We faſt indeed, for though we have good Wine
And oyle, and all that pampers up the groyne;
Yet in the ſight and ſmell of a Full Kitching,
Wee to our Croſſes goe, Pennance, and Breeching;
And what we doe, that does the pretty Nunne;
Up goes her trinkets too, ſure as a gunne;
And when w' have mortifi'd and tam'd the fleſh,
We feed with ſtomacks good, as they that threſh.

which in my opinion, is a kind of Gentiliſme.] I muſt fall to my notes againe, for neither in verſe nor proſe, ſea or by land, high way or field, muſt a *Knight-Errant* be worſted; therefore the iſſue of the Poem lies doubtfull, and conclude them both with

Et vitulo tu dignus & hic;
No quarrell upon any ones behalfe,
They doe deſerve alike; Divide the Calfe.

Don Quixots Religion, though not his fare, is very like that of *Chaucers* Phyſitian,

Whoſe meat was good and digeſtible,
But not a word he utter'd from the Bible.

Knight-Errants have neither grace nor meat, unleſſe it ſhould fortune his Ladies name ſhould be ſo, then perchance when he fell on, not when he fel to, *Grace* might be ſaid. They fall upon food, and adventure Windmils, Carriers and Goates-fleſh as ungodly, as we doe upon Oyſters, Mellons or raw Hartichokes. There are few Chriſtians of the order, they being generally Apoſtates, or voluntary *Mahumetans*, and ſubſcribers to the *Alchoran*: For according to the principles of that fabulous book, they *Knight-Errant it* from this world into the next, with a *Dultinea* here, to *Dulcinea* there,

Turkish Paradise.

there, *Toboso* being chang'd *pro Paradiso*; and his *Dulcinea's* twinclers enlarged to the full breadth of Queen *Proserpines* sawcers, which the Lady *Margery Owletia*, at the largest extention, can no way compare to.

If the Lady be in place, he turnes amorously to her his face, &c.] In these words, if you will, but they are too good for a Neates tongue, or a Calves head, being borrowed from that excellent play *Lingua*, in *Tacitus* his speech when he was mad, and supposed himselfe *Hercules:*

Omphale *dear, Commandresse of my life,*
My hearts repose, sweet Center of my cares,
See where the mighty sonne of Jupiter
Casts himselfe prostrate at thy conquering feet;
Scorne not my voluntary humblenesse,
But blesse me with Commands.

Or if you will have our *Knight-Mummers* owne words, which like *Abel Druggers* ginger-bread, must melt out of his mouth before you can heare it, heare 'um e'n as good as mine Host mutter'd over him at the consecrating of him *Knight-Errant*, out of his provender book of Ceremonies.

Toboso's *honour, and* Toboso's *shame*
Known unto none but me by thy new name,
Not to thy selfe; for thou poor simple wretch,
Canst not conceive a name of that high fetch,
As great Dulcinea, *and in* Tobo-so,
Thou art so poor, it grieves me see thee goe-so.
The Sailes of Gyant VVindmils shall be smocks
For thee my heart, or it shall cost me knocks:
No linings can be cooler, nor no Fanne
Us'd by the Persian *or* Mahumetan.
VVhat prowess can't obtaine, Sancho *shall steal,*
Thou shalt receive, and I will stout conceale.
Only thy counte'nance grant, grinne on thy Knight,
O shew thy teeth upon thy Favorite;
Give a good glose from thy strain'd goggle eye,
And as a ball from Canon shot I fly.

There is no History wherein is found a Knight-Errant *without a Love,*] A Knight without a Lady, is like a Face without a Nose, a fiddle without a bridge, a body without a head, a souldier without a sword, a *Monkey* without a taile, a Lady without a looking-glasse, a glasse without a face, a Face without a Nose,

and so about it goes.

All Foyters, men o'th' sword, *Hectors*, *Herculeans*, *Samsonians*, are all of them *Pamphilians*, that is, universall servants to all Ladies who have faire faces, fairer fortunes, lusty Buttereſſes, and requiring gascoynes. Indeed, there are a sort of men call'd *Solifidians*, such who have vow'd to one single piece of surpassing excellency their faith and services, and so are ingross'd and inclos'd, and made severall, who before were common. Of this order and rank was our *Don*, who would be believed constant to *Toboso*, yet I suspect him, for you shall find him running at sheep anon; I doe not

mean

meane for hunger, but luſt; he loved mutton literally and metaphorically, as will appeare by his purſuit of *Marcela*, whom had he overtaken (after the Goat was digeſted) I know what kinde of pulſe he would have had, that which they call *Caprizans*, and you may gueſſe the reſt.

Shee is not of the Roman Curtios, Caios, *or* Scipios.] Her lineage is very large and ſpreading, and infinitely branch'd (exceeding *Juſtinians* Tree, on the negative line or ſide) but very thinne, empty and lanck upon the poſitive; I doe believe ſhee could ſcarce run two aſcents without the help of a Town or Pariſh, where her Grandfather was found, and for want of friends and acquaintance, accepted of the name of the place, and it is very likely to be the true genealogy, for by her bulke ſhee muſt neceſſarily be imagin'd to deſcend from ſome body corporate, left by ſome body politick, and kept by ſome body Civill, or elſe--*ſpem gregis ab nucâ*--ſhee was (for the *Don* hath not yet diſcovered her as ſhee is naturally, or rather domeſtically endowed, but ſets her out in her erranticall titles, and the fantaſticall and imaginary apprehenſions of her future Queen-ſhip) ſhee was I ſay, *Aulica Coquinæ*, and of that litter which is but a degree neater or finer then the turne-ſpits, if the dog at any time was weary, cry a wheel, and ſhee knew not whether it was her turne or no, only ſhee did it without ſide, the dog within, ſhee by hand, that by foot. Many of her kindred are knowne by the names of *Cicely Bumtrinket*, *Gillian* of Wincheſter, *Long Meg*, *Jone Eaſie*, beſides the *Fuſtyloeggs*, the *Dowdees*, the *Trollops*, the *Maukins*, the *Fuſſocks*, the *Trugmouldies*, the *Funcos*; all which were *Fauſen* ſluts, like Bartholmew Faire pig-dreſſers, who look at the ſame time like the damms, as well as the Cooks of what they roaſted.

Sancho Pancha *did verily believe all his Maſters words were true.*] *Sancho*, though he was not train'd up to ſecond his Maſters lyes, yet he had as good a quality, which was to hold his peace and let them paſſe. *Davus* had no better commendations then *fides & Taciturnitas*, as ſaith the *Comædian* in *Andriâ*. A *Spaniſh* ſhrugg will ſhift off a lie ſometimes as well as a louſe.

This is the Body of Chryſoſtome, *who was peerleſſe, &c.*] Now we muſt leave fooling, we are at a funerall, and *Chryſoſtomes* body a ſpectacle of mortality is before us, *Signior Ambroſio* likewiſe hath a paſtorall oration for his brother *Shepheard* deceaſed, ſlaine by the negative voice of *Marcela*, who this night is to be rail'd upon by the black skins, in as lamentable noyſe, as the wild Iriſh make their *O hones*. As for example;

O hone O hone! why wouldſt thou dye good *Chryſoſtome*? hadſt thou not Sheep and Oxen, I and Cowes, yea and red Cowes (whoſe milk is good againſt the Conſumption?) hadſt thou not Orchard and Gardens, and ſage in thoſe Gardens? which whoſoever hath and eates, how canſt thou dye? Was not thy Father and Mother dead and left thee all, why wilt thou dy? *O hone!* hadſt thou not wit more then all thy friends, neighbours and kindred? and why then wouldſt thou dye, and leave us fools behind thee, but *O hone!* We will follow thee even to that place where thou receiveſt thy deaths wound, *O hone!* for a womans denyall, *O hone!* didſt thou not know? yes, too well, that *cæteri volunt*, *O hone!* or a whetſtone, for my wits are very dull upon this melancholy ſubject.

He commanded mee to sacrifice them to the fire.] What volumes of this hard subject had this Loves-Martyr wrote? which after this fire, were never to see light. It was well done of *Vivaldo* to endeavour the reprieve; for the vapours of so much discontented, sad, melancholy stuff, might in an ill time affected all the standers by, and wrought such sad impressions in their braines, that the party that were single might have disavow'd womenkind, and then it might have (had the example been followed) brought the World to a conclusion that Age, and the parties married would have no doubt gone home, and for feare of such unkindnesse, so laboured to please their wives (for men doe strange feats when they are melancholy) that the numerous fruits of one nights benevolence, would have so peopled the world, that *Spaine* could not have kept them, though it might containe them, and so put the succession to seek new habitations in the West Indies, who are as glad of their company, as of the Feinds.

Which had this title, A ditty of despaire.] I shall change the name of it, and call it the *Ditty of Comfort*; because I presume, though I doe not desire the same subject (that is, an unflexible Mistresse) that I can make as good a one my selfe. So when a Lady sees a face not of extraordinary symmetry, let her call it a comfortable face, hers is as good. When a Sermon is preach'd not of too singular composure, but plaine and easie of apprehension, that also is a comfortable Sermon, another man may doe as well; and so for other things, as your owne application shall best serve.

CHAP. VI.

The Canzone of *Chrysostome* in Despaire.

Give eare unto my Elegy,
Or shall I call it Legacy;
Let it be both: For in it I deplore
My owne sad love, and charge you give it o're.
My yeares, when first I saw that face;
(Had I ne'r seen her nor the place,
Where bathing shee set me on fire:
Strange! water should incense desire,
I had been happy) but my yeares
Bad me be bold, though my heart feares.
No such Orient Pearle Dian *shed*
From her pure skin, and drenched head,
When that the silver streame grew rich,
And found her water pearly, which
Dropt from the Goddesse, and now Graces
Her Nymphs, and serve them for neck-laces.
Marcela *as she bath'd her limbs,*
Th' enamour'd fountaine standing seems;

And

And the Fleet *waters could not move,*
Turn'd to a lake by powerfull love.
The bowes together twist, and shew
That you and I ought to doe so:
And all the birds in a joynt quire,
Did sing her into soft desire.
In gentle murmures the kind wind,
Conveig'd into her eare my mind;
Which when shee heard, she straightway dight
Her robes, and did her selfe benight;
As from the howling of a Woolfe,
And from the fountaine as a gulfe,
From all the birds as birds of prey,
From winds, as bands shee flew away:
And as shee unrevoked ran,
Shee thought each tree to be a man.
But I had grav'd in thousand rindes
My loves, which where she written findes,
She barks (hard heart) the guiltlesse tree,
And so by proxie murders me.
Enjoy thy cruelty, ile fall
The Martyr of thy spleen and gall;
Triumph in scorne, 't shall be in vain
Relenting, wish me live againe.
For by that rock ile buried be,
The emblem of thy crueltie;
Marpesia, *lose thy craggie name,*
Marcela *is the rock of Fame,*
Fam'd for the death of Chrysostome,
His life sometimes, but now his doom;
Thou lend'st indeed a thread, ah but
It was no sooner lent, but cut;
A face thou shewdst, a spring of life,
But in thy tongue there was a knife:
Soft as the Down of Swans thy skin,
But thy heart was adamantine.
Learn all of me, Shepheards be wise,
And come not neer those charming eyes;
For if shee catch you in the flame,
Shee'l hold, and burn you in the same;
Let her range on among the Beasts,
You'l find i'th' Heard more gentler Breasts,
And make your suites to stocks and trees,
They will be mov'd, they've Sympathies.
But this Marcela's *only skin*
Without, and putrified within.
Remember what a dying man
Saies, and the Cantons of the Swan;

When e'r this cruell faire one dies,
I charge you her anatomize,
And when ſhee's found, as I relate,
Such ſtone you cannot penetrate;
Lay her upon my open grave,
No other Tombe-ſtone I will have.

TEXT.

ON the top of the rock whereon they made the grave, the Shepherdeſſe Marcela *did appeare.*]

See where our Cynthia *ſhines, but harke,*
Though the Moon ſhine, the dogs will barke.
Our Don *and* Roſinante *both neigh,*
Forgot is foule Dulcinea;
He would adventure a ſound knock,
To change his Dul' *for her 'oth' rock.*

Ambroſio impatient at that ſight, was able to compoſe the quarrels of brethren, rather barkt then ſpoke, and in moſt bitter *Billinſgate* Rhetorick, beſpatters a Lady of moſt immaculate fame, and firm conſtancy, as the Pedeſtall ſhe trod on, the rock: *Bona verba*, better words good *Ambroſio*, what, downe right *Baſiliske*, *ſterne Nature*, *Mercileſſe* Nero, Tullia, who would have lookt for ſuch *Nectar* with *Ambroſio*?

I come not here (*good* Ambroſio) *quoth* Marcela, *to any of thoſe ends thou ſaieſt.*] *Marcelas* ſpeech is a pure defence of reſolv'd virginity, vow'd Nunnery, a rigid conſtancy, and obſtinate reſolution to gather nuts all the vacation long, which are very ſtipticall, and the bodies that feed much upon 'um, coſtive, and ſeldome looſe.

Our faire *Hippolyta* dedicates her ſelfe to the Forreſts and Woods, where exerciſe and continuall labour and variety, give check to all thoſe paſſions, which a ſedentary and lazy life are ſubject to. Spinning will not qualifie nor ſuppreſſe thoſe fancies ſo much, they are not allayed with a wet finger: Carding can doe no leſſe, which (as it would affect ſomewhat,) our Ladies doe moſt intollerably ply. But *Tib* and *Tom* are not of the Wool-pack, nor thoſe ſtocks of the primitive good houſe-wifry. Though this life of Shepheardizing be out of faſhion, yet farre better doe they, who in remembrance of theſe rare pieces of abſtinence, buſie themſelves in rock-work, in Civet-baskets, in waxen Fruit-Trees, in making *Adams* and *Eves* even in wax, repreſenting their ſtate of innocency, in framing Paradiſe, *Babell*, *Jeruſalem*, *Nineve*, *Troy*, or any thing, rather then ſetting up t'other dozen, or waſting the week amongſt young gallants, who, to ſhew their breeding, muſt loſe their mony faſhionably, pay the box generouſly, and ſo they winne, ſhall I ſay, or rather loſe (for unleſſe they loſe they ſhall be accounted hard-heads) the reputation of compleat Courtiers. To all of this *Marcela* is an example, and a plea, a preſident and leading Caſe to all ſuch Ladies (if any ſuch there be) whoſe ſervants have departed out of this world upon the ſame occaſion taken, that *Chryſoſtome* did: Shee, in this eloquent ſpeech, doth vindicate all refractory damoſels, from the leaſt acceſſarineſſe or lyableneſſe of guilt from the ends (violent or melancholy)

choly) of their puling, shiv'ling, or Hen-hearted Servants. No woman is to be indicted, as cruell Spinster, for the shortned thred of *Tom Fooles* life; if he dye or runne mad, or beyond Sea, or vow not to shave his Beard or powder his Cockscombe, or ride in a Coach or Sedan, or goe to Sermon (that is to wait upon a Lady to Church) upon the Repulse, the Maidens, nay, the harsh Letter, the Frowne, the Gloat, the Hung-lip, the Neglect, the Go-by, the Bannimus from the Table, return'd Presents, Letters, Fancies, (all but kisses and Banquets) of the most exquisite *Marcela* in the world. Oh *Chrysostome*, *Chrysostome*, thou wert *Felo de Te*; Thou didst cast away thine owne life, and deservedst to be stak'd, as well as buried in the open fields, for being such a Goose, Widgeon, and Niddecock to dye for love: Of which sort before you shall find one in the Bill of Mortality, you shall find ten thousand dye of Grief, and the Rickets, which is a disease, when the head sucks all the nutriment from the rest of the Members.

I never gave any hopes to Chrysostome or any others.] Our brother departed is to be blam'd more and more, that will take no Answer: she told him (in plaine *English* as they say) she could not love him or any one: What cann't be cann't be: It's better to goe out of the house, than to be thrust out, and be laughed at. But this Pagan Scholar would not beleeve a Woman in the Negative to her owne good, he had read no doubt of some one, who said, she would embrace Fire or the Faggot, rather than such a One, and in a fortnight the Imprecation forgot, she hath been tyed and bound up to that more abhorred stake. His *Mulieri ne credas* here fail'd, *Marcela* was resolute and stout to her *Quanquam*: not like that tergiversating and back-sliding Lady, who desperately vow'd and threatned the Ponyard, present death upon a libidinous assaulter, who notwithstanding the apparent and instant hazzard of his life, (graceless wretch) fell on and storm'd his peremptory desire, so furiously and inconsiderately, that had not very much mercy been eminent at that nick of time in the Lady, the Assailant, if he had a thousand lives, they must have been lost all. Such an unvanquishable spirit no Age hath met with, as was found in *Marcela*, who without doubt was of *Amazonian* Constancy, and could have rather endured one breast cut off, than a Child sucking at 'um: rather the Bowes and Arrowes with the Man-like Quiver at her back, then that any effeminate shaft should come nigh her Quiver: rather the Buskin upon her halfe way covered Legges, then endured the lac't Pantofle, the silk Stocking, the button'd Smock, or the sweet bag at her Pillow, or a Pillow to her Downe-bed, or any bed but the Downes themselves; where shee lay and compos'd this ensuing Poem, to answer the untrue, and unjust accusations of *Chrysostome* and his fellow Shepheard, nerled *Ambrosio*.

MARCELLAS Plea.

I doe appeale to all my Sex,
Whom tedious suiters hourely vex,
And chiefe to those (if any be)
Vnder my vow of Chastity.
If none be found, then I doe call
Such as the Matrimoniall

Noose

Nooze hath caught fast, but gladly would
Be such as I am, if they could.
Is it my sinne for to be faire?
T'have pleasing Fetters in my haire?
T'have an eye made for to kill,
Or to revive at mine owne will?
And such a voice as Birds stand mute
To heare? and dye as on his Lute
Once fell the Nightingale,
And fainted when her voice did faile?
To have two rising lips, yet such
As onely know each others Touch?
A hand so small and snowy white,
'Twould serve to light you in the night.
A Breast where Azure veines are drawne,
(Soft as the Water, or the Lawne;)
Yet plimming by a generous heat,
That always by one Pulse did beat:
Pasternes upright, so small a foot,
It puts the Does, and Hindes unto't
To tread so nimbly o'r the Plaines,
And tires the heavy clouted Swaines.
Nature if these be crimes, I lay
On thee the charges of this day.
But if what thou didst freely give,
I meane to keep, long as I live,
Pure and unsullied, as the Rose,
(Not tainted by approach of nose.)
Why am I blam'd? Cause Ile not part
With these, by giving up my heart
Into anothers mast'ring power,
To crop at's pleasure ev'ry Flower?
If I decoy'd a simple Swain,
Or gave him hopes to come againe:
If I receiv'd a Gyrland, or
(When that I knew what he plaid for)
Would heare his baited Layes,
Or gave him either smile, or praise,
Let him appeale unto that smile,
And Ile no more his hopes beguile.
But when I've told so oft my mind,
Which you may read, if you're not blind,
Through my transparent skinne, that I
Intend to live a maid, and dye;
If like this Chrysostome you pine
To death, it is no fault of mine.
I am and will be on my vow,
Answer my Riddle, if you can tell how.
Had I submitted to thy Foolerie,
I must be false unto my selfe and thee,

If I that had vow'd Chastity before,
Should marrie, married I should play the whore;
For marrying to be chaste to thee I vow,
How art thou sure, when I broke one but now.

'Tis onely she alone that lives therein with honest intention.] How now *Don*, I begin to smell a Rat, if *Marcela* alone, if these honest intentions, what is she of *Toloso*? This cannot be forgetfulnesse or incaution, for it was morning, and he was fresh and fasting. On my life *Dulcinea* was no better than she should be, pray heaven she were so good: yet it may be he spoke this somewhat hyperbolically, that is ignorantly, as the good chaste wife, who surprized with a Quærie from her jealous husband, who had heard abroad amongst his Neighbours, that there were but two men in his parish that were not Cuckolds, could not stay any longer, but forth-with repaired to his wife, and told her the story, and was very inquisitive and urgent with her to resolve him, whether she knew or could ghesse who those two happy men were: The good soule not reflecting upon her husband, or her owne vindication, being secure at home, puzled her selfe to satisfie him of those abroad; but knowing how unhappily she was situate, and confident of the truth of the rumors, she protested she could not possibly ghesse who those two should be; which rais'd such a dissention betwixt them, and her husband was so touchy for no cause at all given, that the good woman was forc'd to the course her neighbours used, onely to live a quiet life with her Husband, who after he was come into the honest list, was more contented than ever before; and his wife, by such Arts as her Gossips taught her, quite rid him of all his jealousie, which in the time of her constancy to his Bed, he was ever plagued withall.

Which Ambrosio *said was to be after this manner.*] But I beleeve *Marcelas* was more proper which she engraved in the Bark of a tree, just against the place of the Rock where the unfortunate Sutor lay.

Suffer kinde tree thus Epitaph to grow
With thee, and as thy Gummes doe flow,
Intombe the Words, that none may dare
To take them thence, but see they're there.

EPITAPH.

Against this Tree doth lye a Swaine,
Who dy'd indeed, but lov'd in vaine,
Who hop'd t'have been Marcela's *Lord,*
But dy'd upon a cruell word:
To whom I wish'd a longer life,
But not as he, to be his wife.
Yet if his Dust content can have,
Ile mingle Ashes in the grave:
And when it is my welcome Turne,
What Bed deny'd, enjoy i'th' Vrne.

The end of the Second Book.

FESTIVOVS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

Book III.

CHAPTER I.

Swift as the Roe, Virgin Marcela *flies,*
The Don *can onely follow her with Cries;*
But our Atlanta *doth not minde his Calls,*
Nor hath the Don *or gold, or gilded Balls*
To bait her flight: but both resolve together
To bait themselves, and let the Devill go with her.
The grasse is Table to the Don, *and meat*
To Rosinant, *who full was for a feat,*
And lustfull, scents the Mares Gallician,
And presently is for coition:
The lab'ring Jades were not for wanton tricks,
But answer his Levalto's *with shrewd kicks.*
But Rosinant *persists, and maugre packs,*
He mounts (girt-burst) upon their skittish backs;
But the Yanguesian *Carriers with Battoon*
Did cudgell out of's side the salt Baboon,
And tam'd him straight; whereat the enraged Don
Enters the Lists, but had blowes three for one.
And Sancho *too was here a Combatant,*
But you will know the issue by the plaint:
Plaintiffs were both, both Sancho *and his Master,*
Defendants none, the Umpire *is a plaster.*

Text.

TRavelling the space of two houres without finding her, they arived to a pleasant Medow.] *Marcela* was too quick of foot for the *Don*; she that used to chase the vvilde Boare, and ore-take the vvounded Stagge, hovv vvas it possible that an over-ridden Stallion, or a tame Asse should over-reach her. Horse and Asses tir'd, and soultred with the heat of the day more than affection they

they flung their caps at her, (they had taſſell ones in their pockets) and cryed as we doe of a Hare eſcaped, let her goe 'tis but dry meat. But the Meadow is got, the pleaſant ſmiling Meadow, but no *Marcela* to beſtowe a green gowne on; here is the pure and refreſhing ſtreame, but not *Marcela*, who us'd to dreſſe her ſweet face in it, made more ſleek, lovely, and glaſſy, by receiving and returning thoſe lines and imagery to thoſe eyes which were only fit to behold them.

They did fall to with good accord and fellowſhip.] Hopeleſſe of ſatisfying their eyes, they conſult how to pleaſure the reſt of their ſenſes; and (the *Don* being maimed in the Organ of one of the chiefeſt) it was high time to provide for the maintenance of the reſt;

——*Strato diſcumbiter Oſtro:*

The green Carpet was laid before them and they (*more græcorum*, in their lying down, not at this time in taking up, for they had no *Cæcubum*) I may ſay too *more Brutoni*, for *Bos pro cumbit humi*, they I ſay laid themſelves downe, falling to it, haile fellow well met; *Sancho* prov'd the nimbler feeder, having his noſe ſeldome out of the Manger, which, the *Don* did not ſo much mind, becauſe he often gaz'd about for adventures, and did not follow his blow, or rather his ſtroake, (for this encounter is of the Teeth) inſomuch, that *Sancho* was the Knight of the *Meadow*, though the *Squire* of the *High-way*.

Roſinante *had a deſire to ſolace himſelfe with the Lady Mares.*] *Roſinante* it ſeems was not runne off all his metall, he was back'd to enterprizes, and would have had a Barriers with a *Gallician* Philly, which was a great errour in the *Cephal-Errant*, for he was by ordure of his horſe-hood, to have reliev'd the Lady Mares, (not as *Spaniſh Jennets* are begot, nor in that corner) who were oppreſs'd and overladen with heavie packs, and ought not to have laid more ſacks to the Mill (as they ſay) being the only horſe of the only Lady-relieving Knight now remaining in the whole world. But the *Yangueſian* Carriers (finding the Beaſt troubled with *melancholy*) preſently flew in to the aſſiſtance of their Mares, who had hitherto (more then many rationall creatures will doe) defended themſelves from this foule raviſher with their heeles. But now *Roſinante* is at the ſtoole of repentance, never was *paure* Brute ſo hamper'd for wicked intentions, never ſuch ſharp blowes for the gentle ſtroakes that he meant to his *Galician* ſweetharts; beſides that, he did carrie the favours of one of the goodlieſt amongſt them upon his flank (as plain a Mare-ſhooe, as ever was made by Smith;) theſe Battoone marks were too intollerable, (which their Maſters did accumulate upon his hide) till he lay down upon the graſſe, worſe tired with this wooden entertainment, then if he had all-abroud (as the Scotch Kerle ſaith) aw the Phillyes one after another upon the place.

Sancho *at the ſecond Peale is ſtruck downe, and the* Don *fell at his Courſers feet.*] Love me, and love my dog. It was a ſigne *Sancho* did not heartily affect the *Don*, that he was ſo unwilling to relieve *Roſinante* from the *Yangueſian Gyants*; but he had reaſon for it, he ſaw their number, and the noiſe of the weapons, from *Roſinante's* ſides, made him provide for his own: Feare hath a quick eare, and though it was tickled with the government of the Iſland, (which alwaies buzz'd in the hollow of it) yet he perceived it was a deſperate cauſway that conducted thither, and that he ſhould

undergoe very ſtrict diſcipline, before he came to exerciſe any. And ſo it proved; for though he was ſpurr'd up with hopes by the couragious inſpirations of the *Don*, yet (alas, notwithſtanding he collected his full ſpirit) what were *Hercules* and *Lycas* againſt more then twelve labours at once, or rather labourers? whom *Sancho* very properly adviſed not to charge on foot, or indeed at all, or to engage upon a horſe quarrell, which would gaine no credit in Hiſtory, and eſpecially if they ſhould be foil'd; what a blemiſh would it be in the book that was to be wrote of them? to ſee in a great Cut or Braſſe leafe, there *Roſinante* laid breathleſſe, and by him the *Don*, not able to heave a ſide or ſtir a limbe, or ſtretch forth a hand, and *Sancho* in wofull manner pictur'd aloof off with his face to the ground, aſham'd to looke up to Heaven, or upon man or beaſt, after this ignoble victory; Only the Aſſe, reſerv'd to carry away the bluſhing ſpoiles of the field, will be ſeen in the piece free, grazing and leaping, and as having more wit then three, contented himſelfe with his paſture, not like *Roſinante* given to luſt, nor like both the fools (I mean as to this enterprize) his maſters given to revenge.

The Carriers with all poſſible ſpeed, truſſing up their loading, followed on their way.] *Fuga eſt pro culpâ*: A guilty Conſcience is a thouſand Judges, Juries and witneſſes. But who ſhall make hue and cry after them? who ſhall raiſe the Country? It being done betwixt Sunne and Sunne, the hundred was to pay for the Injury done by the Carriers, which were wont to pay for injuries done to them: But it was ſecure as to that matter, for *cantabit vacuus*. The *Don* fear'd no robbing, and as for their Brutes, they were not worth ſtealing; Nothing was taken from them, the fault was in what was given them, and not the hundreds nor ten thouſands could take it off. *Sancho* more wiſe (for in afflictions he got experience) then his Maſter, (who, like his Couzen in the mortar, never profited) remembred his Lord of the liquor at *Feoblas*, which was much, that his head (ſo diſordered) could containe ſo hard a word in it. But as for the *Balſamum Fierebras*, it was at that diſtance, (as a Doctor of Phyſicks remedy was in time of preſent application) ſome forty or fifty miles off, but this farther, not *in Facto*, (though as by the name appeares) but *in Fieri*.

I cannot ſet a time for our recovery, but I am in the fault of all.] *Statutum eſt ſemel mori*, the *Don* knew that; but as for the *ſtati dies* of a ſickneſſe, the beginnings, declinings, perfections of any diſeaſe, herein the *Don* was to ſeek as much as for his Balſame; but *pares in culpâ, pares in pœnâ*, like Maſter like man, *Sancho* was cheek by jowle at dinner, and now he is jowl'd with him after dinner. But confeſſion is the firſt ſtep to repentance, though a foot could not be mov'd by either of them, yet notwithſtanding it was reall, for here was contrition, (or rather attrition) alſo adjoin'd, and an abſolute reſolution upon *Sanchos* part, never to play ſuch a prank againe, with endeavour of ſatisfaction, and an Act of Oblivion to theſe *Banqueſian* Carriers. There wanted now the *Monks* of his former adventure to pronounce the abſolution, and the *Don* was fit for Heaven; and ſo he was without it (as to the matter, though the forme were wanting) yet he lookt to get that Paradiſe purely by ſuffering, which *Sancho* (unleſſe at this time the purchaſe was paid for it) deſired ſome other way might be atchiev'd.

Draw thou, and chaſtiſe them at thy pleaſure.] DON QUIXOT very cunningly

cunningly, but nobly, would have entail'd these inferiour Encounters upon *Sancho* and his heires Male. Indeed dry-bastings, cudgelings, surcinglings were too mean for a Knight, and more compatible with his Squire, who by often malleations, hammerings, poundings, and threshings, might in good time be beaten out into the forme of a gentileman: For he was like a wedge now, or like gold in the Oare, thick and rough, and no doubt, but these *Tanguesians* did but act the part of Goldsmiths, who with much labour, polish, and surbish up the splendor of rough-cast metals. After some few experiences of this Goldsmiths-Hall Furnace, the man no doubt would be far fitter for the government of the intended Island, who in the shape he now was, cannot be esteem'd proportionable for any plantation, unlesse it were in the Antipodes.

What would become of thee, who dost disalle thy selfe in respect thou art not a Knight, nor desirest to be.] Here *Sancho* had almost lost a Hog for want of a halfe-penny-worth of Tar. The hopes of an Island (and that no small one) rather then compleat his Errantry through blunts to sharpes, through surcingles, to the garters and Zones of *Amazones*. The *Don* excellently well upbraides and excites his coward-spirits, setting before his eyes (which were much benefited by looking upon the green grasse) how venerable, of what high esteem among the *Romans* the *Veterani* were, who were nought else but old beaten Souldiers. What respect a Captaine gaines, who at his return views his Country, and shee him, with a face and skinne as scarrified as that body before an Almanack, a signe of what danger he has runne through, as those are of the Sun passing through the Zodiack: Then after his departure, to have this skinne hung up in the school of Anatomy, where every year, thousands of Ladies view the Monumentall fore-skin, with as much joy as did the Hebrew damzels, those of the slain *Philistines*; what and how many legs hath a Colonell (whom an honourable shot hath left but one to) in place of that? All eyes will look upon him, who hath lost one: *Polypheme* was more star'd at then *Ulysses*, and *Argus*, if ever he had the fortune to see him, more wondred at his sawcer, then all his owne hundred of small eye-let-holes. Every man lends an hand to the Officer with one arme; nay, our very enemies (after the hot disputes are passed) are in honour with us very much, especially, if by some great piece of valorous hazard, (the signes whereof are eminent and visible) they beare the Characters of their own gallantry, and of successe. Such *Sancho* was my eare, and ever will be throughout *Biscaja*, and all eares will glow, in memory of the blood I lost from that. Doe but recount (for I must speech out this timorousnesse from thy head and heart) recollect with thy selfe I say, what honour a Ship hath (senseless of the thing done to her) which is famous for some singular Sea-service, the water-men speak nobly of her, tell their passengers how bravely she behav'd her selfe at *Lepanto*, at the *Golph* D'i *Venice*, in the *Mediterraneum*, in the *Straights*, at *Gibberall Terk*, amongst the *Cypriots*, the *Candiots*, the *Smyrniots*, the *Scyots*, the *Scanderouns*, and many more Islands, where she hath taken in fresh, and whether the joyfull natives runne, as much wondering to see her honourable Barke, as if a *Sturgeon*, a Sea-*Calfe*, a *Porcipize*, a shark, a sword-fish, or *Leviathan* himselfe had been cast a-shore, and could not retumble his vast hulk into the maine Sea againe.

The pains of the disgrace doth not so much trouble me as the griefe of the blowes, &c.] These Orations rais'd not *Sancho's* spirits a jot, nor his body from the ground: Inso much, that he gave over the thought of the government of the Island, and imagin'd he had taken possession of the Continent, where he lay a *Living Lease* seal'd upon the ground, yet not in case to molest any Trespassers. For unlesse *Rosinante* could be caught againe and his Asse, what likelihood of any other Purchase, then this of the Turff? *Rosinante* was the concluded Author of these last mischiefes.

——*Equo ne credite Teucri.*

Never trust a modest-lookt Stallion, your sobereſt Jades are firkers in Corners, and your horse that sayes least is (like the silent Sow) for Draft-Mares. But *Sancho* was resolv'd to humble him, if grasse and hay can doe it; he is to be interdicted Oats and all Flatulent and erecting dyet for a Moneth; but had *rem* been prov'd in *re*, his mouth had been excommun'd Provender for ever; for a lascivious futring jade could never prosperously carry the chaste body of a Knight Errant through his Virgin-rescuing Adventures. It is dolorous to relate in what variety of Agony hee lay shifting from side to side, and sometimes upon his knees, but nothing would give him ease; and the sight of his Master lying in worse malady was double griefe unto him.

Tormentum miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I know all these Incommodities are annexed unto the exercise of Armes.] Play the Crab with me, and runne a Note backward: and for observation upon the place, I conceive that these Incommodities were so heavy, that they conduced not to the exercise of his Armes, Sides, Back, nor Thighes: all the parts of his body being in a parity of suffering, not by compassion or sympathy, but by the proper anguish of each particular joynt and member. Otherwise some unexercised Limb (like the undipp'd heele of his brother *Myrmidon*-killer *Achylles*) had been enough to lose the whole man. For I can compare the thorough and Integral, and almost quotidian poundings and bastings of the Squire and his *Don*, unto nothing apter and more convenient, then the daily sowsing of that valiant Greeks body in the inchanted Bath for *Invulneratione*. Certainly if Glasse may be so indurated by fire, that it may scorne the force of the hammer, so verily I believe, that our Knights parts would be stock-fisht, and solidated by continuall contusions, threshing and quassations, that in time they would be inferrible, that is, Sword-proofe, Battoone-proofe, Cudgell-proofe, and Surcingle-proofe. *Milo*, 'tis knowne by using to carry Calves, improved his strength to the burthen of a Bull: So the *Don* by bearing well and stoutly these *Tanguesian* trials of skill (*Tyrocinia* meerly *militaria*) in time would contemne all the injuries, nay the very packs (if he were put to it) of all the Carriers of all Rodes. *Atlas* by such stupendious burthen-bearing came to be Porter of Heaven it selfe, and *Hercules* his supporter, that is, under-porter, and the *Don* (when his earthly labours are to cease) in reversion to *Hercules*, *Nemine contradicente*.

The wounds, friend Sancho, *that are given to one by those Instruments which are in ones hand by chance, doe not disgrace a man.*]

——*Mene*

——*Mene* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra.
Had I but falne in *Trojan* fields,
Cover'd with *Myrmidons* rich Shields,
Where *Hector* lyes in his bloud graveling,
Slaine by *Achilles* lusty Javelin.

There was the honour of it, *Sancho*, to fall by *Achilles* his Speare, that was Field-Honour. But to have a Pack-staffe salutation, it is not dishonour in the Heralds Court of Knight Errantry. 'Twas no legall Combate (judge all Masters of Defence) where the weapons are not nam'd in the Bill, and produc'd upon the stage. This was meere *Chance-medley*, and mis-application of tooles. There is no flaw, no shoulder-spraine, hip-shot, nor rib-rost in thy credit; ther's the comfort Brother, we are reputation-sound. A hundred of these (which however Heaven avert) make but misdemeanors in *Knight-Errantry*, and can never amount to an Attaindor.

There is no paine nor griefe which Death will not consume.] Death (Brother *Sancho*, now we goe forward againe) said the *Don*, puts a period to all Travailes, all Adventures, and therefore necessarily to *Knight-Errantry*, it selfe, and dissolves the Order, then which it were better that the Machine Catholike should fall: For thereby so many plunder'd Ladies, abused Virgins, oppressed Matrons would be left unrevenged. No, no, friend, let us to our Brutes againe: And for a concluding story about Death take this; An old lazie fellow having over-burthened himselfe with stolne Furz-bushes, groaned more under the weight than stealth, and even spent and tired, cryed out, Come death, come death and welcome: which spoke, comes in a gashfull, horrid, meagre, terrible, ugly shape, *Phoberoon Phoberotaton*: That is Death, *Sancho*, a very ill-lookt Fellow, worse than the *Tanguesians*: and this *Raw-bones* demands of the poore old fellow, what he call'd him for. The man looking up amazed, Nothing Sir (said he) but onely that you would be pleased to help me up with my burthen. So I say, *Sancho*, and doe thou as I say: Let Death alone yet, and saddle me for the Asse; that is, take me, and lay me upon thy Asse, better be a burthen then lie here for old *Phoberon*.

I doe not hold this kinde of riding dishonourable.] *Sancho* you may perchance thinke it improper to behold me upon thy Asse hanging Wallet-wayes; but if thou didst consider, that I intend after the next glorious defeat, to be for *Madrid*, and there to accumulate the Order of the *Golden Fleece*; thou wouldst not much strange that I doe before-hand conforme my selfe to the Ceremony, which is the ancient'st Order in the world, and indeed was first belonging to the *Ship-Knight-Errants*, the *Argonauts*. And as for the dishonour of riding, or rather (as present necessity commands) bethwarting, or over-laying the Asse, know——

Nay look, O look throughout the world so wide,
And each one rides the Asse, or th' Ass doth ride.

But *Sancho* you may reply, that is uncomely: It is so, if there were no more

more in it; but I have been tax'd for want of Devotions by *Vivaldo*, therefore now I will to them, and though it be *Kim Kam*; yet it is more then hath been related of any *Knight-Errant*, and I will for future luck-ſake croſſe all my Adventures in this poſture, as I lye even croſſe the Aſſe, that no Inchanters, Giants, Carriers, or Windmils, may any more prevaile upon us, and be aſſured, that though I doe not *ad Sydera tollere vultus*, yet my paines and moanes reach thither, and I look downwards in deſiance of all helliſh Confederacies, from whence they come: Goe on therefore with alacrity, (good Brother *Sancho*) for (if thou couldſt Prognoſticate ſo well as I, who through all accidents look to the end of my Intentions, and ſhape them good or bad for that deſigne) thou canſt not but perceive thy ſelf already in the very way to promotion, being chang'd from a rider of a poor Aſſe, to be the honourable Conductor of Aſſe, Horſe, and Man, to the greateſt Caſtle now in ſight.

So let them goe, all in an happy houre,
Well met Fooles, Jade, and Aſs, One, Two, Three, Foure.

CHAP. II.

Our Don *is Inn'd againe, O cry yee mercy,*
It is a caſtle with him (as I heare ſay)
Three Ladies at a time (all well appointed,)
Wait on our Knight, who is with Greaſe anointed.
To bed he's carryed, and without his ſupper,
Suppled with Kitching-ſtuffe from head to crupper.
'Twas eaſe and ſleep he wanted, take e nough,
Belly and back muſt not have Kitchin-ſtuffe
Both at a time; if that his bones were quiet,
His Belly was nor did cry out for Dyet.
But O the Body that mine Hoſteſſe greas'd,
Three Women view'd the corps, and not one pleas'd.
Great Bumps and Hillocks in his Fleſh ariſe,
Like Hills throwne up by Wants, *which want their eyes.*
Such fruit the Pine-tree beares, but no tall Pine
Appear'd, or a Top-gallant Maſculine,
Which made my Hoſteſſe, and her pretty daughter
Take little pleaſure in him, but of laughter.
The Aſturian *whore, much like an* Africk *Monſter,*
Came to his bed by chance, but he cann't once-ſtirre
Ought but his tongue, which brought our Warriour
Againe into the clutch of Carrier.
Baſe and unmanly fellow ſo to do't,
To tread a right bred Horſeman under foot,
Againſt all law of Armes, whilſt Sancho Panck'
Doth play the Batt'le on Moll-Tornes *Flanck.*

Sancho

TEXT.

SAncho *ſaid it was nothing but a fall from a rock.*] Our fleec'd Knight, or Knight fleece, not of the Fleece, (unleſſe when he was laid in the Flocks) by *Sanchos* nimble wit paſſes for *Rupe-cadente*, the Knight of the Rock, not that he fell upon, but from; the Knight of the *precipice* more properly, or the Knight of the *Downfall*, or the Knight of *Ruine*; any of thoſe Attributes or Titles were ſutable to the *Don* and his Squire, the Squire of the Quarrie, or the Squire of ſhrubs, or Squire of bruſhes, as you ſhall ſee every where about ſtony, rocky, and craggy grounds.

Made a very bad bed for the Don *in an old wide chamber.*] The uneaſines of his bed was nothing to a *Heros*, that had made the ground his *Pavillion*. The Emperors of *Aſia* ly on quilts upon the ground, our *Don* lies upon the ground abed, Feathers effeminate, and ſoft Flocks ſuffocate; bedcoards and boards are the beſt fleſh-firmers, *Conſolidating* and *Contabulating* his Body of Errantry into a gumme and moving Mummia, which was firſt made of the *Mauritanian Knight-Errants*, and thence deriv'd to the Spaniards.

The Hoſteſſe and her daughter anointed him all over, &c.] The *Aſturian* held the Candle.

A fit ſervant to hold it to the Devill. By the benefit of this light they ſaw

Monſtrum, horrendum, ingens, cuique eſt Un'auris Adempta.

Theſe Maukins were not ſo modeſt as the good Lady *Prioreſſe*, when the ſearch was made amongſt her *Nunns* for one, who had under that diſguiſe made the handſomeſt amongſt them, horribly forſwear her ſelfe. And at the laſt, comming to the perſon indeed, who was the wicked cauſe of the breach of her vow, when I ſay they came to cloſe, and hot-hunt, even to *Aſtianax* to the privy ſearch, notwithſtanding that his ti'd up *Aſtianax* was ſo fierce (like a muzz'led dog) at the ſight of the beauties, and fellow ſearchers, that he ſtruck Madam *Prioreſſes* ſpectacles off her noſe; yet I ſay, the grave Matron and her faire aſſiſtants did not, like theſe impudent heildings, ſtare upon the violation of the Conventicle, but with great care, laid their hands to their eyes, and through the creviſes only of their fingers, ſaw (to their great griefe, how raſh and inconſiderate ſuch vowes are upon better meditation and ſecond thoughts. But here was no ſuch incouragements, yet they did Hog-greaſe his body, and ſmil'd and twitter'd at the bumps in his fleſh, which was like a bruiſed Pig, (but not ſo white) ſplotch'd all over, or like a mouldy Cheeſe, where three parts are blew and vinnow'd, or like a muſty pye. The Hils and Dales in his body waſted her ſpike-nard extreamly: Indeed, he was more fit to have been delivered over to a plaſterer, who with a ſhovell or two of mortar and a trowell, would have daub'd up the gaps and *Coſmas* of his dilapidated Carkaſſe; that done, to a Carpenter to have new planckt him, his muſcles were ſo extended and contunded, that he was not *Corpus mobile*; after that, to the joyner with him, to ſhave and ſmooth the knobs made by the *Yanqueſian* Rockers; and after that, a Maſon and other Tradeſmen, for the reparation of the Oeconomie of his whole body, which was all out of order, both Timber and Stone-work.

It

It may very well be ſaid my Hoſteſſe daughter, for I have dream'd that I fell from a Tower, and could never come to the ground.] A Tower with Pinacles I believe, and there ſhee held, for ſhee fell upward. This ſlut recites the dreame falſe, and in her owne perſon, when it was her *Amoroſos*, the Curate of the Pariſh, who being often in hopes (and ſometimes gratified) with a nights lodging, dream'd that he fell into a Well, where he went down, and he went down, and down, and ſtill downe, but he could never come to the bottom; which afright awakened him, and upon the next motion, he moraliz'd his Fable of the Well, and found himſelfe in *puteo Sans Fund.* Her Dreame as it is in the *Arabian* Copy, was of catching at the Pinnacle, Pinnacle after Pinnacle, as people that are drowning, doe any thing they can lay hold of.

Know then ſiſter, that a Knight-Errant *is* &c.] *Mantornes* is the Monſter of this Caſtle, which I marvell the *Don* did not (though naked) aſſault, as *Hercules* did any living thing, when he run mad in his ſhirt dipt in the blood of *Neſſus.* She was a more rare ſight, then we exhibit at *Bartholmew* Faire (take in to help it the reaking, ſweaty Rouncifolds of Py-Corner too) yet this Beaſt *Sancho* cals ſiſter, (perchance both of a litter) ſhee was a ſow of the largeſt breed, if you look upon her paps, and if *Circe* had lived in her time, ſhe would have us'd no other Incantation for the Metamorphoſis of men into ſwine, then the ſtroakings of her dugs, which would yield (after ſhe had taken the rennet of a brimming) as much as a *Dutch* Cow. Upward ſhe was *Elephant* in head and ears, but not ſo docile, not ſo wiſe as that Creature, nor ſo ſerviceable; for then *Don Quixot* would have abſolutely renounced *Dulcinea*, and tooke no other Lady then this, who could carry Caſtles upon her back, as faſt as he could take them. Her face was flat, and very much like an *Owles*, if not more *Oulebie*, and her Noſe adunck like an overgrown *Eagles* beake, her voice, and that melodious birds, much alike. Her Belly of a capacity for a Cellar, two Stands of Ale might find room therein, and a century of ſpickets; yet this younger ſiſter to her at *Heidelberg*, is enamor'd with the name of *Knight-Errant*, and deſires to know more of his nature, which *Sancho* deſcribes ſo villanouſly, (as if he ſuſpected the *Dons* inclinations) and intended (if their bellies did not deny the Banes) to joyne iſſues with her himſelfe: yet take the Deſcription, 'twill ſerve for Future times as well as theſe.

A *Knight-Errant*, is (as you ſee) a Creature bruiſed, baſted, ſwadled, greaſed, bed-rid and fit to be ſent to *Madrid*, to the houſe of *Bethelem.*

Yet whom, thou ſeeſt thus vile to night,
To morrow is a Prince, or ſome ſuch wight.

Sitting up in his bed as well as he could, he took his Hoſteſſe by the hand, and ſaid.] The Hoſteſſe having ſuppled his joints, that he is able to ſit up, Gratefull and Gracefull man (as ſhe made him) the *Lard* of *Mancha*, or the *Liquor'd* Knight greaſes his fat ſowe, that is, gives her the oyle of *Mancha*; Courtly ſtuff for hers of the dripping pan. And

Inde toro loquitur gravis urſus ab alto.

Moſt gracious Lady, ſo y' have the Laird
Of Mancha, *for no coſt of oyles you have ſpar'd;*

Before

Before I was illustrious, but your kinde
And gentle hands have made me so behind.
Lend me your daughters hand, I'de handle her.
Ah girle, art thou a match fit for a Chandler!
If my hard hearted Queen should vamp to Charon,
A Boat for her, a Chariot for thee, Faire-one.
Now by m'e anointed Flesh and Bodies glew,
(Such Aromatick aires there are but few;)
I'le stick my Dear to thee, and cling withall;
As fast as e'r Tantoblin *to a wall.*

This said with emphasis, as much as his collected Spirits would give leave, with patheticall lookes now upon the mother, then the daughter, then *Maritornes*. Our butter'd *Westphalia* gave *Sancho* order to informe them further of his Worth, Country and undertakings, and looking for no applause to his Oration, he slid into his bed like a hogshead downe a soap'd ladder. His bed was full of holes, so that the Flocks broke through the breaches, and stuck all about his fulsome and unguentous Body in such numbers, that he suspected himselfe to be infected with the swine Pox. That thought, and the fear of a Rat-encounter kept him waking; For he was baited with stronger allurements then tosted Cheese, or rusty Bacon.

The Carrier and Mary Tornes *had agreed to passe the night together; a good wench, if she promis'd, shee kept her word.*] This *Asturian* golph was better at keeping her word then her honesty, and of all words, she never made good her nay, if she could remember that ever she gave a denyall. Shee was true Touch, a word and a blow, say and hold, touch and take, happ, be lucky, strike me handsell, kissing and clipping, laugh and lye downe, and hey then up goe we. A Lady that very well deserv'd to be brought to, and attended on dayly by two able and lusty *Furcifers* or Squires of the Body, at that famous Castle call'd *Bridawelia*, where amongst Justice *Quamdiu's Seraglio*, she should worke at the merry hemp post, and twice a day the foresaid Squires of the Body should Flebotomize her salt Corium, till all the wanton blood flowed out at the lacings of her flesh coloured Wast-coat.

Don Quixot *lay with both his eyes open like a Hare.*] A thousand feares, fancies, *Chimæras* keep our *Don* not only like a Hare in his eyes, but his braines also; which being as vertiginous as a whirle-poole, presented ten thousand whirlygigs, Windmils, and Turne-pikes to his errantick soule; so that by the very strength of Imagination and exalted fancy, he would make sallies in the bed, and sometimes out, and routed all the Flocks out of the dilacerated Tick, which hung about his glu'd Body, like Bees at a swarming, or flies got to their winter quarter, thousands in a place; he was all over like a hillocke of black-berries, or small Toadstools, here and there they were thinner about his legs and armes, like Sheep-dung in a With, if a man may be compar'd to a tree revers'd or unrevers'd. *Quixot* is a Mulberry Tree; look upon him now, and you will take him for no *Knight-Errant*, but an arrant Shepheard with all his Flocks about him.

While he was thus troubled, the Asturian *wench entred the Chamber in her smock, and the* Don *caught and grob'd her smock*, &c.]

Fumidoque supervenit Uglee,
Ugly Torneadum fuscissima.

Whilst the *Don* with his Flocx-crump-shoulder was acting *Richard* the third, in comes this, not Ghost of *Jane Shoar*, but of the very Common shoar, the Quintessence of *Tantoblins* Field, and is the nasty prey of his high employed thoughts, raised for the embraces of the Lady *Quintanonia*, and supplied by the Lady *Pentasile*, or the fulsome Lady *Boggardina*: whom, as soon as he had incircled in his Arme-twigs, he might have roar'd out upon, as loud as the gentileman of the Ins of Court, who comming out of the country on a night, when the boggards were to be cleansed, and having no notice that the place was unplankt and laid open, being called thither by an *expellas, extrudas, exenteres, ne admittas*, a writ in that case very necessary, fell into *Cocytus* amongst the pickle, he came to augment, where floundred extreamly and uncouthly accoutred, yet he resolv'd to call for no helpe till the like mischance ensnar'd some body into that inchanted Castle, which was the first that ever was made under ground. At last a stranger (who with good Ale, had mellowed and lenified his intestines) came wadling with a load of Sacrifice to *Stercutius*, and ready to present to *Cloacina*, fell into the Armes of his *Senior* Yeoman *Feuterer*, who overjoi'd more in his companion then the place of meeting, swore, and art thou come? Welcome to the Wedding *Dios Diablos!* the place, the fall, the squash, the hugge, the Salutation, and intollerable Incense, did so confound our Votary, that he could not containe, but utter'd *Grobian* returnes for the kinde entertainments of his friend *Marius*, in the Lake of *Minturdum*: Who, after his belly full of laughter, cri'd out for help, which suddenly came, and in an instant they were dighted, and came cleanly off, though they went fowly on. These were adventures of *A-jax*, which none but these two *Knight-Errants* (for they miss'd their way) ever attempted, except our Father *Ben* and his *Argonauts*, when they vent'red in an open an untilted whirrey, through the Common shores of a spring-tide; but how they escap'd the dangerous gulph of *Mala Speranza del Arse-holo*, you may read at full, in that most celebrated Poem which is stil'd *A-jakes*. But our *Don* could not distinguish a Tantoblin from a Pancake; but extracts and sublimates out of his *Balneo Mariæ de Tornes*, (whose exhalations were no better then those of a dunghill) the fumes and evaporations of a Civet Cat: For exsensed (as he us'd to be) and only a man of *Phantasie*, he conceives on the one side of the *Asturian*, he touches balm and dissolv'd gumms, when his fingers were in a tarre pot, and the smell more odious than that of soap-boylers; and on the other side, for the amorous foole was resolv'd to survay his whole *Quintanonia*, he imagines he feels Ginger, Nutmegs, and the cordiall borders of Mace, and such orientall spicery, when he was knuckle deep in the bogs and quagmeirs of *Old-Lingia*, and the bristles of a wild Boare or Porcupine, were more soft and pleasurable then her filthy Furrz bush.

I could wish to finde my selfe in Termes, most high and beautifull Lady.] Which speech because it is but short, I shall give you in Meeter.

Lady, whose bodies bright (for ought I know)
As farre as touch can judge, I deem it so;

How

How ſhall I recompence theſe high ſhewn-favours?
How ever re-incenſe you for theſe favours?
I doe ſmell out what your good Ladiſhip
Would have, by th' applying of your lip
To mine, that as our ſugar'd lips doe touch,
So other parts (as well) may doe as much.
But our Yangueſian *Varlets, Lady truſt me,*
The whorſon Raſcals have unfram'd and burſt me;
No limb is ſound, no joynt, the ſmalleſt ruſtle
Againſt my body, vexes every muſcle.
Your pardon therefore beautie, moſt deſiring,
That I reply not to your dock requiring;
Beſides, and 'twas well thought on by the mackins,
I have a Lady too, who longs for ſmacking.
To you, who only can her parallel,
For ſoftneſſe, plumpneſſe, roundneſſe, and for ſmell,
I may impart her name (there he kiſs'd her,)
And there he whiſper'd, call her (Madam) ſiſter,
Siſter Dulcinea; *were't not that, no doubt,*
And all my Aches, we would have a bout.

The Carrier diſcharg'd ſo terrible a blow upon the Knights jawes.] Jealouſie hath a quick eare, and the *Don* (though he whiſpered his foule intents) was over-heard by the Carrier, and over-believ'd too, for he verily did conceive that *Maritornes* had made a pack of the *Don*, and taken him up Incontinent: wherefore like an errant Stone-horſe, (deluded and detain'd from a leap) he throwes about, kicks his conſort, her Knight Stallion, and leaps upon the *Don*, and tramples upon his Valiant Body, and kneaded the Mill-ground Knight, as if he meant to make dough of him. His bed (but that it fell with the weight) had been the ſofter for it; the Flocks were never ſo well turn'd ſince it was an Inne: the *Don* was blooded in the mouth as he had been prickt for the ſtaggers, and the Flocks clung to his chops ſo artificially purpled, as they had been Mulberries indeed.

The wench, ſeeing her maſter, ran into Sancho Pancha's *bed, who ſlept all this while ſoundly.*] If one won't another will, *Quiddere blunt* quoth the old Woman to the young man, who complain'd that his wife refus'd benevolence; which is the corruption of *cæteri volunt*. *Maritornes* expects retaliation from *Sancho* whom ſhe greas'd with her owne hands, and now would be repai'd with *oleum Anthropinum Hypogaſtrio applicatum*, or at leaſtwiſe if his lamp were dry, ſhe deſired ſhelter under his *Abdominous* pent-houſe, till her Maſters Inquiſition were eluded. But old drowſie pate ſlept very ſoundly, except that now and then he groan'd extreamly, being hag-ridden by the *Aſturians* incumbency, who having gather'd her ſelfe in a circle about his umbilicall hillock, ſhe had imagin'd by her agglutination and naturall Incantation, to have raiſed the ſpirit of the adjacent coppice. But her Maſter not finding her with his Lamp and by the fire that ſparkled from his eyes, endeavoured to reach her by the eare, calling her by her propet, as well as common name, *Whore where? Where whore?* where art thou?

By this Sancho *awaked, and feeling that bulk, gave* Maritornes *many blowes, which ſhee exchang'd ſo trimly.*] The noyſe awaked *Sancho*, now eas'd of

his *Ephialtes*, though in a ſweaty houre after. But his difficulty of breathing was ſupplyed by the motion of his Armes, for he intreated his unknown, unſeen, but not unfelt bed-fellow, ſo roughly, and ſo rudely, that ſhe could no longer brook theſe unmanly returnes for her warme and gentle Bumme, and Belly-pats, and defrauded of her hopes, and exaſperated by contrary blowes with Feminine fury, ſhee multiplyed her clod-fiſts ſo frequently about the muzard of him, and thump'd his hulks hide ſo vigorouſly, that ſhe made him bownd from the bed, which prov'd unto her great diſadvantage; for as ſoon as *Sancho* got up, down went *Maritornes*, and being caſt the wrong way to her deſire, *Sancho* beat all manner of Marches for a quarter of an houre upon her drumme-head ſo loudly, ſignificantly and perfectly, that it was rare encouraging Muſick to the three *Matachin* Combatants, the Carrier, the *Don*, and mine Hoſt, who continued that tripartite fray ſomewhat the longer, excited and ſtirr'd up by the Marſhall ſounds and loud claps of her taile, paſſive and active.

The Carrier perceiving by the light of the Candle, which the Inne keeper brought, the lamentable eſtate of his Miſtreſſe.] Had not the ray of the Candle betrai'd to the Carrier, whoſe drumme beat all this while, poor *Maritornes* had been flatted in the hanches, (as if ſhe had been beetle-beaten to be laid in a paſty.) *Sancho* had almoſt levell'd her extuberancies, when the Carrier came to her reſcue, and gave *Sancho* ſuch a ſound and expreſſive ſouce on the eare, that it admoniſh'd and chaſtis'd at once his ſaweineſſe, for daring to come ſo neer his Miſtreſſes Sowce-tub. The *Aſturian* was a ſtout *brand-ſtrops*, and though *Sancho* mauld her Caſcoines, till her feathers were about to fly, yet ſhee never cryed out for (though the Carrier prov'd her Man-Midwife) help at her delivery. The Scene of this various Tragedy cals to minde the ſong of *John Dory*, perſonated and well performed by a Company of luſty ſhoulder-thumpers, who diſcharg'd the mutuall thwacks ſo ſtoutly, that they make a noiſe, as if they were beating of hemp. The miſcarriages of this Love-Scene, turn'd into a ſad and lamentable Cataſtrophe, cals to memory the ſtory of an Outlandiſh Peregrine, or Traveller, who having ſeen moſt parts of this Nation, came at laſt to that famous Univerſity of *Oxford*, where being infinitely ſatisfied with the beauty of the place, the magnificence of the Colledges, the diſcipline, habit, and order of the Students, and above all the famous ſtructure that was then almoſt finiſhed of Sr *Thomas Bodleyes* Library (not inferiour to the *Vatican*) and ſince inlarg'd from a *T* which was its figure, to the form of an *H*. he did confeſſe abundance of contentment, and reſided long in the place, which though he liked very well, yet there was ſomething wanting to him, for the pleaſing of *Scaliger* his ſixth ſenſe, as he cals it. And comming from, and having been born in hotter climates, he would uſe to ſay, that thoſe Countries were better furniſhed with ſhe-*Nurſeries* and *Seminaries* of no Religion, and vertue, then this colder Iſland: The Popes *Seraglios* were very profitable and neceſſary Refrigeratories for the conſtitutions of the men upon the place. But one day paſſing through the ſtreet, with his Interpreter, of whom he enquired the name of every place; at his return to his lodging, entred into a Table-book, what inſtructions were worthy the notice. Amongſt the reſt of the lanes, he remembred, one was called *Seven deadly ſins-lane*: Which place he marked and diligently

gently obſerv'd, that he might find the way thither, (when occaſion ſerved) without his guide, which not long after was put in practiſe, and one evening he repaired thither, and as well as he could in his halfe Engliſh, he required in this *Deadly-ſinnes-Lane*, whereabout was te *Houſe* of *Luſt*, pray tell me te *Houſe* of *Luſt*; ſcarce underſtood by the Inhabitants; at laſt he knocks at a door, at which a ſharpe nos'd eager Woman came, unto whom he ſaid, Madame, is *dis te Houſe* of *Luſt*; of *Luſt*, you rogue, ſaid the Woman? having in her hand a broom-ſtaffe (wherewith her Husband and ſhee had been deciding the controverſie for the Breeches,) and laid it on with that force, that ſhee gave him a broken pate to his broken Engliſh; whereat the ſtranger ſtood plaguily corrected, and crying her Mercy, that had none of him, ſaid, I be miſtake Madame, *dis be* not *te houſe* of *Luſt*, but *te Houſe* of *Wroth*. Now apply all; ſo it fell out out here, *Maritornes* thought to have made a vaulting-School of this Chamber, and to her abominable griefe it proved a Fencing School, where a Prize was played, and ſhee a great part of it, at never a weapon that ſhee liked.

But the Officer ſeeing that he, whom he held faſt by the Beard ſtirr'd neither hand nor foot.] Never had any *Knight-Errant* ſuch unfortunate *Inaugurations* at ſetting forth into the Field of Honour: See, ſee, how he lyes, as if he had finiſhed all his labours in the *Repoſitory* of Gallantry, flat on his Back in his Helmet; juſt like the *Knights Templars* in their Armes, untill this intruding Officer diſturb'd him, compoſed in his *Cœmiterium*, which was an unpardonable affront to a *Knight-Errant Dormant*, to have the handle of his Face Couchant, ſo uncivilly treated. But Feare and former paine, keeps the *Don* politiquely Inſenſible, and ſtiffe, ſo that his counterfeit death ſaved him a reall killing: For the Officer imagining him ſo indeed, cried out Murther, which diſmiſs'd the three other aſſaylants to their ſeverall Quarters, *Maritornes* worſt contented then any, though her haunches were never ſoundlier clapt in a night before, which ſhall ſerve for the *plaudit* to this Chapter, being one of the merrieſt in all the Book; and ſo

exeunt.

* * *

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Mischiefe and Love doe mix, the Ladies daughter
Is one while to be dubb'd, and then Man-slaughter.
Murder, and tickle me; One Face which keeps
Two Cheeks, one smiling ever, 'tother weepes.
A Tragick-Comedie *of errors, where*
A kisse o'th' lips procures a cuff o'th' eare.
Tantalean *Torture, and* Sisyphian
Apples and stones doe play: th' oyle and panne
Now hugg'd and hagg'd by an Asturian *whore,*
Then straight way batter'd by an Inchanted Moor;
(*Or else her Sire the Devill.*) Sancho *come,*
It is high time to make our Balsamum;
Goe, get me these Ingredients, such as Æson
Renew'd from Winter, unto vernall season;
Such as the bearded sonne of the *smooth-chinn'd
Father Apollo *us'd and medicin'd:*
One who had broke his neck in twaine with hunting,
(*'Tis not so bad with us yet, though we're grunting:*)
And made him new againe, another man,
So like as Lamp to Lamp, or pan to pan;
Only a name he gave him (as 'twas decent,)
As I my selfe have, at this very present.
This Balsamum *eclep'd* Fierebras,
All Æsculapian *tricks doth much surpasse;*
Nor Galen, *nor* Hippocrates *did know it,*
Nor John Pontæus, *he full sarre would blow it*
Even into England, *where brave* Palmerin,
Had he so happy, or so skill'd had bin,
T' have known this precious dose, nor he nor's horse,
For all incounters, had been e'er the worse.

*Æsculapius Apollinis imberbis barbatus filius.

TEXT.

FRiend Sancho, *art thou asleep? sleepest thou friend* Sancho?] Such kind of Tones as these the *Umbræ* use, when they call upon *Charon* for a Boat. But *Hector* (nor any of his name-sakes since) in such a pitifull case, so codled ever came to the *Stygian* Shoare, as the *Don* and *Sancho*, if before the application of the *Balsamum Fierebras*, they should be sent to *Pluto* for a token: For their bodies were bow'd and so pliant, that you might turne them upon your finger like a piece of *Barbary* gold. By the dolours and fractures of their bodies, you may think them below the condition of men, but by their want of meat and no sleep, not inferiour to the state of the Gods:

——*Vox homines sonat.*

Such a shrill Note gave *Abel Drugger*, when after a nights expectation in

the

the Privy-house (his gagge of Ginger-bread dissolv'd) he was to crave a blessing of his Mother the Queen of *Fairies*, and her *Ti-ti-ties*. But our *Don* and his man were a while among the *Furies*, though some part of the night he was (but not dancing) with a *Pharie*, but in the Rings.

A hand joyn'd to some Arme of a Gyant, gave him such a blow on the jawes.]

This *Gyant Carrier* would have been more mercifull to his hand, if he had knowne, against the jaw-bones of what creature he so often ding'd his fist, and *Maritornes* likewise would not have endur'd the adventure, if she could have suspected that the issue of her nights dalliance might have proved a Mule, as by the fire-side it would have been very visible, however the *partus sequitur ventrem*, might a little assimilize it in the Crupper, to the Flanders breed.

Be not grieved Friend Sancho, *I will now compound the* Balsamum Fierebras, *which will cure us in the twinckling of an eye*, &c.]

Hei tibi quod nullis, Amor est Medicabilis herbis.

Though in those innocent times, *Philtrums*, Love potions, Nutmegs, suppled (*sub Hirco Alarum*;) nor the blood from two opened Orifices of *Corydon* and *Phillida* intermixed, nor twists of haire, nor legs, nor any other Fascinations were knowne; yet something of high concernment, and great profit was discovered, and (as an Antienter Author hath it of that Nation, then *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*) by *Priapus* himselfe, who was the greatest Herbalist in the World, and the Tutelary genius of all Gardens, and handsome Plantations: This *Phutologicall* Deitie (I say, or rather the old *Arabian*) being enamor'd of a Smiths wife (that was usuall amongst those powers) who came constantly to his Quarters, to gather Sallads, who looking many times on, and with good liking upon the portraicture of this high-mounted Genius) he understood her meaning (as they say) by her gaping and discovered (by way of recompence for her favours) the *Secreta* and *Arcana Herbarum*, which the fond foole revealed to her husband, and he upon his death-bed to his brother, which was the first Catholike Kings Farrier; And it is credibly reported by my *Arabian*, that he chose him a *Venus* out of the sisterhood of the *Mancha*, from whom this *Opobalsamum* as well as the *Don* himselfe was traducted, as by his looks is most evident, that he was originally descended, not of the *Fabri*, (or *Fabritii*) *Lignarii*, but *Ferrarii*; for he did often account himselfe of the house of *Ferrara*, and might very well. Thus by many meane conveyances this rare Secret was at last lodg'd in the Family of *Quesadas*, *Quixadas*, or *Quixots*, as is aforesaid, that's all one: And this derivation I have been somewhat more curious in, because it might be wondred how the *Don* should come to the knowledge of such a Rarity, and this same search hath not cost me hot water (as they say) but what is more dangerous, it is fetch'd out of the Fire, and if you please to cast your eye Anagrammatically upon the name of the *Balsamum*, you will find

Conveniunt Rebus Nomina sæpè suis.

And *Fier-ibras*, though the latter Termination may make it suppos'd otherwise, yet such ends signifie nothing, but the first is materiall, and shews assuredly that it came from the Fire, or rather men of Fire, who were the *Vulcans* of the Times.

Sir, said Sancho, *is not this the inchanted Moore?*] *Sancho* is very much afraid

of

of this viſion, the fellow walk'd like old *Jeronymo*, a diſtracted *Spaniard*; And with his Lamp in his hand, as if he were ſpeaking his words;

Who cals *Jeronymo* from his naked Bed?

Negromancers will not ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen.] Right *Don.* Negromancy is *Deceptio viſus*: Doe you thinke that *Fauſtus* or *Vandermaſt* were diſcovered when they took the Bowle out of the Emperors hand, as he was about to lift it to his head: A voice indeed was heard, *Multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaque labra.* Nor was Bacon (*Roger Bacon* I meane, when the Brazen Head thrice ſpoke) ever ſeen, or in that ſtudy, which untill this day is call'd by his name. But theſe were great and deep Scholars, and you know the deepeſt waters make the leaſt noiſe; your Rattle Heads keep a noiſe, when your full Hogs-head will not ſound. You have heard of *Gyges* ring, you know *Gyges* was never ſeen all that while; and you have heard of *Gyges* his Lady, nor was ſhee ſeen ever at the running of the ring, except when her over uxorious Husband ſhew'd her naked to his prime Favorite, who aſham'd of the ſpectacle, never left till he got opportunity to cover her nakednesſe.

Is it the cuſtome of this Country you bottle-Head, to uſe Knight-Errants *after this manner.*] The *DON* had a plaguy wit, and gueſs'd by his head, what employment the fellow was of. Now, whether he meant of thoſe ſort of Bottles, where Duke D' *Alvas* Face is ſo eminently fixt, is a queſtion? but I believe not, for it prov'd a head, as it had been of *Bottle-Ale*, for it gave a Bounce (a cruell one, more then of a Cocke to the *Don*) and runne out.

Without doubt, this was the Inchanted Moor *quoth* Sancho.] He was a *Black* is moſt certaine, and the *Don* a blew, if not both: But this was the moſt charitable wound that the *Don* hath receiv'd in all his Adventures; For 'tis true the Lamp gave a ſhrewd cut, but it broke, and the oyl ran preſently forth, and was the cure in an inſtant.

Vulnus opemque tulit.

Procure me ſome Oyle, Wine, Salt, and Vinegar.] Traine Oyle, dead Wine, Baſe-ſalt, and the Lees of Lombards made up this decoction. I doe wonder, that in all his ſodaine accidents, the wholſome cure of Piſſe and brown Paper was never diſcovered to him, nor his Squire *Sancho*; which if he had known, it had been of great conſequence to him, and becauſe it was frequent with him to Urine (being much given to Horſe-radiſh, Garlicke and Feare) which are all Diureticall and clenſing, and he himſelfe for the moſt part muſing; (that is to ſay in a browne ſtudy) He was ſeldome without the main matters, and as for the wounds, not a day ſcarce or an houre without them. But this is only for *Knight-Errants* at hand, but the *Balſamum* is for the inward Contuſions, as you ſhall heare anon.

He put this precious liquor into a tinne Oyle-pot, and ſaid over it eighty Paternoſters, Aves *and* Creeds.] The Tinne Oyle-pot did very well concurre to the cure, for his pate being but lately broke by a Lamp-panne, (which was of the ſame metall) that being broke, ſpoil'd, and uncapable, the experiment might be made upon a pot that was coætaneous, and of the ſame make with it: So by application of the *Balſamum* to the very *Soſia*-tin-pot alike effects might follow, as uſually doth *Unguentum Armarium*, and it might

might very much conduce to a ſpeedy cure, help'd and aſſiſted as thoſe remote Agents muſt be, *Per genium mundi, & volubilitatem Atomorum & virtutem Sympatheticam.* The eighty eight *Paternoſters, Creeds,* and *Aves,* were only theſe few Latine lines under-wrote, which were the Charme, and vertuous operators of the grand effects in the *Balſamum.* I doe not believe, that he would uſe ſuch holy Formes and Ceremonies, and *ſignum Crucis* too, for a Thing made at the beſt, but for a Creature with a ſtarre in the Forehead.

Neptune *Pater Equorum,*
Et tu Sol, *qui tenes lorum;*
Quadrupedum igniv omorum,
Fac ut ego, qui ſum Coram,
Vis vibicum & Dolorum,
Futurus Domitor Monſtrorum,
Protector hominum, horum, harum, horum,
Virûm, Mulierum & Orphanorum,
Per hoc Balſamum, Opobalſamorum.
Invulneratus poſthâc tranſeam,
Prim-as Militum Errantium.

This is to be ſaid or ſung, and round about the Ovall, for he had theſe Incantations in a cycle, (beſides that of his head, which was of the greateſt Capacity, ſphæricall and whirri-call) and about the border of his Annulet, theſe words wrote in a great Character.

Octogintos octos per hæc verba,
Benedicetur quævis herba.

This indeed myſtically pronounced, and look'd 88 times, (which is the Spaniſh Mode of Incantations,) the ſimples receive their wondrous virtues, and did operate very much upon the Knight, who was one of the ſimpleſt in the World, and therefore the moſt capable of cure by them.

And having taken the doſe, he ſlept two or three houres.] It was very improper, and unartiſt-like done in *Sancho,* to permit him to ſleep, and ſhew'd that though moſt men would be counted Phyſitians, he laid ſure hold upon the other part of the diviſion. *Sancho* ſhould have rode him about the grounds, or run him a hand-trot in the hay tallet, which was the uſuall cuſtody of thoſe, to whom it was firſt adminiſtred, and then tied him up (well cloath'd) to the Racks, and ſome three or foure houres after, refreſhed his ſweated body with a meſh. But had not the *Don* been of a ſtronger conſtitution then that creature that us'd thus to take this Phyſicke, a Body of Braſſe indeed, this *Balſamum Fierebras* had diſſolv'd this magnanimous perſon at the firſt experience; what did not this fetch up? ſomething of every thing, and it was ſtrange (but that his heart was great and could not get through the *Iſophagus*) that it came not up with the reſt; Much undigeſted *Poor-John* and the *Goat,* came skipping back faſter then it went down; the Iron Cheeſe made a horrid noiſe, (as if the Mils had been in his guts,) *Sancho* with the aid of his fingers, could hardly get out the roapy ſtuffe that ſtuck in his throat: After this (for the Baſons were ſhifted) came up all manner of colours, an odious and filthy conſiſtence, which were the collections of the many bruiſes (now matur'd into a putulent matter) got by the Windmils, the *Yangueſian* pack-ſtaves, and the late

kneading of his Chamber-fellow, the Knight of the *Herculean* Foot, and *Briarean* Hands, even *Maritornes* his Gyant-Carrier; whether he had the *Pulvis contusionis* amongst the ingredients, I know not, but it wrought as if it were, and the Balsame deserves a new name, more sounding, ample, and full befitting its owne vertue, and the *Dons* quality, and let it in an happy houre be named,

Panckymagagon Fustifugum.

Which for the capacities of those not skill'd in the Latine Tongue, and that *Juniores* may understand, call it in plaine English thus,

The Medicine Catholick,
Against kick, fall, and stick.

Sancho *desired leave to sip up the remainder of the* Balsamum.] *Sancho* perceiving his Master cleans'd and cleare, (for he was as gaunt as a Hawke after casting) desired a Dose for himselfe, which his Master very willingly did condescend unto: And *Sancho*, like the wench that desired to be us'd well by the Apothecary upon her *Recipe*, had so much given her for Gods sake by the knavish boy over and above the prescribed quantitie, that shee wish'd upon the returne of it, that the Devill had taken him for his courtesie. So *Sancho* very liberally drencht him selfe, but as Physick is not alike to all constitutions, as the French Doctor said; if *te* Body be full of grosse humours, and that it operates excessively, *all de letter for dat*; and if the Physick doe not stirre the Patient, 'tis a good signe that *de* grosse humours are not in *te* body, and so all *te* better for *dat* too. So our friend *Sancho*, having a tough and tenacious stomack, and that was not us'd to part with any thing it had once receiv'd (unlesse (dogge fashion) upon condition of Resumption,) labour'd to digest it, and turn it into nutriment, which verily had been effected, had the Dose not been over-proportioned; which put the Squire into such an Agonie and maw-Convulsions, that he thought his soule had been transmigrant and *Errant* from his Body. At last gathering all his expulsive faculties together, and setting his hands to his sides, at the first reach he threw out his troublesome guest, and dislodg'd the *Balsamum*, which being embitter'd by his long stay, made the Squire look very sowerly, and so distorted his face by manifold writhings, that he looked handsomer (if his countenance could have kept the posture) then ever he did in his life. But he had more motions then one, his backward mementc's came so fast, that he could not mind what his mouth utter'd: No Bed-panne was sufficient, nor the Tub for that purpose. He was compelled to advance his Plukes to the Chimney, which he most violently assaulted and batter'd in such furious sort, that much of the shot recoil'd upon his Canon muzzle, which the *Asturian* with a maukin cleans'd, (as oft as the enormities happ'ned) very glad that shee had this revenge for the Batteli plaid upon her *Maine-Pillian*; shee ever and anon held his head too, which shee bound about with a list taken from her leg. The halfe Tub began to fill, for up came all his Wallet-thefts, his stomack was like a Foxes kennell, or a Polecats hole, whence innumerable parts of the creature came fluttering out, as if they had been upon wing againe. It would have puzz'led a Poulterer to have named the severall ransacks of that *Oleo*. Such a hotch-potch was never seen, insomuch, that the poor *Asturian* even stifled with the fumes and *Nauseæ* of his filthy Caldron, could not hold his head nor her own

stomack

ſtomack any longer; but kept conſort with him, & plaid her part ſo wel, that ſhe run through all the keyes from *A-la-mi-re* to double *Gammut*, nor was ſhe only vocal, but her Baſe Violl went as faſt as his, with great danger of breaking her twatling-ſtrings. They made a foule houſe betwixt them, and *Sancho* was ſo ſtupified with her continuall Cataracts, that he could not heare his owne tale, for the bellowing of *Maritornes*, who reach'd as if ſhe would have fetch'd up her Lady-tripe.

He called the Inne-keeper unto him, and ſaid with a grave and ſtaid voice:]

High Conſtable of this large Caſtle, know,
I cannot pay you, what I preſent owe
For all the favours ſhewne, for the ſweet oyles,
Yet fragrant on my wounds got in late broyles.
But chiefely for the Queens affections,
And for your Daughters gentle Frictions,
Never was Knight ſo handled: Wherefore ſay,
(For new Adventures call your gueſt away)
Is there a Miſcreant who hath dar'd to blaſt
Your Queen or Daughter, as they were unchaſt;
Or that your ſelfe are of no noble ſpirit,
(Courteous above almoſt Knight-Errants merit)
Shew me the Varlet that I may confound him,
Before I goe to fight the world ſo round in.

All that I deſire is, ſaith the Inne-keeper, that you defray your charges.] The Invincible ignorance of mine Hoſt was very ſmartly reprehended and puniſht in the Knights generous and free Goe-by: Teaching the Foole hereafter more wit, who when he demands money of a *Knight-Errant*, to take hold of his Bridle, or elſe by the Law of *Effugium*, or *Mittit habenas*, he may make his eſcape good; and there are Preſidents enough for it.

The Inne-keeper came to Sancho, *and ask'd his money of him.*] *Sancho* overheard his Maſters Reaſons for Non-payment, and from a ſtrong Argument (drawn *à paritate rei*, though not *ſubjecto*) laboured to have convinc'd the Incredulous Hoſt, who had neither Faith for the Reckoning upon their words, nor to the valiant Deeds they were to doe. But it was *Sancho's* misfortune to have a more Indocile Creature under him, and leſſe manageable than the *Dons*, ſo that he was left (as alwayes the Aſſe is) for the reckoning: He urged often, like Maſter, like man; and love me, and love my Dog: Beſide other more true and ſignificant Proverbs; as, Sue a Begger and get a Louſe, Where there is nothing to be had, the *Common-wealth* muſt loſe her due, The Devill take the hindmoſt. But mine Hoſt on the other ſide had his Proverbs too, Touch Pot, touch penny, Finger in Diſh, finger in Pouch. *Sancho* could not deny that the Pot had touch'd his Maſter (the Oyle-pot he meant) and he had toucht the Ale-pot. But he was impatient, and telling them, they could not without manifeſt danger and violation of the Lawes of *Errantry* ſtop him, he attempted to eſcape.

The Clothiers of Segovia *pull'd him from his Aſſe.*]

O happy, happy Sancho *hadſt thou been*
If thou wert gone, or ne'r hadſt ſeen this Inne.

For the Cordovan Point-Makes, Scoffers, and Mockers, by their Profession, and *Segovian* Clothiers, sellers of Blankets, upon one of their strongest commodities lay dis-mounted *Sancho*, now like a great Bell, at which six lusty Ringers are plucking, and after a *Celeusma* or two, they raise him, and finde him comming, then up they have him, and never give off till they have turn'd it over & over. Sometime they made him stand an end, his head being flat, very much helping to the posture. Thus you see our Squire *Errant* is made a Squire *Volant*, and in stead of the Government of an Island is made a petty Prince of the Aire, to whom the Birds flock, as to his Brother Broad-face when he flies abroad in the day time. It was well the *Balsamum Fieribras* had so throughly purg'd his sinke, otherwise he had left foule signes of his high Indignation in the Blankets. In his Tranation he lookt about, and saw under him (though a farre off) his Lord upon *Rosinante*, no bigger than a Toad upon a Bucking-stoole; and the *Don* beheld in amazement the motions of his Squire, now equall with him in all Adventures, this last paralelling his of the Windmill. But the *Don* shaking his Javelin over the wall, and discovering implacable rage, and threatning, but not attempting to leap the wall, the Inne-keeper gave the signe to the Ringers, and they let the Bell goe very Musically downe, by lessening their stroaks, heaves, and tosses, till they brought *Sancho* very well breath'd and air'd to the ground.

Sancho *requested* Maritornes *to give him some wine, which shee did.*] Poor *Sancho* was as dry, as if he had been visiting the torrid *Zone*, or pass'd the *Line*; a draught of water he would have, but his Master knowing in his great observation, that water will putrifie and stink *under the Line*, would not permit him to drinke it, nor yet would *Sancho* be perswaded to a dram of the Bottle, no *Balsamum* goes down his throat, which was as open as a Sepulchre. But *Maritornes* (all after-claps forgot and forgiven) mov'd with a Fellowship of his sufferings, risings and fallings, helpes him at last to a draught of pure *Nepenthe*, a lusty glasse of Claret wine, wherein the dead flyes look'd like the wholsome Clove, and because he should be sure to have no more risings in the stomack, she powder-sugar'd it with a little burnt Allum, which shee crumbled into it, and stirring often, said, partner in affliction drinke, drinke it up, the deeper the sweeter, parting with *Sancho* in the very same proverb, as she hop'd to have laine all night with him.

Now Sancho, *switch and spurre, and curse the houre*
That brought thee to this Castle without Tow'r.

CHAP. IV.

Freed of the Caſtle, he is hurried on,
And findes the Pagan Aliſamfaron,
And good Pentapolin *o'th' naked Arme,*
And both their Armies ready for Alarme;
Then making ready 'mongſt the thickeſt rout,
For the fierce Pagan *Prince he ſeeks about,*
Inrag'd and madded; the Mahumetan
Cannot be found: The Battell he began
Amongſt the Infantry, ne'r fight was hotter,
For all the Sheep appear'd to him as Trotters,
Which he hew'd downe apace; but the duſt ſmothers
(No quarrels are ſo fierce, as thoſe of Brothers.)
The Don, *both face and eyes, he knew not whither*
Roſinante *ran, but trod downe Yew and Weather;*
The Shepheards at this Woolfe *on* Horſeback *wondring,*
Caught up their ſlings, and with good ſtones they thunder him,
And plyed their worke ſo nimbly, that his Coaſts
As well, as he their Muttons, they rib-roſte.
And did ſo batter too, that a ſtone hot,
It was apparent, he was gone toth' Pot
Of Balſamum, *to raiſe his waſted ſpirit,*
But with a lucky hand as ſling did e'er hit;
The ſecond ſtone did break the pot of Balſame,
And on the ground (for there I'm ſure did fall-ſome)
Lay that ſame holy Liquor, and foure grinders
Of his Cheek Teeth: From which God bleſſe the finders.

TEXT.

DON QUIXOT *would have revenged, and* Sancho *would have avenged the injuries of the Blanket.*] Revenge is ſweet, and the *Don* and his Squire never pardoned any, but thoſe they could not beat, which was enough for larger bowels, (and theirs were of the largeſt too) but not of Mercy, that you ſhould ſee. This knowne cruelty in them, made them terrible, and fear'd where ever they came, and thoſe who ſtood out ſhould be paid, (except Inchanted Inne-keepers) was known throughout all rodes: So upon their approach, Caſtles were ſurrendred, Ladies ſubmitted, Gyants capitulated, Armies treated, Hoſtages were ſent, (but none ever return'd by the *Don*,) Kingdomes entred into Leagues and Confederacies with *Quixot* and his Squire, as ſecure, as if all the *Knight-Errants* Seales in the univerſall World had been to the Articles. The Catalogue of his Aſſociates, Friends, Auxiliaries, with the frames of all demoliſhed places, Pillories, Privy-houſes, Whipping-poſts, old Barnes, haunted and forſaken Houſes, beſides Baudy-houſes and Pigſties, are all to be ſeen at the *Mancha*, every Feſtivall that is kept to the *Don*; when as at a Bartholmew-

tide

tide, the Fights and Travels of this great *Knight-Errant* are to be ſeen, and himſelfe repreſented (for theſe honours came after his death) to the life, by *Timotheo Readoof Tiveri-æ*, who was the moſt incomparable mimicke upon the face of the Earth.

The men whilſt they toſſed me had proper names.] *Peter Martinez*, a very able man of his hands as was in all *Spaine*, and *Tenerio Heriander*, not ſuch another in *Madrid*, at a living or dead lift, and *John Palameque* the Deafe, was the Inne-keeper, which defect, whether it were naturall or politicke, is much doubted, but it held him ſureſt and longeſt at the reckoning, when any thing in the Bill was queſtioned; he had been in his younger dayes bred in *Holland*, which is the beſt place to traine up an Hoſt or Hoſteſſe to Auſterity in the reckoning. *All To Mall* is the word, and irretragably 'tis ſtood too. Theſe were the Worthies, which mounted *Sancho* higher then into his Aſſe, and whoſe names could he have wrote no doubt, but he would for the high favours they ſhew'd him, have put them into a Book, whereas now he is forc'd to give them entertainment in his head, which was a very bad lodging, but yet too good for the gueſts.

Ever after the defeat of the Biſcaine, *we had blowes and more blowes, cudgels and more cudgels.*] He might have gone a degree farther; for as I take it, the laſt baſting will admit of three, *Tanguejian* poſitive, Gyant-Carrier comparative, Oyle-panne ſuperlative; he exceeds *plus plurimum*, and I too much feare, that there muſt be a *Climax* made in the Grammar, for his beatings could not be declin'd by the old rule, but we muſt neceſſarily allow of a *ſuper*-ſuperlative, and a *hyper* to that if need require. *Sancho* hath his Tole-Booke too, I mean his memory, and it is the beſt Regiſter:

Multa Tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit & alſit.

That hits him pretty well, but that of *Virgils* upon *Ænæas* more pat;

Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto.

Both which muſt be rendred into our Mother tongue, becauſe they doe (but too ſuccinctly) expreſſe moſt of *Sanchos* ſufferings, but eſpecially the laſt.

The firſt verſe rendred.

Much did they ſuffer, but what did they-much,
When they were boyes at Trap, or ſlatter-pouch;
They'd ſweat untill they ſtank, and then catch cold,
The aches are not off 'um now they'r old.

The ſecond verſe rendred.

He may be which you pleaſe, Maſter or man,
Who in their ſuff'rings, them difference can;
From place to place, like unto Rowling ſtones,
Gathering no moſſe, but bangings to their bones.
And toſs'd aloft by the ſterne Windmill Quiſh-ot,
Sancho *from Blanket, 'cauſe he paid not His-ſhot.*

Which belonged to Amadis de Gaul, *when he nam'd himſelfe Knight of the burning ſword.*] That *Amadis de Gaul* had ſuch a ſword is probable, for he might have occaſion to fetch it from the Cutlers red hot, eſpecially if ever his Squires Horſe tired, it being as preſent a cure as a hot ſpit. But if ever he had

had a true one, it must be made and ensampled by that of *Chinons* of England, or the fool transform'd, for by both those names that Knight was ever remembred. This sword, by some privy to his Testament, was ordered to be buried in a side of the great Hill *Pen-men-maur* in *Cambro-Britannia*, where it was to lye nourisht in heat, by the Sulphurous supplement of that Minerall, untill one of the most redoubted and Moderne Knights in Europe should be born out of those parts, unto whom this sword in processe of time was brought; the child scarce able to speak, (like as *Hercules* grasped the Serpents in the Cradle) grasped as much of it in it pretty fist, smiling, and pleas'd with no rattles, babies, hobby-horses, or any such toyes, but only this burning sword, which as it never burn'd his fingers, so he never dreaded it; and come to age (Captaine *Jones* was this Valiant Infants name) he gave the sword a name which it will never lose,

Killz-adog.

The Whineard of the house of *Shrewsberry* is not like it, nor the two handed Fox of *John Falstaffe*, which hewed in sunder fourteen out of seven principall assaylants, and left eighth and twentie equally divided bodies in the Field, all slain while *Shrewsberrie* clock could stricke seven; (of the men you must take in.) Upon this new sword of *Quixots* when he got it, these words were to be seen;

Sum Quixoti, *pro vincere inimicos meos.*

Which is thus in English;

I am Don Quixots *guartha, my spatha,*
With Basket hilts, and blade of a Lath-a.

When Don Quixot *perceiving a thick dust arise in the way.*] It presently cals into the *Dons* mind, that great Gyant *Adriasdust*, who had choaked many a man, and was only vanquishable by the Knights of the *well*, or the *Running spring*. Wherefore it was time to look to it, for now if ever he was like to come to those deadly words,

Dust to Dust;

As appear'd by the Catastrophe of this battell, wherein, though the *Don* did slay seven Knights of the *Curled Fleece*, yet he paid for the honour very dearly, and lay speechlesse, toothlesse, and witlesse, and the pillage of the Field carried off by the enemie supperlesse: Otherwise *Sancho Pancha*, though the losse of his Wallet very much troubled him, yet with one of these booties, which had been prey and Wallet too, he had rested contented; but now there was no hopes of sleeping this night with a belly full, or in a whole skinne.

Sr (*said* Sancho) *what shall we do? What said the* Don, *but assist the weaker side.*] It was never so, but when this Valiant Knight join'd unto it; but the Knight by the Order, was to be on the oppressed party, whereby he was sure to have the worst on't. I believe *Sancho* would have been Jack of both sides, for he lov'd a side of Mutton, both leg and the other, as well as he lov'd his wife, which was rib of his rib. Here was a recruit for the Wallet, but where is the Wallet to be recruited.

Sed vos non nobis, vellera Fertis Oves.

He that comes to us is Ali-fam-facon, *the other at our backs is* Pentapolin.] These two Emperors are the mistaken Shepheards of the Country, who serv'd

serv'd *Madrid* and the Catholike Kitchin with those droves: What a company of Knights, Gyants, Captaines and Officers, doth this phantasticall whimzy-pate gather out of this Innocent Flock; if ever his head (as when did it not?) had gone a Wool-gathering, certainly now he might have had a profitable adventure, especially of intreating the Gyants of the Rodes modestly, he would have been contented with a brace of the infirmest Souldiers, which were the tendereſt meat amongſt them, and ready to drop into his lap.

This Knight here whom thou seest in the yellow Armour.] All *Virgils Bucolicks* will not suffice with names, (nay search his *Georgicks* for help to boot) for the Officers of this Army of Foot: Had it been a Heard of Oxen, it would have afforded greater Gyants and more trusty Knights; For Beeves have been knighted, (I mean out of their loynes have come Knights,) as Sur-loin and *Bevis*, whether of *Southampton* or any Towne beside, was of that race. *China-beuf*, a huge Gyant, and with the great *Cham* of *Tartary* now at Warre for that vaſt ſecret of the World, the Kingdome of *China*; The *Chineſes* or *Chineteers* are the moſt numerous people in the World, where is there a man that hath a ſtomack, but is for *China-beuf*? *Rúmpô-beuf* & *Croppô-beuf* are his younger brothers, who have ſtood to the moſt ſtout Gyants in the moſt ſharp encounters that ever were (tooth and naile worke as they ſay,) and made the *Cadmeian* race of their enemies weary and give over, and with their belly fuls too; as you ſhall read at large in the Chronicles of the *Buphagi*, which are kept part in the great Libraryes at the *Bridge Foot*, *Boares* head in Eaſtcheap, and the *Ramme* and *Goat* in *Campo Fabrorum*, which indeed is the chiefe Randezvouz of the other Army, whoſe Captaines and Commanders the next note ſhall unfold unto you.

I heare no Trumpets ſound ſaid Sancho, *nor nothing but the bleating of Sheep.*] Now the other Army is drawn into the Field, which was not of ſo great Gyants indeed, but they were more numerous, and unanimous: For as in *Scotch-land* they have a word, eſpecially upon the Rout, *One and Aw*; ſo in this vaſt body, if one run, aw run, if one ſtamp the foot, aw ſtamp the foot, if one nab, aw nab, if one ba, aw ba. He that Commanded in chiefe, was not, as the deluded *Don* imagin'd, not *Ali-fam-farom*, but *Ali-fe-Ramme-Anafaron*, who was a ſurly Sir, an old Souldier, and had kept the field more then any Generall that ever I knew; His ſonne and heire *Rutter-ramme-faron*, was the Leivtenant Generall, Marſhall of the Field, grand-Wether, a nimble Officer, who was very rich, though in Field ſervice he was often taken and fleec'd by the Enemy, who are a ſort of deviliſh Gyants, who infeſt their Quarters conſtantly and unavoidably about St *James* tide, when by great ſubtilty, and aſſiſted by *Negromancers*, and I know not how many unhallowed Monſters, they cuſtomarily once a yeare make inrodes upon 'um, rather pilferers then Souldiers, and what Souldiers or Officers they catch, they plunder to the very skinne, and ſo caſhear'd, they ſend them back to their Quarters, as naked and bare *as a ſhorne Sheep*, as we ſay in our Engliſh *Proverbe*. Brigadeers in this Army of Infantry, which may well be ſo call'd, for they are the harmleſſeſt Souldiers in the World, content with their Quarters in Field in the Summer, and in Winter, with ſuch voluntary Contributions as the Country can afford: For their Brigadeers and Commanders of the right and left wing of this

this Army are very well lik'd of every where; no Lord, Knight, Squire, Gentileman, or Yeoman, but are joy'd to see them at their Houses and Tables. And such is the great love the People beare to them, that they may quarter with them all the yeare long; but they seldome doe lie upon the meaner sort of the People (though they would willingly entertaine them) but at the ablest mens houses, and most wealthy, which is a great ease to the whole Nation where they live; and were it not for that ravenous Gyant, who doth without mercy devour 'um, the cruell *Woolfangus*, they would scarce have a scout or sentinel out in a year, unlesse it were at *St James* tide (as I told you before,) when those other Gyants, call'd the *Tonsorini*, *Deglubecanii*, *Excoriarii*, and *Lani-furciferi* infest their whole body; then indeed the whole Army sometimes is one grand Round, one Court of Guard, and a thousand lye perdue; but such is the unresistible subtility and force of these forenam'd miscreant Gyants, (who at first by trechery of their supreme Governour, *Pastor infido*, were let in amongst them) that they cannot prevent this universall pillaging, which they endure the more patiently, because the mischiefe is fore-knowne and frequent, and their Brigadeers, whose names at last I have remembred, *viz. Costo-magnó-mutton*, *Racháu-mutton*, *and Scapulovin*, are now upon a composition of a Tribute of Wool, which they yearly pay, and are by patience and Gods blessing (in a month or so) as well fleec'd (as we say) againe as ever. *Rumpaney Kid*, a very stout Souldier, is alwaies in the Reer, and was never seen from his station, unlesse remov'd by death, and then alwaies one of the same Family, for their known services, succeeds, and by common consent the place is entail'd upon them. Unto his care all the impediment of this vast Army is committed, and their Wives and off-springs, who are as innocent as their Husbands, and it is counted a kind of blessing & wealth to the places where they march. Thus was this Sheep-Field Marshall'd, which the *Don* and *Sancho* saw through the Prospectives of their fingers; but *Sancho*, a very *Woolfangian*, was bloody minded, and wished the utter ruine and confusion of these two Warlike bodies.

——— *Animal propter Convivia natum*,

was all the Latine he had, or cared for, and to expresse his Sanguinarious Nature, he whispered the *Don* in the eare so subtilly and close, (that *Cyd Hameti* did not hear it) and protested by the Gods of *Mancha*, that he wisht from his heart, and the bottome of his belly, that every Souldier in both those Armies were dead upon the Turfe.

And so it was indeed.] If ever Knights wits went a wool-gathering, ours did at this instant, where a Flock of Sheep are supposed an Host of men, Ramms taken for Gyants, Ewes for Ladies, Wethers for Eunuchs, black Sheep for *Negromancers*, Lamkins for Knights Pages, Shepheards with their Crooks in their hands for Inchanters, and Pioners with their pipes for Martiall Flutes, the Wethers bels for Drumms, and their taile clouts, their colours, their tupping and rutting for the maine Battalia, and the Buttons for the slaught'red bodies, which were innumerable.

One of the effects of feare, is to trouble the senses.]

Videri facit quæ non sunt Timor.

If this axiom be true, the *Don* by his owne mouth shall be judg'd, that he is the greatest coward of the two, and that he reprehends *Sancho* un-

justly, who was not distempered by that womanish passion; for he saw really that the Sheep were Sheep and no Gyants; but the *Don* taking Geese for Swans (as we say) Sheep for Souldiers, 'tis a hundred to one upon *Sanchos* side, that his Master was more timerous *pro præsente*.

For all this, Don *would not returne, but cri'd on, on Knights, all that March under the valorous Emperor* Pentapolin.] The Knight is as mad as his Enemie, when it is vex'd with the ticks, he charges through and through, and routed the whole Body, and made such gaps and gashes in the sides of the assaylants, that one Sheep might have leapt through another, till the main part of the Armie had escap'd through the first Sheep-breach. Never was such a slaughter; here lay legs and armes, there breast and sides, there necks, there heads without hornes, there hornes without heads, there feet, there rumps; Sire, Dam and Barne, Ram, Ewe and Lamb, lay all in one ruine; the Knight himselfe like *John-a-Green*, discolour'd with the garbage of the Enemie, which he fetch'd out of the very bowels of them, using the Sheep, as the *Romans* did the *Jewes*, at the sacking of *Ierusalem*, ransacking in their Fundaments and upwards, for conceal'd Gold and Jewels; but the *Don* ripp'd them up, not out of covetousnesse, but meer revenge, and was so bespattered and bespringled with the Intrailes, that a-was more terrible then a Forrester, and did so stinke of offall and slaughter, that the Crowes, Owles, Ravens, and Buzzards flew about him for provisions, as if he had been Quarter-Master-Generall for those birds of prey. His word was *Pentapolin* of the Naked Arme, and look'd himselfe like a Lyon of East-cheap.

The Shepheards unloose their slings and bepelt him, he crying Ali-fam-fa-ron *where art thou.*] The Shepheards at last, take heart and stones, and defy this Goliath of the *Mancha*, who (not afraid of an incounter of that nature) run in upon the great *Ali-feramme-Anæ-faron*, and advancing his sanguine Javelin in the very curled front of him, said, dye Tyrant, dye libidinous Ravisher, dye of the yellowes, as thou livedst (jealous and lecherous) so dye. Never any more hope to tup the daughters of *Pentapolin*, or see the naked and goodly leg of the faire Lady *Ovesia*, or the tender quarters of the pretty, young, and chast *Agnetis*, or *Agnesia*. So fell this buffle-headed Gyant by the hand of *Don Quixot*, who skill'd in Astronomie, (as farre as an Almanack could instruct him,) struck the Ramme in the neck and shoulders, and with one blow (the signe being at that time *Aries*) sever'd his head from his body.

He thought himselfe slaine, and remembring his liquor, he took out the oyle-pot, which a Shepheard with a stone broke.]

Sæpe premente Deo fert Deus alter opem.
The Gyant of the Tarre-box *makes the wound,*
The Knight of the good oyle-pot makes the sound.
But O the fate! *Cephalus* his dart,
Consequitur quodcunque petit.

This Shepheard was some *Parthians* Bastard, he had so unlucky an aime, he would hit you a bird flying, (and unlesse an Owle be no bird) he was his marks-man now. He stops two gaps with one bush (as they say) with one stone doth *Triplex malum*, makes three gaps, a shrewd one in the oyle-pot, whence the remainder of the *Dons* mornings draught, and drench

for

for his rib-ſparre, or ſplit (chooſe you which) runne all out, and a cut on the fingers; but the fowleſt gap of all, was the breach in his mouth, which the ſtone did forcibly enter, in deſpite of his violent detainer, of an high and mighty Guard of Teeth, and a Jaw-bone, as ſtrong as that, with which *Sampſon* did wonderfull things; the foure principall Gyants of his mouth fell to the Earth with that blow, his Cheek-teeth, which ſo confounded our *DON*, (as if his ſtrength had laine moſt in his mandibles) that he fell after them upon the Earth himſelfe, lamenting the loſs of his Face-frontiers, and conceiting with himſelfe, that if he meet not in ſome good time with the French or *Madrid* Operators, who can ſupply him with a new ſet, his mouth was upon the Weſt ſide like to be unpaliſado'd for ever.

At the ſeaſon which Sancho *look'd in his mouth, the* Balſamum *wrought, and the Knight diſgorg'd all in* Sancho's *face.*] This was the firſt meal that *Sancho* had this day, and the good Knight ſpar'd it (as we ſay) out of his owne belly, but *Sancho* could not keep it, it ſmelt ſo ſtrong of the Pantry whence it came, and the odious ſtench ſet *Sancho's* pot boyling, till it run over in ſuch violence, that he return'd his Maſters full meale into his mouth againe, and a ſecond courſe into the ſervice; they never knew one anothers mindes better then now, for they utter'd them fully and wholly, not a ſecret to their very heart but was open'd, the Knight had all that was in *Sancho*, and *Sancho* had all out of the Knight. If their ſoules were ever ſo faithfull at confeſſion, upon eaſie Pennance, they might very well be clear'd.

Which Wallet when he found wanting, he was ready to run out of his wits.] This violent and thorough diſcharge, puts *Sancho* in mind of his Wallet, *Animus in Patinis*: Which when he ſaw loſt, he wiſh'd his head alſo loſt, which he thought was the leſſe dammage, for the Wallet held ſomewhat, but the other nothing, his ſtomack cri'd out upon him too, for making ſuch clean work, there was not an egge in the neſt, nothing for that boyling Caldron to work upon. His body in lieu of his Wallet, was like an empty ſack, gaping for a repleniſh.

But what great Caterer durſt take the taske,
To fill with groſſeſt Fare that emptie Caske?

If we could find the herbes you us'd to talk of.] Theſe exenterations, embowellings, and diſgorgings, made *Sancho's* appetite like a ſwine, he deſir'd to be turn'd a grazing. But what Commons would ſuffice? a grand Sallad of Paradiſe Garden would hardly fill up the concavities and chinks of the Squire. Greenland in a Tanſey, would have been like a Pancake, which he would have rowl'd and ſwallow'd faſter then a Duck doth wormes.

In the nether part you have two Cheek-Teeth, and in the upper jaw nine.] *Sancho* to his owne great joy, recounts the loſſe of this *Gargantuas* Teeth. His chiefe adverſaries (which ſo oft put him to the jaw-halt) were diſlodg'd, and never returnable. So that now he rides cheek by jole, and though the *Don* was the better Carpet-Knight, yet he thought himſelfe the beſt Table-Squire, and for ſuch an incounter now his mouth waters, which overflowing nothing can ſtop, but an *Intus exiſtens* of three dayes arreare in proviſions at once.

CHAP. V.

Roome for our Hercules! *hark how he knocks*
At Pluto's *gates, and hath his dog by th' locks;*
Hee'l dragge the three chopt curre *from his black night,*
And make him shake his taile in broad day light:
Death shall not hold her prey, and the poor Manes,
Fear he will force 'um to the Peri-cranes
From whence they came, or into Birds or Asses,
Or Fish, which doctrine was Pythagoras *his.*
A Coarse, *and* Mourners, *nothing him aware on,*
(Before the Ghost can get a boat of Charon)
Is stopt i'th' way to Ceres *sonne in Law,*
Whom Madame Proserpine *doth keep in Awe,*
And Jove Feretrius *must wait upon,*
Before he have the Corps, the will o'th' Don.
This was a deadly wofull enterprise,
And shew'd him full of inhumanities,
Denying buriall to the dead; to these
Had paid Church duties, e'n to the Clerks *Fees.*
Now while the holy Quire in white sur-plices,
His Requiem *sing, in twaine their sarks he slites,*
And beats the mourning from the heads of those,
(Who water'd not their hoods) they call the close:
This only Field he wonne, and bravely vapours,
Whilst Sancho *robb'd the Sumpter by the Tapers.*
Choler in stomack raises canine Fury,
They're for the living, let the Dead dead Bury.

TEXT.

METhinks (Sr) the mischiefs that have befallen us, are punishment for the breach of your oaths, of not eating bread on a Table-cloth, or sporting with a Queen.]

Securi de salute, pro gloriâ pugnant.

Now that they are free, scot-free I mean, for that was all the liberty they had, as to reckonings, only they beginne to be wanton, and to wit it one upon another.

Sancho imputes all his shrubbings to his Masters perjuries,

Alius peccat, alius plectitur,
Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Knight-Errant *Feasts, and wantons in desire,*
And he is beat by Proxie, *by his Squire:*
That's I, Poor Sancho Pancha *call'd, or Panza,*
Poor I confesse, but honest no man can-say;
For how can Man live just that wants relieefe?
A beggar Master, makes a servant thiefe.

Sancho charges (for at these word-charges he was very tongue-valiant) the *Don*, that he did more then embrace that nasty Queane *Maritornes*, and *Knight-Errants* are like *Alchymists*, if they be not chast, godly men, the worke will fly in *Fumo*. 'Tis true that he did eat no meat on Table cloths, which was the other part of the oath, yet that was not kept in sincerity and simplicity as it ought to be, but out of meer necessity, because they had nor meat nor napery. And whereas he was to have abandon'd linnen as well at Bed as Board, he had violated that too; for he lay in a paire of sheets, (though they were course and nasty) that a dog would have made choise of the chimny corner, rather then rowl'd in; And so multiplyed perjuries, multiplyed punishments. Your sporting with *Maritornes* was return'd to you in the shrewd earnest of her deluded Carrier, and the yearning of your bowels, with the kneading of your guts: Your forgetfulnesse in lying (though in fowle sheets,) was recompensed with a foule blow with the oyle-pot, where you lay for dead a long time, what with the grease my Hostesse bestow'd on you, and the overflowings of the Lamp, prepared for the Grave, without any further Ceremony of Supreme Unction.

The Don *replyed, thou maiest likewise think certainly, that for thy* non-*remembrancing of me, that of the Coverlet was inflicted on thee.*]

Facillimum est accusare.

But the *Don* Grammer-confuted *Sancho* presently, with his *Te ipsum intueri oportet qui alterum incusas probri*; And emblematically brush'd him, (though at this time without his Wallet) canvasse thine own Wallet friend *Sancho*, and bring that part of the budget before, where thine own crimes should lye, and throw not thy proper *Errata* behind thy back, (as they are us'd to be put at the latter end of a Book.) I am criminall for embracing the Illustrious *Dulcinea*, for so my fansie represented that Fustilugs unto me; I was only a trespasser in wish (a small Peccadillo that, *Sancho*) but had shee been there in person (with all the witchery of Love and Beautie) I tell thee *Sancho* to my griefe, I tell thee, I could not have said boh to the Goose, that is, I could not have plaid the part of a Gander, the multitude of my sick Feathers making me unserviceable, which the *Civilians* term frigidity *quoad hanc*. But *Sancho*, thou hadst the *Asturian Donzella* betwixt the sheets, which sight the most favourable Judges of actions, even Whores and Bawds if they had seen, they would have said you had been naught: To come to a corporall contact, (say the same *Civilians*) is the next *gradus* or step to a *Falathra*, and the *Falathra* is the *Falathra Sancho*, that is all in all, and what ever thou and the foule pusse did doe (*sub Rosa* as they say) while you were plucking of her Rose; I am sure by the *plaudit* and claps at your ingresse or egresse, it was a signe that you did your worke well. For which *levatios* and Incontinencies of the blankets, (for indeed thou hadst no sheets I remember well) the exaltations of the Coverlet, and thy manifold risings and fallings in that Horizon, befell thee as a just recompence; and what thou didst privately and unheard, (except in the loud salutations of her Pone, or Canopus,) which was able to have set any flesh as well as haires an end; it was openly reveng'd, thy Body being visibly purg'd in the open aire, for thy fulsome wickednesse in a close room; and because crying whore first, rather bespatters another, then cleares ones selfe, they concluded this bitter dialogue of accusations,

accusations, and each man took upon him as concern'd him: The *Don* (as his due) the precedency in the perjury; *Sancho* as in the Frontispiece, kept not such a distance, but that he might very well be an *Accessary*, if not hayle fellow well met, especially in all the pilferings, Hedge-robberies, Debenturs, at Inns, and Farriers scores, for drenches for themselves and Horses, besides nailes and shooes, which in the many years Travels of the *Don*, came to vast sums of mony, and doe lye at this day, a charge upon the *Manchegans*, (for the *Don* died insolvent and intestate, unlesse it were such a Will as *Dego* made,) but a composition being made with his Creditors, upon the Auditing of the severall Bils, the Villagers tooke upon them the payment of the debts (a small time allowed them, and agreed upon by Article of some two or three thousand yeares for the performing of it.) The Corporation having nothing for their Security and Indemnity, but the Reversion of *Dulcinea's* Joynture, who they say is not yet dead, (for such a one no man can say was ever living.) And so the Accompt stands *copia vera*, with a *concordat cum Originali*, sworne by two of the most reverend of the Senate of the *Mancha*, and subscribed in great letters,

Gualtero Tyleros,
Johannos Stramineros.

Sancho *beholding the Torches, and the Visions in white and black habits, was struck into a wonderfull amazement, and his Lord was not much better.*] A burnt child dreads the Fire, (saith the proverb,) but the truth of it is, that the *Don* and his Squire were never parabolically basted, but literally in the very common notion and acceptation of the word. And this encounter at the first view, did presage more danger then any yet, here being the greatest number of enemies, except in the adventure of the Flock, that ever they met with; besides, it was like to be night-work, and *Sancho* had bad eyes, and could not tilt well by Candle-light. His Asse also as well as *Rosinante*, star'd and grew wilder at the approach of the lights, then the Windmill, for they had been acquainted with that adventure, and had gone the rounds, often employed by *Molendinario*, The Gyant of the place: Wherefore Reader blame not this *Tertian* that is upon them at present, for indeed they were seldome out of a *Quotidian* shaking. But now it intermitted, vomiting in *principio morbi* being the best Physick for it, of which they had their belly full, (if that may be said without a bull;) but considering they did bucket and discharge one into another, (like two cunning gunners, who shoot so direct and levell against one anothers muzzles, that they send each ones ball back to the mouths of the Canon from whence they came, and make bullets Sea-Crabs, and teach them to be retrogade;) In that signification, I say, they may be said to have disembogued their belly full. But to the note; the horrid fright they are in, cals to mind a paire of Spirits of equall match, who like *Sancho* and the *Don*, or rather like two cakes of Size, or trembling Custards, are put into an Ague with apprehension of their sodaine devouring: But this story which I shall now tell you, is somewhat apposite to this, and neer upon a subject. In a Tragedie (that was prepar'd for the publike view of the University,) the Actors were privately to be tried upon the Stage, that upon the insufficiency of the persons, or unfittednesse, the men might be chang'd. But two Scholars there were in this

this Spaniſh Tragedy (which was the ſtory of *Petrus Crudelis*) whoſe parts were two Ghoſts or Apparitions of ſome Noble Perſonages, which that Bloody Prince had Murder'd. Theſe two at the Repetitions ſpoke their lines very confidently, inſomuch, that the Judges thought they would be very good Ghoſts; but when the tryall night came, that the Play was to be preſented to ſome few friends before the publick exhibit, and then theſe two Scholars were put out of their blacks into white long robes, their Faces meal'd, and Torches in their hands, and ſome flaſhes of Sulphur made at their entrance; juſt as they put their heads through the hangings of the Scene, comming out at two ſeverall ſides of the Stage, they ſhook ſo, and were ſo horribly affrighted at one anothers gaſhly lookes, that no force of thoſe behind them, could get them to advance a foot forward toward the ſtage, or ſpeak a word of their Parts; but there as they firſt ſtood, they ſtood for halfe an houre ſhaking, quaking, and ſtaring one upon another, Inſomuch, that they put the Auditory into ſuch a ſhaking with laughing, that they had almoſt died with the exceſſive motions of the *Diaphragme*. In *fine*, the Ghoſts retreated, and other two Perſons of better hearts were pitch'd upon, who were ſuch fellowes, that if the Divell had appear'd (as 'tis ſaid he did amongſt Doctor *Fauſtus* his ſupernumerary feinds) they would not have been afraid at the ſight.

Sancho *with leave, departed a little out of the way, and diſcovering many white things, ſo that his courage abated, and he did chatter with his teeth.*] The *Don* cries out, willing to ſave his Squire,

Heu fuge (nate Die) teque his (ait) eripe Flammis.

And imagining himſelfe to be *Hectors* Ghoſt (as he was not unlike at preſent) he proceeds in his owne perſon,

——————*Si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi poſſint etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

As to the firſt being, it was for *Sancho's* honour and preſervation, we ſhall give you this account in Engliſh:

O fly my high-born Squire, borne at high Noon
Under a hedge, in ſight of open Sunne;
I ſee of flames thou maiſt be well afeard,
Keep off therefore, for thou art a hedge-bird.

And as for the other, becauſe there is more in that, we muſt inlarge our Tranſlation, for

Pergamus (*infelix Urbs Troum*) Pergama *gignit.*

Where you ſee *Pergamus*, you may ſee a City which is more then an ordinary Verſe, and therefore muſt be ſaid,

What makes thee ſhake, what makes thy teeth to chatter?
Art thou afraight or frighted? what's the matter?
Thou mak'ſt me tremble at thy fleſh-quake, Pancha,
Look on thy Don, *the* Shake-ſpeare *of the* Mancha,
Whoſe chiefe defence I am: The undertaker
Of all Heroick Actions, though a ſhaker.

Indeed the *Don* could not chatter ſo well as *Sancho*, becauſe of the loſſe of his Cheek-Teeth, but what he wanted in that Muſick, was ſupplied in motion; for his *Carnimotus* was ſo violent, that he had like to have throwne *Roſinante* down, being all in a ſweat, as if the Hagge rode him. The ſingu-

lar

lar knackings of *Sancho's* teeth, puts me in minde of a ſtrong fancied man, a Scholar, and a good Trencher-man, who was invited to a great Feaſt, (which was the next day prepar'd) and ſome of the principall diſhes being related to him, (for he was alwaies inquiſitive upon ſuch occaſions, into the bill of Fare,) he lik'd them very well, for they were very agreeable to his palate; and for better inabling himſelfe for the tooth-encounter, the day before he walk'd methodically, eat ſlenderly, dranke cauteouſly, and went to bed ſeaſonably (being excellent preparatives for the next dayes action.) But O the miſchance! he was no ſooner in bed but aſleep, no ſooner in ſleep but dreaming, for his high'ned fancy preſented all the Catalogue of the diſhes to his ſoule, as lively as if they had been at Table; ſo that it wrought reall impreſſions and impulſes upon his body, to the motion of his hands, which he manag'd, as if his knife had been in it; but above all, his Teeth out-travell'd *Sancho's*, and went ſuch a ſwift trot, that it waked his Chamber-fellowes, who thought by the noyſe that he was dreaming he had been in Hell; wherefore about to riſe and wake him, they were ſuſpended awhile by his words, for ever and anon he ſaid, Sir, Sir, Sir, pray hand the Spring of Porke to me, pray advance the Rump of Beefe this way, the Chine of Bacon, O the Chine, with your leave the Chine, Sir, and then the firſt diſh againe Sir, and in his Complements, his Teeth kept *Minnum* and *Semibriefe* time ſo excellently, that the perſons reſolv'd to wake him, did lye down and laugh, wonderfully pleas'd to ſee their friend ſo ſingularly contented in the ſame inſtant at bed and board. The Scholar wak'd after a ſound ſleep, but could remember no ſport that he made, nor would he believe the Auditors relations, untill by wofull experience, he found his Face ſwell'd, and his Gumms ſo batter'd and bruiſed with the repercuſſions of his grinders, that he was not able to ſtirre his jawes, nor could be partaker of any of the good cheer, except it were the liquid part of it, which they call *Dutch gleek*, where he plaied his cards ſo well, and vied and revied ſo often, that he had ſcarce an eye to ſee withall, his guzzle recompencing abundantly the want of his Teeth.

It figured unto him that the Litter was a Bier, wherein was carried ſome ſlaughtered Knight, whoſe revenge was reſerv'd for him.] I wonder that *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*, did not venture to tell us whoſe body the *Don* fancied to be there. It muſt needs be, that his high imagination ran upon ſome eminent Perſon, or elſe he would not doubtleſſe have undertook a deſign of ſo much hazard and odds, and without the ſecond Ship of *Sancho*, who came not in at all, but only to the pillage; certainly he could not but conceive and ſtrongly apprehend, that the Body of that Famous *Knight-Errant* and Traveller, *Tomo Coriato*, was carrying home to great *Brittany*, being ſlaine by that grand Gyant of *Hildeberg* in a ſingle Duell, and being dead, was (that the Murder might not be diſcovered) ſaid to be the Valiant Knight of the *Stand* or *Stoop*; or it may be he did, and very patly, conceit, that the Body of *Gulielmo Stivos*, whom we call'd *Summers*, was conveying away, who was the Knight of the Sunne, or rather *Colo-Paltono*, the huge Gyant, Brother to *Capitanio Joneſio*, who both were Knights of the Burning Peſtle. If none of theſe, without doubt, he muſt needs intend the reſcue of that gallant Man of Tooth-action, *Don Mariotto*, Knight of the *Inaſſwagable Panch*, whom thoſe Inchanters, Moors, and Witches, the Mourners and

Præſice

Præficæ, and the singing-men, whom he absolutely took for white Devils, had coshin'd up unvindicated untill this present houre, when a high revenge was to be inflicted by *DON*, Repairer of injuries.

He said, stand (Sr Knight) who ever you be.] The *Don* buckles to the Van of all the Army, and assaults the first pittifull Scout of this lamentable Body, whom he should have quæried in this manner, and in sober sadnesse demanded of him, First, why his Nose run so fast? Secondly, what a whining he kept? Thirdly, whether he meant to lose his eyes because he should never see his friend againe? Fourthly, why his friend, who was out of sight, might not as well be out of minde? Fifthly, whether he griev'd so, because his friend had left the World, or rather had left him nothing but the wide World? Sixthly, whether his mourning were a legacy, or upon his owne charges that he wept so? Seventhly, whether the man died mad, (if he made him Executor,) and he fear'd that a caveat would be entred against the Will, and *in fine* be overthrowne? Eighthly, whether he dyed and gave no Sugar-Plums, Naples-Bisket, burnt wine, Ribbons, Gloves, nor Scutchions? To the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 interrogatories, *nihil dicit*, nor to a hundred more such examinations. For,

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent;
He was a hireling, and commanded teares,
Not for his griefe, but pay, in's eyes appears.

The Mourners were so muffled in their weeds that they could not stirre; so that Don Quixot *without any danger to his person gave them all the Bastinado.*]

He had the better of the whites in this checquer'd board, now have-at the blacks; the singing men were at Dirges, and howl'd out for a *Requiem* for themselves, being departed soules, and scatter'd up and downe the Face of the whole Field, who affrighted now (but in their wits they were *Fatui*) are only *Ignes Fatui*, and 'tis wonder that *Sancho* did not follow 'um up and downe the Chase, instead of *Will with the Wispe*, or *Gyl burnt tayle*. But the *Don* out of all rule was measuring Spanish cloth by the speare, and meant to make prize and booty of it all, for it was *sub hastâ*: It was a dismall piece of night-work, and worthy the pencill of a *Zeuxis*. Here and there lay the pittifull spoyles of the Knights of the *black-robes*; Ribbons (good twelve-penny broad) hackt as small as beauty-specks, Gloves cut into thumbstals, Cypresse hatbands shrivilled into black chitterlins or——Scutcheons flew in the aire like paper-Ravens, (for Kites are not black enough,) so that the Field was all a *black Heath*, and *Rosinante* embossed in the pursuit, never went prouder in all his life, treading all the way upon *Spanish* cloth of twenty shillings a yard. The Passengers of the severall waies, imagin'd they had been *Fairies* a horse-back, and that the Knight, the Queen's own eldest sonne was running the Rounds after his Lady Mother for a blessing.

All this Sancho *beheld marvelling at his Masters boldnesse.*]

Aut meus Erasmus *est, aut Dæmon.*

Either this is *DON QUIXOT*, or the Devill himselfe quoth *Sancho*, who is come to carry the body to the fellowship of his soule.

I doe believe the Divel's in my Master,
Who ever basted was till now; Now's baster.

Or thus; For *Erasmus* will beare it:

O see the man that was the Mouse,
Become a Vermin Montanous.

Doe not kill me, for you will commit a great Sacriledge, I being a licentiat, and receiving the first orders.] This Licentiat was of the lower Forme of the *Levites*, he had newly come from his

Quò vos? ad Glosteros.
Quid ibi vos? ad sumendos orderos.
Ibimus nos cum vos? etiam si placet vos.

He had no more Latine then the *Missale*, and that not in *Capite*, but by book. This fellow was to sing in Tone, and no matter for Accents, Quantities and Terminations: The Latine Tongue never suffers Purgatory, but in the singing mens mouths, which I wonder the Pope hath no dispensation for, at least a Dirge for the Tortures of the Catholick Language. His Person however is sacred, and his calling religious, though it were a high shame that such a piece of grosse ignorance, should have protection under so holy a shelter. Take him out of his habits and set him in a Market, and no man but would prefer a Tinker before him, or give more for a Calfe, flesh for flesh, braines for braines. Alive he was in his cloths five pound a blow, but out of his clericall vestures, not worth so much as five sparrowes, which is halfe a farthing.

Who kill'd him, quoth Don Quixot? *God quoth the Batchelor.*] The *Don* neither fear'd God, Gyants, nor Pestilentiall Feavers, yet at present his Valour seem'd to have some symptomes of discretion in it, he lets the matter alone, nor would not turn *Typhæus* and fight with Heaven; just like a brother of the *Sword*, or a Gyant of the *Way*, hearing (while he was in Travell for a certaine season, till the quieting some two or three fooliſh *Hues* and *Cries* and searches were over) that his brother (as he call'd him) was dead, for the naturall brother of him departed, meeting of him in *Paris* told him the sad story; with great signes of griefe, and anger too, our *Hector* entertain'd the relation, vowing by all that was holy (things that he never mentioned but at such a Ceremony) that if he would impart unto him, who was the Person that had robb'd him and the World of his delights, he would be the apparent and single *Vindex* and *Ultor* of his Brothers blood, the Brother requested his patience and dispensation to that point, shrugging and saying, it was too late to looke after it, better passe it over in a wise and politicke silence, and dissemble the malice for a more proper opportunity of revenge; the other violent upon the Inquisition for blood, and to shew his Indeerednesse, prest often to know the Murderer of his friend: The Brother could by no meanes be brought about to discover. At which the *Bravo* seeming extreamly perplext, good Sr saith he, deny me not this honour, let me know the place only, and from thence I will make a hunt, untill my curious Arts and Quæries have tract out the guilty person, as sure as a blood-hound doth a Thiefe by the foot, wherefore pray satisfie my affections, as to the place then; the Brother said, Sr I cannot well deny you it, but it had been better buried too, for it cals fresh griefe into my eyes, for truly Sr said he, my Brother was slaine, speaking in a very small voice, mincing the words, as the French doe *Tibi*; he was slaine I say, at a place by a Parks side, not farre from the Metropolis of *England*; to be briefe, he was slain at *Teburne*. He o'th' Sword, stood as

mute

mute as the *Don*, for 'twas as good and all one, as if God had done it. with the Country, or else the Presse-yard had ended the quarrell; such an answer as this quieted men of greater power, then this Man of Armes. The Constable and all his Watch, who, good conservers of the Peace, one night took a fellow late out, but not out of his wits, for he had been transgressing in the sober sinne, with those that rob the braines, but another way then by drinking: The Watch apprehend him, and bring him before the Magistrate of the Night, who with gilded staffe, welted and guarded Gowne, with wrought Night-cap, look'd very dreadfull, and ask'd this *noctivigator*, where he had been so late, and with whom, and whither he was going, and to whom, whether he was a servant or Master, and many such questions; to which the fellow (for he was a Scotch Man) answered but little; at last, the Constable ask'd whither he had not got a cup too much, the sinner said, *ney in gewd faith Sr, I he not had one swoop, nor sloop drinke this night, dele o' my sall if I have*; who dost thou belong to man, say? marry (Sirs) *and Ice tell you friends, well ha you askt, For I serve a good Laird*, A Lord said the Constable, what Lord? *e'n the gewd Lord of Hosts* said the *Scotch Man*; the Constable and Watchmen stared upon one another, totally ignorant of the Noble Man, and let him goe, saying, it is some *Scotch* Lord or other, I'le warrant you.

Sancho *was otherwise imployed, ransacking of a Sumpter Mule.*] *Pancha* had done nothing worthy of notice in this Encounter of the Coarse; now he comes upon the Stage, the Catastrophe of the Tragedy: he took his cue right, and finding a Mule without a Master, summon'd the Beast in, and made himselfe Master of the Mule, and all the provisions culinarie, which were for the upper and lower Regions; he long'd for such a prey, very properly long'd, for he had a very great Belly, by the Notion of which, he us'd to send to Tavernes, or any place where good cheere was provided, to get a cut of the best, which he never fail'd of. He had the whole pillage of the Panniers, which were the first fruits of the Church-men, those he thrust, because they belonged to their Coat, into a Cassock for want of his VVallet, and stuff'd the Divinity Habit so full of the Creature, that it look'd as if the right owner had been in it. It was serviceable after this greasie use for nothing but to preach at a *Carnivale* or *Shrove-tuesday*, and to tosse Pancakes in after the Exercise; or else (if it could have been conveighed thither) nothing more proper for the man that preaches the Cooks Sermon at *Oxford*, when that plump Society rides upon their Governours Horses to fetch in the Enemie, the Flie.

Don Quixot, *otherwise called the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.*] It is usuall for *Knights* and *Dons* Errant to take appellative names from their successes, places of Birth, Conquest or Favour, as the Popes and great Emperours doe sometimes *Prænomina*, sometimes *Agnomina*, sometimes both. He remembred on his *Holinesse*, that was call'd *Bonifacius*, another *Urbanus*, another *Clemens*, in reverence to those, and Sir-to his owne, (for it was a Knights Face) he stiles himselfe of the *Ill-favoured Face*, not improperly, nor farre fetcht. In Latine it is *Male-facius*, in *Latino-Britan*, *Scurvy-Facius*, or *Filthy-facius*, or to make a word proportionable to the subject, (for there was not much difference betwixt *Rosinantes* and his own) *Male-scurvy-filthy-Facius*.

I will upon the firſt occaſion have the Face painted in my ſhield.] *Minervas Ægis* not ſo terrible, an excellent bugbeare to keep little children out of the water with, or to ſet in one of *Cloacina*'s reſervatory, or privie Chambers, where the perſon in the hardeſt labour cannot make a worſe, or elſe moſt pat A Face, to thoſe, only pictur'd in Nunneries, and that at ſight of it, they might ſuperfete their vow, and not only forſweare the uſe, but the very looks of Men-kinde for ever, unleſſe it be after confeſſion, when they doe not ſhew their owne faces, nor ſee their Confeſſors. Bleſſe the man, for he had very bad lookes, a hanging look, as ever was ſeen.

Sancho, *I believe I am excommunicated for laying hands on a conſecrated thing.*]

Juxta illud ſiquis ſuadente Diabolo.

Still harping upon five pound a blow! had the *Don* himſelfe been in Orders, (as 'twas impoſſible to keep him) undoubtedly he had prov'd the richeſt man in Europe, upon the penalty of halfe the mony; he had a body would have brought him in of old rents, at leaſt a thouſand li. *per menſem*, which is a very great incom, if it ſhould improve to a rack. I knew a quarrelſome ſcholar, that us'd to make his crackt Crowne, his debt-booke; he was alwayes fighting, alwayes beaten, the blowes he tooke *pro tempore*, and his batterers *pro termino*. As his purſe failed, or pockets emptied, he would have recourſe to his hammer'd Noddle, and ſtreight fetch in a 5 li. which had been poſted off a year or two; on one ſide Debenturs for juggepots, on the other, Arrears for Pewter Candleſticks, (which were for change preſently after an incounter) all his skull over, were either open wounds or cicatris'd, Chirurgian unpaid, and his witneſſes, the Tapſter, a brace of Drawers, or the wench at Bar, with whom he was alwaies in Fee for a little Sugar at hand; and thus he made a ſhift to put bread in his head, and furniſh the inſide, from the injuries of the outſide, living not by his wits, but by his pate.

This *juxta ſiquis ſuadente Diabolo*, is of very neer affinity to one of our Seſſions-charges, or indictements, our Common Law is as dangerous as Canon ſhot in that caſe. Whereas, *Quixot* of the *Mancha*, contrary to the Lawes of his *Catholick Majeſty*, and the peace of his Realme, having not the feare of God before his eyes, did murtherouſly, bloodily, and felonioufly, (in, with, and by the Advice, help and aſſiſtance of one *Sancho Pancha* of the Village aforeſaid, and ſervant to the *Quixot* aforeſaid) diſmantle, rob, and rifle a Sumpter-Horſe, and *per minas, inſultus & Durez*, that is to ſay, with three hard words, un-mule, un-leg, and un-able, *Alanſo Lopez*, ordinary to the fraternity of *Nova Priſona*, and at the ſame time took away, beſides his wits (which are not valued) a *Miſſale*, ſix Crucifixes, a ſute of Beads, a dozen of Indulgencies, as many *Agnus Dei's*, two *Anathemas*, and other conſiderable things, goods and Chattels, out of the pocket of *Alanzo Lopez* aforeſaid, a Tobacco box with a Burning Glaſſe, a Caſe of Pipes, two rotten Nutmegs, and a pick-Tooth; amounting in all, to the value of thirteen pence halfe-penny; therefore the ſaid *Quixot* of the *Mancha* aforeſaid, and the ſaid *Sancho Pancha* aforeſaid, of the *Mancha* aforeſaid, are hereby indicted, arraign'd and charged to be guilty in the firſt place of wit-Murder, in the ſecond place, of ſeverall Sacriledges, in the third place, of pilfering; and

and ſo we leave him to the Conſciences of twelve honeſt men, and true to doe as the Lawes in that caſe require,

Alanſo Lopez.

Therefore let us retire to our repaſt; and to the grave with the dead, let them that live, eat bread.] Graſſe and Hay, quoth *Roſinante* and the Aſſe, we are all Mortall. Eat *Mancheat tot Senioli*, ſay *Sancho* and the *Don*. While the Jury are kept cloſe to agree about the verdict, the indicted cry a merry life and a ſhort, he that eates moſt may have the luck to break the halter: Therefore they fed devoutly, yet without Grace or looking up to heaven, and ſo ſweet every thing taſted, as (a reliſh being added to it from the manner of the purchaſe,) that they dream'd not of any ſowre ſawce. The dryer and more cruſty meats fell to *Sancho's* ſhare, who was tooth-proofe, the ſofter, more putrified and moiſt, the *Don* invaded, ſighing often betwixt the goblets, for the inability of his Mandibles, and ſometimes he would lay hold on *Sancho's* hands, and ſay, O *Sancho*, time was, and not long ſince too, that thou couldſt not have caſt me thus behind thee; but if I live by the help of a Corall, it may be, and Heaven grant it, I may rub up a new ſet of *Cadmeian* pegs againe, or ſome artificiall ſupply, I will re-indent my mouth, and not ſee my ſelfe Tantaliz'd thus to my face, for want of the moſt neceſſary Inſtruments of life. *Sancho* was ſecure of Ember weeks for his life, for beſide the miſſe of his Teeth, much of the Gum and Jaw were dilacerated, that there was no poſſibility of laying a foundation in that ruinous rubbiſh.

CHAP. VI.

O for a ſubtile Painter! were he found,
To draw toth' life, th' Incounter of the Sound!
A Pencill worthy, where d' you thinke to finde?
Yes from the Wing, if you can catch't, o'th' Wind.
A Canvaſſe of the pureſt part o'th' aire,
Such as you cannot ſee, it's ſo thinne, were rare!
Then would I have an Eccho at rebound,
As ſhee makes Capers from the hollow ground,
Caught, and by cunning Art I would her fix
In that aire-Table, by ſome ſilver quix:
Deaded by ſpettle, which being borne i'th' place
Where Eccho lives, do's know her doubling face.
I would have Sancho's *eares ta'n at full length,*
As he did ſtretch 'um in his paſſions ſtrength;
And the Don's *whole one prickt, and the ſmall pittance*
The Biſcaine *left, but he paid for th' acquittance.*
Unto theſe parcels, and eares integrall,
I would have the two Brutes, juſt foure in all,
Which with the other three, and quarter make
Seven and a dodkin, O how the piece would take!

Eſpecially

Especially if in the proper places,
VVere pourtraicted to'th' life the Iron Maces;
And Sancho *too, with pode disrob'd discharg-ing*
Such stuffe, as, foh, you often see a Barge in:
The vapours in th' ascent, the stuff i'th' fall,
I would delineate, and whats all in all,
His filthy Buttocks mounted, downe his hose,
And the Don *stoutly tweaking his owne nose.*
This in a Table rarely done and well,
Faith, throw it in the fire, if 'twould not sell.

TEXT.

AND we shall meet that which may mitigate the terrible Thirst that afflicts us, which sets us questionlesse in more pain then did our hunger.] It is a great quærie in the scruple-house of Nature, which a man may best indure, and longest, Hunger, or Thirst, want of Meat, or want of Drink: The Brethren of the Spicket, state the question in the Negative, and lay downe for a fundamentall, that there is no *living without Liquids, no not a day*; Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, the *Bilbos*, the *Trouts*, the *Aristippians*, the *Beereans*, the *Aleans*, the *Canareians*, and *Claretteers*, Antient Philosophers, were all of *Consull Bitulus* his opinion and practise, and of that able and comprehensive *Tholus*, and the faire match of *Fuscus* his custome, according to the measure of that draught, which was

——*Dignum sitiente* Tholo, *vel conjuge Fusci.*

Which was a Goddard, or Rummer, or lusty Bowle taken exactly by *Silenus* his Canne, which was the standard for mornings and evenings draughts, and the whole school (I mean *Schola Bibendi*) and their *assectæ Bibaculorum, Madidorum, & Temulentorum*, who are the greatest, and most spreading Sect in the World, follow that way to a drop, which is called in the most authentick and emphaticall word they have, *super naculum*; amongst these it is an undeniable principle, that *vita consistit in Humido*, and a drie soule, *quatenus talis*, cannot last. The intrinsecall radicall moysture must be supplied, recruited, and repleniſhed with the extrinsecall liquids, that is, *exempli gratia*, in the morning with a sphericall Tost in a pot of Ale of good capacity, that it may not be resisted, but force passage, and break through all obstructions. Before dinner again, refresh your Lamp, (for it is alwaies wasting) with the generous oyle of Sack, nitty, roapy, and razy; at dinner with the same, unlesse for varieties sake you have an auxiliary and lusty glasse or two of *Vine de France*; after dinner, for you must not have too long intermissions, to your Sack againe, Typice, Topice, and Tropice. By the constant and quotidian succours, you provide against the conflagration of the Microcosme, which like that of the greater magnitude, must and will (unlesse these provident rules prevent it) dye of a burning Fevour: Wherefore like prudent smiths, have by your Forge, the troffe of water continually, and learn your quantities, for pidling draughts will not doe it.

——*parvæque Aspergine lymphæ*
Grandior exurgit, læsusque irascitur Ignis.

Accor-

According to the capacity of your veſſell, the dilatation of the veines, which if they be large and full, plainly indicates that a brave flame (which is alwaies extending it ſelfe, and enlarging his narrow quarters) plaies in the *Azure* Channell; no ſmall ſervices nor miſers glaſſes will doe the buſineſſe here, nor *Pimplico's* diſcharg'd to the round inthe middle; but a thorough and totall exhauſting, draining, and ſwooping the whole veſſell, were it as we ſay, *to the bottome a mile*: According to the example of our friend *Bytias* in *Virgil*,

——Ille impiger hauſit,
Spumantem pateram, & pleno ſe proluit auro.

And becauſe I am indebted to you a Tranſlation, I ſhall clap both the pieces of verſes of two ſeverall Authors (agreeing ſo well in the matter) into one Epigram.

A little water doth incenſe the fier,
Drinke deeper, boy, and ſee you fil't up higher.
Somewhat at top is beſt, when the briske wine
Swims like a Coronet round the brims, 'tis fine.
Bitias *beginne thy plentifull Carouſe,*
And we as thee, our ſelves in Sack will ſowce.

E contra, the adverſe party, which are ſober fellowes, the Brethren of the *Fange*, that would have all conveyances diſpatch'd the old way, by Indent of the Tooth, the *Marriotæ*, *Idiotæ*, *Lytherani*, *Stubbingenſes*, *Woodenſes*, *Cannibals*, and *Lycaones*, ſuch as have the Woolf or Dogge in their ſtomacks, *Croſſe-byters*, *Croſſe-ſitters*, *Taylors*, *Gentle Crafts-men*, *Smiths*, and all manner of Antelucan Labourers, who make proviſion for the fleſh, make the fleſh their proviſion. Theſe lay down for their *Axioms* and *Dogmata*, *Tempus edax rerum*; eat at all times, *Totos ponit apros*. Be not aſhamed to have a ſtomack like a Swine, *ede*, *lude*, live to eat, and play for meat.

Cum morte ſumma voluptas;

There is no happineſſe to the Grave, who is alwaies devouring, never ſatisfied, eating even theſe great eaters too.

Beſides, they ſtrengthen themſelves with varieties of learned precepts, ſuch as

Animal propter convivia natum,
Homines fruges conſumere nati.
For nought but to be eat is borne the Creature,
Oves and *Boves* muſt be ſlaine, Man's the Eater.

Then conſider rationally, and naturall-Philoſopher-like, conſider and compute the many parts, joynts, ſinews, arteries, veines, bones, skins, parts, ſimilar, diſſimilar, Homogeneous, Heterogeneous, ſpermatick, ſanguinary, muſcular, gutturall, dentall, mandibular, &c. which are all to be maintained out of this kitchin-natural, the ſtomack, by the providore, the mouth, who would think that any Shambles, Poultreys, Newgate-Markets, Cheapeſides, Eaſtcheapes, Faires, Feſtivals, Saturnals, Jubilees, are able to ſatisfie the ſeverall Intereſts, of ſo many Ravenous expectants, much more, when this *Macrocoſme* is full of *Microcoſmes*, and every one, the leaſt Infant in the univerſality of men, hath as much to maintaine, as the greateſt Gyant in the World: Wherefore *Saturn* (the very *Lunsford* of the Deities)

Deities) shew'd you what to doe rather then starve, marry eat thine owne Children, 'tis the next way to make a wise child, to teach him to know his Father, as well as if he were in him. *Lycaon* followed that course of dyet, and ever since it hath been practised, *Homo homini Lupus*, we may eat one another, till there is but one man left, and so the World may end, as it began.

When Sancho *heard these words, he began to weep with the greatest Compassion of the World, and said unto him, Sr,* &c.]

Nos patriam fugimus & Dulcia *linquimus arva.*
Have not I left for thee the Onyon Beds,
Scallions and Garlike, which hath stronger heads
Then any yet we met? and more then these,
What is more strong, my Mary Gutierez,
Wife of my Bosome; Sancho Pancha's *wealth?*
Who covetous foole, have ta'n a course of stealth,
May bring me to the Rope, not Onyon Ropes,
But such as at one swing drown Care and Hopes.
O had you heard our Curate, you'd not snatch
At dangers thus; he taught, harme watch, harme catch,
And you e'r since the adventure of the Windmill,
Run headlong on, and will, or make, or find-ill;
The Smith-Field *Gyants laid you in a zound,*
And now a Gyant of the eare y' have found;
For we see nothing but a rustling noise,
Good Sr forbeare to search into the cause;
For if you should doe otherwise then well,
(As gold t' Argent you doe) pray who shall tell?
Thinke you that I am worthy to relate
The manner of the Combate, and your Fate?
Who will believe, A Knight that liv'd by applause,
Unfortunate, should perish by a noise?
Who will believe, when wrote in books we find
A head of Windmils, ruin'd by a Wind?
Who will believe, when on the earth y'are found,
That such an Eare-lesse Knight should dye o'th' sound?
No Sr, let Sancho *Counsell, do you keep't,*
We have been soundly beat, let's now sound sleep't.
And if our dreams are full of such mad whimsies,
Let's fight in sleep, but waking let our Limbs-ly.

Sancho *tied his Asses Halter, to both* Rosinantes *legs.*]

Dolus an virtus quis in Hoste requirat!

Sancho found a politick and strong *Remora* for the Knights speed, and what Prayers, Preachments and teares could not obtaine from the Master-Fool, he got by the Asse his servant, unto whom he had girt *Rosinante* so straight, that he was not *sui Juris*, for he was Asse-Tedder'd, and in *potestate Halterius*. The *Don* presently smels out the businesse, an Incantation upon the Horse for want of nailing his old shooes at the door of his house when he came forth, or because, nor the old Woman, nor the Barber, nor his Neece, nor the Curate design'd him the security of an old shooe after him.

Little

Little thought the *Don*, that *Muniaton Freſton* rode upon the Aſs by him, and that *Roſinante* was becalm'd, not for want of winde, but by too much Cable Rope. Here they muſt caſt Anchor *perforce*, and though the Brutes are at reſt, the *Don* will not permit his ſenſes to foregoe their Offices, but keeps his Eyes, Eares and Noſe, very buſily employed all night, as thereby hangs a tale.

Be you attentive, for now I begin, it was that it was.] Once a top of a time, ſo, and ſo ſo, and ſays hee, ſays he, ſays he, and quoth he, quoth he, quoth he, are the naturall cement of moſt tales.

If thou telleſt thy tale after this manner, repeating every word twice that thou ſaieſt, thou wilt not make an end this two daies.] Cuſtome of ridiculous ſpeeches prevaile much upon moſt men, who having us'd themſelves to ſome impertinent word or phraſe, cannot, even in matters of greateſt conſequence, forgo it. For example, a Reverend Judge, was to give a charge at the Aſſize, which was with great gravity and ſincerity perform'd, had it not been every where interlarded with, *in that kinde*, that was his cuſtomary word; ſo that to every materiall thing, this was ſure to come in. As Gentlemen of the Jury, you ought to enquire after recuſants *in that kind*, & ſuch as doe not frequent the Church *in that kinde*, but above all, ſuch as haunt Ale-houſes *in that kinde*, notorious Whoremaſters *in that kinde*, Drunkards and Blaſphemers *in that kinde*, and all notorious offenders *in that kind*, are to be preſented *in that kinde*, and, as the Laws *in that kind* direct, muſt be proceeded againſt *in that kinde*; which ſet all but the *Bench* (who were to keep the Peace by their places) into a laughter of *that kinde*, that being charged by the Cryer to ſilence, they could not, till they had ended laughing and crying together. A Gentleman being ask'd (after the Court roſe) how he lik'd the Judges charge to day, anſwered it was the beſt, *in that kind*, that ever he heard. Like to this, ſomething was that of an Inn-keeper in the ſame City, who being troubled extreamly with the *D' you ſee*, to all diſcoveries, upon an occaſion being put to ſay Grace; began, the eyes of all things, *D' you ſee*, doe look unto thee, *d' you ſee*, and thou provideſt their meat, *d' you ſee*, in due ſeaſon, *a' you ſee*, God ſave the Church *d' you ſee*, the Queen, the Realme, *a' you ſee*, and peace and truth, *a' you ſee*. Amen. This old Queen *Elizabeths* Hoſt, could not out of the rode in his after-Grace, but before he had done, no man could ſee for laughing, which vext my cholerick Hoſt ſo much, that he ſwore he would not ſay grace, *a' you ſee*, as long as he liv'd for this, *d' you ſee*, and do you heare, *d' you ſee*, if I doe not make it good that I have ſworne, let me never look man in the Face, *d' you ſee*, or let me drinke water, *d' you ſee*, till my dying day, *d' you ſee*, that a man muſt be laugh'd at for his good will, *a' you ſee*, I cry God mercy *a' you ſee*, I did not ſay grace but in this pinch, *a' you ſee*, this forty yeares *a' you ſee*.

See now what I ſaid quoth Sancho, *that you ſhould have kept account. By* Jove *the tale is ended.*] This tale is loſt, juſt as the fellow loſt the Eele becauſe he could not hold it, or as *Tantalus* his Apples, becauſe he could not catch 'um, or the fellow his Geeſe, or he that was to tell twenty, whereof himſelfe was one, and ne'r reckon'd that; or it ends juſt as his tale began, who being to relate ſome ſtory to *Veſpaſian* (an Emperor of the *Ill-favour'd Face*) ſtanding long ſtill, was commanded by a Gentleman to beginne; But he excus'd it and ſaid, he would ſtay till his excellency came off from the ſtoole,

which he gues'd by his face, his buſineſſe at preſent, the Emperor could not change his face, and the Hiſtorian was forc'd to change the room. So our ſtory ends very wittily abruptly, and *Torralva* is on one ſide of the ſtream, and the Goate-herd on the other; as the Scotch-man and his wife, who were more unhappily ſever'd by a like accident; for *Jany* and her good *Lowne* had went, and they went untill they came to a Bury, which was at that time overflown with water, there *Jany* and *Jocky* ſtood gaping *eane at ather* untill a Traveller paſſing that way, profer'd the courteſie of a waft ſucceſſively to them both; the Scotch-man bleſs'd him with bath his hands, and in *gewd Faith* (Sr) let *Jany gang* firſt, and I will ſtay your return; ſo up went *Jany*, who was very thankfull, more then became her, for upon eaſy ſolicitation, ſhe yeelded mutuall carriage to the Gentleman on the other ſide. *Jocky* beholding theſe ſtrange ſights, roar'd out, why *Iany?* what an Alaboure an you at? *wha werks this Ianny: Ways me, O for a dry Burg.* For want whereof, as of the *Don's* not accounting, the Tale is ended.

What noiſe is that Sancho?]

Hæc oracula naribus exploranda.

This is a very pretty prævious adventure, to the encounter of the ſound, in which, two of the *Don's* beſt ſenſes were ſhrewdly put to't, but this of *Sancho's* was the hotter ſervice, and came with load and load, freſh and freſh, but never ſweet. It was ſtrange, that *Sancho* (but he had only Wallet-invention) did not tell him, that it was a Trumpet ſent from *Tantablins* Caſtle, where the Reverentiall Lady *Merdina*, and many more of her traine, which they call the Voluntary Tenants, were impriſoned, during the Gyants pleaſure. Which Ladies of the moſt excellent delight and eaſe, he alwaies ſuffered to take Aire only at his Port *Eſquilin*, which was as loathſome as a Common-ſhore. Some of theſe gallant Spirits have been confined all their life times, untill their diſſolution; others, weary of detention, have broken Priſon, and flew in the very Noſes of them they next met, and changing their names, but not their conditions, paſſe for the *Rowſers*, the *Tearers*, the *Ratlers*, the *Quaverers*, the *Whizzers*, the *Fuzzers*, the *Squeekers*; according to the ſeverall eruptions of the Winds, out of *Æolus* his den, which is the grand *Colon* or hole of thoſe impriſoned Spirits. Harke, they are coming,

Vnà Euruſque Notuſque ruunt, Creberque procellis,
Affricus, *& vaſtos volvunt ad littora Fluctus,*
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.

Which in plaine Engliſh read you thus,

Suppoſing *Sancho Æolus:*

And with both hands his belly preſſing,
Blow winds ſaith he, upon my bleſſing;
When that the Port-hole opes, or his back door,
Out goe the Winds, Eaſt Eaſt, Nore and by Nore.
Theſe fly about, and like the Bawdy wind,
(Sweet breath'd or no) kiſſe all they meet or find;
There is no guard againſt 'um, though you compaſſe
Your Noſe, they have priviledge (as the Trump *has*)

To

To goe about: but when the Tempeſt's laid,
Then gentle ſhowers fall, where theſe buſtlers plaid.
So Sancho *wind-eas'd of his rumbling guts,*
Diſcharges ſofteſt Lees, from his bare buts.

I prethee friend Sancho, *retire two or three ſteps back, and henceforth have more care of my perſon.*] It was ſtrange the *Don* would make a buſineſſe of it, when as Lords and Ladies doe the ſame, and he having admitted his Squire into ſuch familiarity, there could be no greater expreſſion of *Sancho's* acceptance, and haile-fellowſhip, then that

Coram te pedere Sancho *ſolet.*

This Favour *Don* doe not deny,
Let him (that he fly not) let fly.

But the thing is juſtifiable by nature, and there is a book wrote by *Grobianus* and *Grobiana*, (who are the Patron and Patroneſſe of theſe deportments) wherein the Scholars are authoriz'd to the venting, disburthening at any place or time (be it Dinner, Sermon, Prayers, or any other while whatſoever) of that flatulent ſpirit, which is troubleſome, or deſirous to be diſpoſeſſed. Beſides that, the Emperor *Claudius* Enacted a Law for the common uſe of liberty at Meals, and amongſt other Hiſtories you might heare one anothers ta'les go: Mere incitements to this ſport you may read in *Fartarethis de arte Ca-candi*, which is very wel worth that for which it was made: it cannot be then waſt paper, being moſt properly imploi'd; but if for a more legall juſtification you ſuſpend theſe (which ſo ſuſpended, ſmother'd, or ſtifled) prove *lactium Tormina, ſubligaculorum diſcrimina*, take the Text for it, *Lege de egeſtis, Podice grave onerato, Tit : Noſe Autem vel ſiquis intervenerit.*

Turning back againe to Sancho, *to bid him farewell, he commanded him to ſtay for him three dayes at the longeſt,* &c.] *Aurora* diſplaied her ſelfe, after this Wedding, (*Sancho's* I mean) was ended, which ſort of ſolemnities are moſt commonly in the night, and the *Don* is very unfortunately among a company of Cheſnut Trees, (for *Sancho's* fruits were not ſo ſweet) through which the adventure of the Sound came ſo freſh againe to the Eare which was next, that without heed given to what *Sancho* had ſaid, or conſidering aright, the omens and preſagings of his Augurhole; a few words being ſpoken to *Sancho*, ſnobbing at his Inſenſibleneſſe and undauntedneſſe, the *Don* reſolv'd to take the Sound, leaving behind him if he had miſcarried, only this copy of his countenance for *Dulcinea*, and theſe few Legacies for *Sancho Panca.*

After my three dayes abſence, (ſo long ſtay,
So long may laſt this ſound and bouncing fray)
Returne, and tell Dulcinea, *that her* Don
Had blowes enough, before he now went on;
Blowes to that number, and of ſuch high grace,
As dubb'd him Knight of the Illfavour'd face.
Tell her beſide, what did befall my jawes,
My chops are fallen, and my wide mouths godſaws,
(My teeth I mean are beaten out) that if
I liv'd, ſpoon-meat had been my chiefe relief:

what on my sides is seen, tell; how my eares,
(Not fully two, more lugg'd then any Swine or Beares,)
Continuall Catadupes do stound: But I
Will either still this sound, or by sound dye.
Then taking *Sancho* by the Fist;
My Testament begins thus, Amen: Ego,
In as good sences, and as rich as Dego,
Bequeath my body to a plat of ground,
To be interr'd without or words or sound,
(Musick or prayers,) kil'd by a sound; my tombe,
In scorne of sounds, shall only hold out mumm.
Then look behinde an antient painted cloth,
Cover'd and hid from sight, by fly and moth;
There read, what lands I meant to conquer, there
Are all the Castles in a Register;
And at the end of that victorious List,
Thy Islands *nam'd; 'tis so, I mary ist:*
My goods 'twixt Dul: *and thee divide, pray prise 'um,*
Let none the Inventary boldly gaze on,
Or buy, before that you have made election,
It is my love to thee, to her affection.
Dulcinea *is my sole* Executrix,
The seale is my nailes Thumb, the Indorsement Quix.

When DON QUIXOT *saw what was done, he waxed all ashamed and mute, and* Sancho's *Cheeks were swolne with laughter, and the* Don *also laugh'd a little himselfe.*]

Quantâ de spe decidi!

Is our adventure prov'd a Fulling-Mill? are our Silver staves turn'd to Iron Maces? and our Gyants (earth-bred indeed) but of Fullers earth? Certainly by the sound, something of the employment wrought upon *Sancho*, which scowr'd him so; and yet if either of the two, *Sancho* should have been first in this Encounter, for it was necessary for him after he had foul'd his Breeches. Our Tragedy is chang'd into pure Comedie, and instead of a Prize, we are like to have a jigge of two principall Clownes, each gibing the other, they are now at the Ti-hee, and without tickling, laugh till their sides ake, as if they were under correction of the Maces, *Sancho* hath the better in this grinning Prize, and so long they interchangeably kept it up, that in the Spanish Tone and Accent you may sing,

Per multos risos poteros cognoscere stultos.

The Don *was enraged, but chiefly, hearing him say in gibing manner, I was borne by the disposition of Angels.*] The slave *Sancho* doth *supra*-parasite it, turnes *mime Satyr, Sarcast, Hyperaspist,* Quixo-*mastix*, and from the *Don's* own mouth, hath a *Mockabere for him;*

I am the man by Providence design'd,
To change the Iron age to Gold refin'd,
Which without Alchymie, *or loads of Coales,*
Or whites *of* Egs, *or* Spirits, (*alias soules*)
This Arme shall cohobate, *all matters mightie*
Reserved are for me, come all, i'l fight yee,

All upon one at once; Monsters where be yee?
I'm Hercules, *club too, Ti-hee, ti-hee.*

The Don *lifted the end of his Launce, and gave him two such blowes on the back.*]

Læsa patientia fit furor.

This contempt was so high, that in all the books of *Errantry*, I meet not any Relation to match it withall. No Squire ever took that liberty which *Sancho* did, to deride his Knight to the face, and by a looser carriage to affront him to the nose; but nothing was so distastefull at present, as the unmannerly, and reproachfull wide opening of his mouth, whereby the Squire did manifest to the world, that he had a better set of Teeth then his Lord: so that the abuse being triple to his face in generall, and his nose and teeth in particular, the punishment should have been answerable, and hee should have basted him from head to taile. Now it is a great Dispute amongst Martiall men, whether this *Launce-Bastinado* (for it cannot be called an Encounter) did dis-Squire *Sancho*, that is, Cashiere him. In the truth of the state, I doe believe it did; but by the consequence of the story, finding his Repentance so suddaine, and his submission so exemplary, he may passe in *Errantry* for a Squire *Reformado*.

But you may be sure that I will not once more unfold my lips to jest at your doings.] The Spaniel! the Spaniel! What a deale of love and service a good whip and a Bell procure? The Orders and Rules of *Errant-Squires* are not here related, though in the secrets of the *Manchegan* Registrie at this day they are to be found. What Distances, Equipage, what Approaches, Smiles, Shrugs, Habits, are sutable with them, and requirable from them! How qualified he ought to be that enters himselfe Squire to a *Knight-Errant*; and what Services (I mean of Chivalry) hee must perform for his Triall; what years he must accomplish before he can be capable of the Government of any Island; or have the priviledge to ride all Rodes penniless, without pay for Mans-meat, or Horse-meat; at what time of his Age he may take leave of the Knight he doth serve, and set up for himselfe: And after such Resolution, within what time he is to assigne himselfe a Lady, under whose protection he doth undertake his Adventures, and unto whom all his successes (as the Tutelary power over him) are to be attributed. To these were many more very considerable Instructions, besides Negative Precepts shewing what he should not doe: As not eat, or drinke, unlesse occasion were offer'd; not lie in bed, unlesse in place proper; not be familiar with their *Dons*, unlesse upon penalty of discharging, or unavoidable necessity; not speake, report, or betray the ill successe of any Adventure on his Lords side, but stand to justifie the contrary, though his Legs would hardly give him leave; not grumble at want, not look for Wages, cast-Apparrell, or a fresh Horse: And upon these conditions Affirmative, and Negative, any man may enter himselfe into this Honourable Imployment; from which Heaven preserve all men that are in their right wits.

CHAP. VII.

For want of drinke, and clearing of the Eyes,
The Don *is throwne into an enterprize;*
Wherein he gets the prize, it would amaze one
To ſee him now Top-gallant in a Baſon.
O for an Ewre too, to compleat the grace!
And waſh him Knight of the Well-favour'd Face!
But 'twas impoſſible, for in that fall,
The Barber periſh'd with his waſhing-ball.
What will waſh off this ſtaine! when it is read,
That which ſhould be at's Chin, is o're his Head:
Ill-favour'd now for ever! for thoſe ſhops
That mend the Face, will ne'r admit thy chops:
No hopes that e're thy jawes ſhall be recruited,
Sancho *will be the Trencher-Squire reputed.*
How canſt thou thinke for ever to be better,
When thou haſt wrong'd Tooth-drawer, and Tooth-ſetter?
See what ſtrong fancy can! it flies ſo high-now,
That Cut-beard *is ſuppos'd the great* Mum-bry-no;
And the Braſſe Baſon *which he waſh'd foule Beards-in,*
The Helmet is that Giant grand appeard-in.
Thus rides our Don, *to all the world a laughter,*
And fooles it on, unto the end oth' Chapter.

TEXT.

ANſwered Sancho, *I ſee nothing but a man on a gray Aſſe like mine owne, and brings on his head ſomewhat that ſhines.*] *Sancho* had no Heroicall and Erranticall eyes: His Diamond was of no ſpirituous and ſparkling Water; but dull, compos'd of thick pudly ſtuffe, which did obſcure and debaſe the objects hee lookt upon: The Opacous part was too large, whereas the *Don's* was Ictericall, as if he had deſcended of the houſe of the *Flavii*, or that his Nurſe had mix'd all his milke with Saffron, all was Gold or Lions that he ſaw; an eye for an Alchimiſt, a Sublimating, Tranſmuting, and *Cohobating* eye, a Cuckolds eye, (which is a *Cornu-copious* eye) and renders all fleſh, and eſpecially his own, like the fat of Rams, yellow, becauſe he is *Aries* on the Head.

This Barber ſerv'd two Villages, &c.] This tranſient Face-mender would in time have made a good *Knight-Errant*; he was for the Tournament, and could hit a haire, a man inur'd to Martiall Inſtruments, which if he had but ſpirit enough to have drawne, the very ſight of his Tweezers would have put the *Don* to the Roares; or if he had hang'd his Collar of Teeth about his neck, (as they uſe to be at his Shop-window) the *Don* had took him *ſans* queſtion, for the Giant of the Cheek, and made what haſte from him he could to have preſerved the remainder of his life-ſuſtainers. But ſure the dull Rogue, ſhav'd with a Pumice-ſtone, and clipp'd with a pair of hedge-

ſheers

ſheeres, and waſh'd with Pigge-dung, and though by the cuſtome of *Spaine* he might ride on Aſſe-backe to his Cuſtomers, yet it ſeemes by his flight, that his agility lay rather in his Toes then his Fingers. Our youths of that Profeſſion, doe not look as they were under the Influencies of *Aquarius*, but the nimble *Mercurie*, who hath ſo ſpiritiz'd their whole *Oeconomie*, that they are Quick-ſilver to the fingers ends; you would ſweare, that upon the ſwiftneſſe of their Motions, their hands were the *primum Movens*, and *ultimum Moriens* of their whole body: Nor are the reſt of their parts leſſe active, their Tongues are as fluent as their Fingers, and (except in ſome ſenſe of the word) ſeldome lye ſtill. Their ſhops are the forges of Invention, the Magazines of all Newes, more frequented then a *Bake-houſe*, or a Book-ſellers ſtall; All the Mongers of that kinde come thither for matter and Inſpiration, (both the *Scrubbado* affording it, when *Barlerino* himſelfe is dry) after ſuch an effectuall excitation of the ingenious Atomes of the *Pericranium*, the ſpirits of the Braine by a kinde Contagion ſtirre, and then the nimble Factories of the Fancie move all their ſubtile Engines of device, and preſently (like *Minerva* out of *Joves*) iſſues all thoſe Diurnall-births, which in ſeverall *Mercuries* fill the *Piatza*, and are the *Gazzets* for the whole world. Beſides theſe neceſſary Adminiſtrations, rare are the *Quedrums* of many of the houſes of the *Barberino's*; like *A-bell* Drugger, you ſhall have one of them without a *Rebus* to his ſigne, which is as attractive as his Wife, or the adjacent pot of Ale, or his Plaiſter-box (if he be a *Chyron* too) or if not, as his Tweezer. Theſe *Rebuſes* are Gingles, or *Engliſh* Hieroglyphicks; for anciently the *Ægyptians* (of Nations that uſed no Barbers aſwell as the *Moores*) were the firſt that conveyed knowledge or wit under ſuch Repreſentations, *viz.* He hath a long *Pole* elevated, and at the end of it a Labell, wherein is in a faire Text-hand written this word, *Money*. Now the *Pole* ſignifies it ſelf, which joyned to the written word, make *Pole-Money*; there's the *Rebus*, that *Cutbert* is no body without *Pole-Money*: The Motions in his Paper-Lanthorne are not to be paſſed by as the ſmalleſt part of the Rarities of his houſe; then the Magnetick vertue of his Citterne, Gytterne, and Kit, which are the conſtant preſervers of the agility of his hand, which he loves becauſe they have heads to 'um; Next to theſe, tagging of Points and Ribbands, which in a vacation of Cuſtomers, if his Boyes be quick at it, and the Faſhion as it is, will ſerve their Maſter in Ale, and their Miſtreſſe in cold Caudle, and themſelves in Black-Puddings, *per ſeptimanam* very well, (Sunday excluded as to the Work) not to the profits aforeſaid.

The Barber riſing up againe as light as a Deere, runne away ſo ſwiftly through the plaine, as the Winde could ſcarce over-take him.] Whether throughout, as a Deere *Cap-a-pe*, is a queſtion: for the *Barbarino's* of *Spaine* are great Lyers out, their Cuſtome calling them abroad; and that occaſion given, their ſhe-Gitternes alſo, who are much plaid upon in their abſence: which is the occaſion commonly of the increaſe of a Monſter more in the Paper-Lanthorne at their returne. I doe believe amongſt the many Fables at his Shop, this ſtory was never told without ſuch additions as made for his owne Credit, the loſſe of the Baſon and the Aſſe being repaireable from the Countrey. Againſt the next journey he is reſolved to ride

better

better provided, and with a more appointed Helmet, upon a Brute of better Service, and with his owne *Pole* for a Launce, Baſon for a Target, he would take the Field againe, where, *Tam Morte quam Mercurio*, the *Don* ſhould deerely finde, and to his coſt too, (for *Barberino* intended alſo to aſſault him with the ſubtile Engine of a *Writ*) that if the Pole fail'd, the Catch-pole ſhould not; if his Target fail'd, wherein he us'd to catch by the beard, that by which he caught by the Backe ſhould not: But if all theſe miſcarried, this *Machavillian* at a ſtratagem, never went without a ſmall Box of Powder, or dryed Meale, and his Puffings, which if he could but advance to the *Dons* eyes, hee doubted not to ſpoile him for all Adventures, and to puniſh him in's *kinde* for that of the *Winde-mill*, and regaine his *Baſon*, leaving the *Unmambryno-helmeted Don* in as confounded a caſe, as the Mayor of *Quinborough* after the Encounter with *PICKPOCKETO* of *Nov. Hiſpaniola*, or *Nov. Anglia*, which you pleaſe: But if Fortune denyed Martiall Revenge, then Chance might bring this Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face* after his Victories to *Toboſo*, to which Towne he muſt needs paſſe through the Village where *Cutbert* liv'd; and for his Face let him alone to remember it; and for a *Baſe-one*, what the Pole and the Powder could not effect, the Suds of his Landred Face ſhould doe; which beſide the intollerable ſmart of his eyes, which would call his hands to their preſent helpe, his skilfull Boyes ſhould ranſack his Fobs, and make him thence better ſatisfaction then the Maſters of the *Holy Brother-hood*: untill ſome ſuch time *Barberino* leaves him, his Aſſe, his Baſon, and his Patient, who by this time is dead of a *Pleuriſie*, for want of the *Barber*, who touch't with his owne proper griefe, is got to his Wife for a Remedie againſt the *Palpitation* of the Hurt, got by the violent motion of his Heeles.

That Pagan *which loſt it was diſcreet, and did imitate the* Caſtor.] The ſtory of the *Caſtor un-polluxing* himſelfe is very well applyed: In the like danger of perſons not much unlike, the like policy was us'd before. A counterfeit Cripple, and a reall *Beare*, which having broke looſe from the Keepers, took directly upon a Paſſe, where this diſſembling Begger plyed; who ſeeing the Beare make up towards the place, whence he could not upon his Crutches, without apparent attachment eſcape by the help of ſuddaine wit; therefore he cut the ligaments of his wooden ſupporters, and having recovered the uſe of his naturall legs, though he came thither Cripled, he ranne away ſtraight. The Metaphor here was onely tranſverſed from *Taile* to *Head*: Why might not the Barber throw away his Baſon, which was his Cap-caſe, to ſave his *Head-peece*, as well as the Caſtor his Ball-caſe, to ſave the reſt of the Taile-piece? *Hercule me Caſtor* might he, eſpecially when *Don Quix-hercules* was ſo near his Civit-Box.

O quantum in ſubitis Caſibus ingenium!

In the meane time I will weare this Helmet which thou calleſt a Baſon, as I may:] What an invincible Coxcombe was this *Sancho*, to look for a Beaver with the Baſon, when in the very example before excellently hinted by the *Don*, the Caſtor, which is the Bever, bites away the Baſon to ſave the Bever. So here the Barber having a Caſt-Bever, or a Caſtor of

Don

Don Johns of *Mendozas*, to ſave it from the Raine, put on the Baſon; but the putting on ſo hard for the Baſon, he put off his *Baſon* to keep on his old *Bever*: Upon the *Inbaſonation* of the *Don*, it was to be wondred which was the greater Sarazen, he on whoſe head it was, or from whoſe head it was ſuppoſed to fall, *Man-barbe-ryno*: It could not worſe become our *Don* ſurely then, when, for want of other accoutrements at a Play, *Mars* (the god of VVarre forſooth) was faine to act in a cloſe-ſtoole pan, which had it been properly applyed, would have ſerved for his Stoole of Repentance, after the violation of his Brother Deities ſheets.

And as in caſe of doubt, untill I am better inform'd, I ſay that thou exchange if thy need be extream.] A Councell of VVarre is call'd, to know whether they ſhall admit the *Trojan Aſſe* into their wooden Society; Cry you mercy, it is a *Grecian Aſſe*, for it was a *Grey*. The *Don* being Preſident of the Councell, which conſiſted onely of the Advocate-*Sancho*, and himſelf, (not Judge-Advocate I meane) but one who was alwayes a Pleader for ſome illegall prize or other: the *Don* herein, (though to his friend and Brother *Sancho*) denyed to doe an act of injuſtice, or derogation from the Honour of *Knight-Errantry*; He *Knight-Errant*, if he ſteale *in propria perſona*, is *Uncalendred* for ever, and his name expung'd the *Ephemerides* of King *Arthurs Knights*. But change is no robbery, ſo that be done likewiſe by the Squires not the Knight: The *Capucines* boy takes money, not his *Holy Maſter*; but in caſe of irreſiſtible neceſſity, as when *Jugurth's* Horſe, *Alexanders* Elephant, *Cyrus* his Dromedary were ſhot under 'um; or (for I thinke their time was before Monks, and ſo conſequently before the Invention of Guns and Gun-powder) when theſe great *Heroes* Brutes were ſlaine, it was lawfull to take the next they could get. Nor did *Alexander* take it for a diſparagement to ride upon a Camell, when *Elephantus* was gone; or if he, or any of the reſt had, *Lege Nationum*, they muſt have gone on foot, which is incompetent with a *Knight-Errant*, unleſſe with his Horſe in hand, or rather in his Squires. And as for the qualification in the Queſtion, (*but of extream need*) the extreame hardneſſe that *Sancho* was put to, might be very well judged by the obduration of his Poſteriors, which were almoſt petrified by continuall hardnings upon his Aſſes bare backe; for he rode *pedice nudo*, ever ſince the loſſe of his Wallet, untill the purchaſe of the Caſſock, where the Divinity Buttons did oft diſeaſe thoſe of the Fleſh. VVherefore it was decreed and ratified in a full Court, of one Judge, one Aſſe-ſeſſor, two Aſſes, and a Stallion, that *Sancho* ſhould have all the *Bona Mobilia* (*præter ipſum Corpus*) of the Prize-Aſſe taken in lawfull fight: and thoſe he ſhould inſtantly tranſlate upon the back of his owne Aſſe, which made proud by theſe new Trappings, prickt up his eares above *Roſinantes*, or he that was above *Roſinante*.

Sancho *thou ſaiſt not ill, quoth* Don Quixot.] Theſe were *Sancho's* nuts after a full Meale, to bring his *Knight* into a freſh Frenzy, which he could doe with as much eaſe as an Ape-carrier with his eye makes the vaulting Creature come aloft, or at the ſigne of *Terrid in Aldo*. Name but an Emperor, a King, a Queene, a Lady, a Giant, a Caſtle, a Monſter, and he was preſently on fire, *Orlando Furioſo*, *Hercules Furens*, *Jeronymo*: upon the very mention, his braines are got beyond the *Sophy* of *Perſia*, unto a farre

remote Kingdome, where the King of that Kingdome was rescued by that Knight, that was in love with that Daughter, that was heire to that King, that was oppreſt by that Gyant, that lov'd that Daughter, that hated that Giant, that was ſlaine by that Knight, that had forgot that Lady, that liv'd at *Toboſo*, that was called *Dulcinea*, that had a Squire that was unknowne to that Lady; but by that name of *Sancho Pancha*, that ſerv'd that Knight, that was of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, that promiſed that Squire, that Government of that Iſland, that is not in this Book, but in that which is the next.

The Princeſſe ſhall admit me for her Lord and Spouſe, although ſhe knew me to be the Sonne of a Water-Bearer.] I did alwayes imagine that from ſuch a Fountaine-head this ſtreame of *Knight-Errantry* did derive it ſelfe; Prince *Tancred* was a great Prince, and like thoſe *Roman Emperors* carried upon mens ſhoulders, which was the firſt piece of ſtate in the world, and at this day is kept up by the French *Madams* in their *Sedans*. From Prince *Tanacred*, or *Tankard*, his Flegmatick race was drawn by wooden or leaden Pipes to the *Mancha*, where is yet to be ſeene the Scheme of his *Lunatick* Genealogie, who as the Knight, were by Nativity, as well as Acquiſition, very *Bedlamiſh*; the King his Father-in-law ſo much ſpoken of, calls to mind a Gentleman, who was the By-blow of a Lord, by whoſe name the Baſe ſonne us'd to honour himſelfe in all companies, at Meales, Cards, Bowles, Races, where ever and anon he was at his——*The Lord his Father* allow'd him ſo much for this, for that Recreation, and the Lord his Father kept the beſt Hawkes, Horſes, Dogs, Houſe, &c. in all that County; and thus he continued his ſhameleſs repetition, untill another Gentleman vext at his ambitious, but worthily to have beene concealed, Recitals, ſaid, Sir, here is much talke of *the Lord your Father*, but the Devill a word of *the Whore your Mother*; which ſtruck the Lordling into ſo deep a Melancholly (for he had not the ſpirit of Barnes of that Extraction) and ſuch a long ſilence, as if *Sweet-lips* his beſt hound had miſcarried, or *Pepper-corne* his Race-horſe had got a ſplint.

Then there is no other to be done, but ſteale her away, and carry her to ſome other place.] This Daughter-catching is onely pardonable in *Knight-Errants*; for in all other places, *Plagiaries* (that is, Stealers of Children, whether of the back or braine) were accounted the greateſt Robbers, and therefore ought to have the greateſt puniſhments. A ſort of theſe Theeves are now redivivous, (the *Reliquiæ* I believe of *Knight-Errantry*) who goe by the name of *Spirits*: Theſe, by Wiles, Bribes, and Tricks, decoy ſilly Children on Ship-board, where when they once have them, they are clapt (as the ſimple Rat-catcher in the ſame caſe was upon *Lenoyrs* account) under Decks, and thus entrapped, part with Countrey, Friends, and Fortunes, which they never re-ſalute, no nor their ſpirituall Fathers, who deſerve the Gallowes more than any Rogues that ſuffer. But for a Lady to be ſtolne away, and ſuch a Lady, that was thought a fit match for a Giant, is ſuch a Device, that none but a *Knight-Errant* could dreame of. It is all odds, the Story is not right here, *Cyd Hametes hic non tenetur*. The Lady of ſuch proportion ſtole away the Knight rather; for it cannot be imagined otherwiſe, that her Diſcretion or Love ſhould be ſo little, as to bring her Knight in danger of a Rape or Felony, when a gallant ſpirit would confeſſe

ſeſſe the truth, and ſay the buſineſſe was her own plotting, her owne doing, and undoing, and that howſoever ſhe diſſembles the buſineſſe of riding now behinde, that was not the thing ſhe aim'd at.

I would not authorize my Litado? Dictado *ſaid the* Don, *or Dignity.*

Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.

The Fountaine of Honour cannot give deſerts, though he give Titles, though commonly where the Deſerts are not, the Honours are not given, but bought and ſold, which is the riſe of ſo much gallant Nobility and Gentry in the *Spaniſh* Kingdomes, where is Purchaſe-money enough: An *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & Dimittamus Aſinum*, being a current *Maxime* in all Countreys, where an importunate rich Coxcombe is gratified for his Token which never failes. But *Sancho* after his Coblers Dream of the Earle, (like thoſe whoſe manners are not mended with their Titles, being *Splendidiora ſterquilinia*, or Apes in a new ſute) ſinks himſelf into the conceit of his firſt original, which was Beadle unto ſome Fraternity of Porters, wherein (notwithſtanding his airie promiſes of the Iſland) the Provoſtſhip of the Company would gladly content him and his *Moll*, if for one yeare ſhe might take place of the Siſter-hood of her fellow-Porters wives. Then after the dayes of his Maſterſhip expired, he would returne to his Ale and Toſt, the Frock and Badge, and off goes Gowne, and on goes ſhoulder-ſavers, welcome halſe a hundred, and God reſt his ſoule that built the Pillars for the Reſt of Porters Bodies.

Nam genus & proavos & quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco,
What if my Ancienters were *Iohn* of *Cumber*,
If I no worth have, I'm but of the number.

What more is to be done then to take a Barber, &c.] I thinke I muſt recant, and conclude *Sancho* will make a right ſparke: VVhat Noble *Knight-Errant*, or Lord of a *Purchas'd Title* can doe more then keep his out-landiſh Barber, his Monſieur, his Tailor, his Cook, his rider of his great Horſe, and the great jade himſelfe rides, all *exotick*; ſnuffing at any ſervices of his owne Countrey; their Meats, Drinks, Faſhions are courſe, fulſome, naſty, without a forraine *Hogow*. Their Sutes, rather then they ſhould be without a Fangle, muſt be done with a *Why-hoo*, which is a *Chimericall* Mode lately found out; A Faſhion to be *whiſtled* into a Tailors head without Butts or Patternes.

Ride on, ride on, great pair, unto Fools Harbour,
Both high in thought, with Baſon, and with Barber.

CHAP. VIII.

Room, room for freſh Adventures, and new Sallies,
Thus farre in Land-work, *now* W'*are for the Gallies*;
For Gally-ſlaves, who chain'd in loving Links,
(Their hands were never honeſter methinks)
The Knight of the Ill-Face *his* Brother-Faces,
(For they were ill-*lookt all) from their doom'd places,*
The Oare and Mines, will reſcue; for he allowes
No force on free-born ſoules, no Chaines, no Gallowes;
An act of deſperate Valour, and Sub pæna
Of death, but that he fled unto Morena,
(Once taking Sancho's *counſell) a high Mountaine,*
Where they remaine, their Hiſtories recounting:
Recounting more the dangerous reward,
(Then th'Act it ſelfe) of forcing of the Guard,
The Convoy of the Slaves, which bold arreſting,
Was treaſon 'gainſt the King, *with whom's no* jeſting.
But that which ſticks i'th' ſtomack of our Don,
Like a good Meale (if ever he get one)
Was the redeemed Slaves ingratitude,
Whom he enlarg'd and gave full latitude
Of Leg and Arme, which they uncivill Devils
Employ againſt the Reſcuer *from their evils.*
Whom thinke you in this Fact was Paramount,
But that unlucky Rogue Gines Paſſamont?
Whom though the Gallies *miſſe, yet for this trick*
Ile warrant him a Paſſe-port to old Nick.

TEXT.

THen if that be ſo, then herein juſtly falls the Execution of my Function.] VVell apply'd *Don*, Ergo *Pot-lid*. No, no, a better Inference by farre; it was *Argumentum ad hominem, viz.* to himſelfe, whoſe Pate itched, it was upon the mending hand, by that ſigne, and conſequently upon the marring; *Exempli gratiâ.*

Every thing under force is reſcuable by my Function.
All theſe are under a force,
Ergo, They are reſcuable by my Function.

The *Syllogiſme* is a very ſtrong one. A Demonſtration, *à priore*, as to the *Don*; as *à Poſteriore*, to the Slaves: The Major no man durſt deny, 'twas *Probatio Leonina! quis auſus eſt quartam partem?* The Minor was viſible as the Noſe in his Face, nay more, then the Teeth in his Mouth, and ten times more, then meat for thoſe Teeth. The Concluſion is undenyable, *per ſæcula ſeculorum*: Thus by one Syllogiſme in two Figures the *Don* hath prov'd himſelfe into an Adventure very *Logically*, his Mood being in *Barbara*, as to the matter of the Reſcue, and in *Bocardo*, as to the iſſue; *à quo*, as

to

to the Slaves, *ad quem*, as to himſelfe and *Sancho*; who could never perſwade him to any prudentiall forbearing of Criminall Encounters; but the *Don* had a head (like his bad ſtomack) which converted all into the groſs and filthy Humours of *Errantick* Valour; which doth rubbe up a ſtorie (wee have not had one a great while, for want of the Barbers Curry-combe) of a Prieſt who was ſure, (let the Text be whence and what it would) to make all the Sermon againſt *Non-Reſidency*; which was taken notice of by all ſorts of Auditors that heard him; the Prieſt being himſelf unbenefic'd, and an *Ubiquetary*, made bold (*ſede vacante*) as he found room enough to pay the *Non-Reſidentiaries*, (though they were in the Mother-Churches in the affirmative) for not ſtopping his mouth with a Living, or with their living upon the place. Now ſome friends conſpired to give this *Itinerant* a Text, whereby he ſhould not poſſibly reſt in his common Notes againſt *Non-Reſidents*; The Text was this, *Abram begat Iſaac*; they thought they were farre enough from Prieſt then; and yet they were out, (for *Abraham* paid Tithes to *Melchizedeck*) but our Sir *Roger* took the Warning, and having Saturday nights (time enough for the Collection of his Authors, which were (as his Land was not) in *Capite*) for premeditation the next day he mounted, and ſhort Prayers premis'd, the Text he named; his Auditory ſmiling at their owne conceits, of what an *irreconcileable* peece of Scripture they had propoſed, and *unconcatenable* to his uſuall ſubject. But beyond all expectation, and to the extreame ſatisfaction of thoſe that knew the Deſigne: No ſooner had he read,——*Abram begat Iſaack*, but he adjoyned. A plaine Text (beloved) againſt *Non-Reſidents*; for, if *Abram* had not kept the Company of his good Woman *Sara*, that is, not been *Reſident*, then *Iſaac* had not been borne. Such kinde of wedded Fancies have many men to one ſort or way, that all manner of Diſcourſe is turn'd into the *Chyle* of their Cuſtomary apprehenſions and applications, be it *Drollery, or Serioufneſſe*; Like a Metaphyſicall pated Diſputant, who, let the Queſtion be, *An Zabarella fuit Scriptorum opt. maximus?* would bring the confounded Replicant to *Materia prima*, by due *forme* of Argument; where if he caught him, *Tenet occiditq;*——he would ſo Contund him, and *extra-mund* him, more then *Materia Prima* it ſelf was at the *Chaos*: happy noiſe of the *Univerſity Bells*, who were onely able to put an end to the *Matter*; or give an *Hæc ſufficiunt pro formâ*.

They are men that take delight in acting and relating knaveries.]

Olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.

The ſoureneſs of the preſent Sauce did not take away the ſenſe of their ſometime ſweet meat, even to the very laſt ſwing, and periodicall moment of life. Miſchiefes will delight themſelves with the memorie of thoſe prancks they can no longer act,

Et retinet mores quos perdidit ætas,

is excellently ſaid of *Claudian*, concerning a ſuperannuate Creature, who (notwithſtanding that her yeares did *ſupertede* her vocation) prudently ſhifted her Trade into that of a *Matron*, which we call Prioreſs of a Vaulting-ſchoole, having a great deſire to ſee that work goe on in others, which was ended in her ſelfe. It is obſervable, that theſe *Guſmanillo's* the night before they aſcend the Execution Cart, ſend for their friends of both ſexes, and very *Pater-familiarly*, advice them with great Caution, how they come

to

to the like unfortunate ends; that is, by being too lavish of their Tongues, too much given to Drinke, which betrayes secrets; too much loving a Whore, which is a revealer of their stealthes, but not their own; too much addiction to Gaming, which doth waste the small stock their industrious pilfering hath got together, and enforceth them upon fresh Designes, and suddaine, but dangerous Recruits; also hankering after Repentance, and hopes of Pardon, which is alwayes of dangerous consequence, and either alters the whole course of ones owne life, or else the latter, (being base Peachery) brings anothers life to a Halter. Wherefore very solemnly they conjure their friends to doe nothing simply, rashly, or unadvisedly, that should conduce to such Casualties as these; but at all times to steale with great care and prudence; to wench soberly, and undiscover'd; to sweare their Hosts once a Moneth to secrecie, and once a yeare at least to bring 'um into personall Action; and for their Landladies, to Night-worke them into silence, that by the mutuall breach of the 7th Commandement they may be true to the Infringers of the 8th; and for the pleasing wrong done to their Husbands, connive at the robbery done to their Neighbours. These Counsels given with some Deprecations to their Children, (if they have any) wishing them the blessing of their labour, their fingers ends upon them; and encouraging them in the way wherein their fore-fathers were bred, they entaile their Professions upon their issue, which is never cut off but with their lives. In that penultimate night is the right farewell to the VVorld, the sense of *Domus*, or *Spelunca Latronum*, truely spoken, the next dayes Pageantry, old *Goodcoale*, the Cart, the Sheriffs, the Halberts, the Psalme, the Confession, signifie nothing, and are onely *pro formâ*, doing *pro more*, as the Custome is, but in truth they are all of the fellowes minde, who is of the Turks, that there is a Fate and Destiny, which is as impossible to escape, as the meanes that brings to it. So that if *Hinde* must be hang'd, he had good reason to see it should not be for nothing.

He answered that his offence was only being in love.]

Injectus est in vincula, nè metue nuptiarum, saith *Lipsius*, *of one caught in a Love knot, or wedding couples.*

But this *Neophyte* was enamor'd with a basket of linnen, it may be a youth in a basket, so left *ab incunabilis*, which was all he had to the charity of the Parish, he did as he was inclin'd by the basket stars, that shone at his nativity, which was the *Talismon* of his whole life. Just as a Taylor for want of work, turn'd into his Trade, but out of his name, a *Fur*, but not *manifestus*, came to an Inne, where all usage was neat and handsome, and about bed-time, the Shee-Chamberlaine left him, hee desiring the use of the Candle longer, by which very succinctly, he made him a good shirt of one of the holland sheets in the bed, having dispatch'd the threds into the fire, they not being worth a *Limbus* in his Hell. But in the Morning he is very much displeas'd with his lodging, (though he lay better then he had done in a month before, with a good shirt on) for that he had but one sheet, the wench swore she thought she brought two, and none ever imagining the conversion of the linnen, he came cleanly off, though he came lowsily on, being better able to shift ever after; such a piece of Love a blade of *Hiemont* in *Cambro Britannia* shew'd to a piece of wandring horse-flesh, wherewith he was as much enamour'd, (as *Europa* of her

Bull)

Bull) for in want of a bridle (and a halter he could not endure) he was enforc'd to embrace the Brute about the neck, and with all ſpeed make to the rode, but the owner being in ſome grounds not farre off, and eſpying the cheat, made after him, undiſcovered, and being very well hors'd overtooke this ranke rider, though the ſpurs of his affections carried him very furiouſly & ſwift away, and requiring of him the reaſon of his ſpeed, his Countryman ſware, Sr, are you in a good houre, the Maſter of this wild jade? in a good houre, I am replyed the other, (for halfe an houre later, I believe had altered the caſe. (In troth Country-man (ſaid the thiefe,) it is the joy of my heart, that you have thus happily overtaken me, for this head-ſtrong jade elſe might very well have runne away with me; the Gentleman was very well pleas'd with his horſe and his jeſt, and unwilling to horſe him againe, diſmiſs'd him under the penaltie of *petty larceny*, when, for want of ready money, they ſcor'd upon his back, the poſtage.

Here it is quite contrary, he that ſings once, and weeps all his life after, he is called a Canary Bird.] This fellow is of the deſpis'd order of the Confeſſours, thoſe I meane of our Tyburn Confeſſours, to whom, confeſſe and be hang'd are convertible; for if you'feſſe you're hang'd, and your hang'd is confeſs. But the *Parot* is laugh'd and abus'd by them all, *Facillimum eſt tacere*, he is fit to be throtled that cannot ſhut's mouth. Could he not ſay, *Not guilty my Lord*, but upon the firſt queſtion undo himſelfe, and comrades, and occaſionally deprives the World of a ſucceſſion of *Knight-Errants*, who were deſtin'd relievers of Ladies, (Market-women returning home laden) reſcuers of inthralled Creatures, (poor ſenſible Animals lock'd and fetter'd) ſurprizers of Caſtles, (ſuch as every mans houſe is) ſetters free of the impriſoned Queen (*Regina Pecunia*, let her confinement be to Iron Cheſt, or Caſtle under ground;) chaſers and ſubduers of Monſters, (all honeſt men travelling upon their occaſions;) Diſinchanters of *Negromancers*, (diſrobers of *Gypſies*, *Canberry Beſſes*, and the like *Bona Robas* of the times:) One confeſſour, one puling, ſnit'ling, Hen-hearted Rogue, is ſometime the ruine of a ſet, a pack, a covie of theſe valiant *Heroes*, whom the Annals had ſwell'd with; but for the Interception of a few yeares, concluded in a Triangle, which was intended for the Circle.

I goe to the Lady Garrupes, *for five yeares, becauſe I wanted ten Ducats.*]

This was a pleaſant Rogue, that rattled his Chaines, made Muſick of his Fetters, and ſang with his breaſt againſt the Thornes. It was pitty, that for want of a little money, a Bribe, or ſo, ſo brave a ſpirit ſhould tugge at an Oare! But hang it, it was for five yeares, and what's that to the age of man, which is threeſcore and ten in the traine of the world. He ſweetens all the miſerie by making *Proſerpina* his Lady, the Turn-keyes wife a *Madona*: ſuch comforts they raiſe to themſelves, who ſhaking hands, heads, and heeles at Madam *Tyburija's*, Coſin german to the Lady *Garrupes*, tell their friends that they are invited for a yeare and a day to the Lord *Mayors* Banqueting Houſe, (which is all one with *Apud infernos cœnabimus:*) others, in other places, vaile and couch it, under riding the wooden Horſe, covering *Bagwells* Mare, dining under the *Hawthorne tree*, turning *Mahomets*, and without a Load-ſtone reſiding betwixt Heaven and Earth: And while they live in the like *Metaphors* (for the other are *Allegories* and continue for ever)

ever) they name their Fetters Love-knots, their Ropes Fancies, (which for the honour of their Ladies they will weare to the death) their Goales their Castles, their Carts their Chariots, in which they ride in Triumph from *Metropolis* to *Tripletris*: And a Father these all have, *Derich*, or his successor, and the Mother of the grand Family, *Maria Sciss-Marsupia*, who is seldome troubled at the losse of any of them, having many, and to spare, and fearing no want of succession, because there are so many lineally descended one from another.

Don Quixot *went to the fourth, who was a man of venerable person, with a long white Beard which reached to his bosome.*]

Non Barba facit Philosophum.

A man may have a very goodly Beard, and yet be a *Pimpe*: and a man may have never a haire on his head, and be a *Whoremaster*; and a man may have ne'r a haire in his face, and be an *Eunuch*. *Fronti nulla fides*; Beards of all fashions are nought; and you need not so precisely keep your wife from *Blak-beard*, *Browne* is as dangerous, *Yellow* worst, and *Red* worst of all.

Et de virtute locuti——
——Clunem agitant.

Cato would be drunke, and *Morose* together; and the old Sages, the *Gray-beards*, had their *Lycases*, *Ganymeds*, and pretty *Cleopatras*, as well as *Jupiter*, *Cæsar*, or *Mark Antonie*. These Brokers of the Eare, Inventers of the venereall *Hotacusticon*, or *Priapuses* Whisp'ring place, are the same sort of Engineers, as our Procurers, Match-makers, Limb-comforters, Informers unto the Vice, not against it; who are walking Tickets, and moveable Papers of inclining Ladies Lodgings, where the Beautie, (like the Room next vacation) is to be let ready furnish'd. This Affaire is much manag'd by Matrons in our *Clime*, unlesse it be when both Parents consent in the Construpation of a Daughter; then (as my Father *Ben* saith) they cannot be matched.-- I have a short story (*Credent ne posteri!*) of the truth of this last practice: Where the Mother was brib'd to the violation of her onely, and that a very handsome childe; the gravity of the Mothers person would have deterr'd an ill inclin'd *Roman* from the vice; but our *Northern* Lads are unappeasable: A round summe is propos'd, the place appointed even at her own house, in a room just over the Chamber, where this piece of Antiquity taught schoole; Into which the shrecks of her devirginitated Daughter came, which put her unto the most horrid shift of all, to smother the noise of Lust with the Tones of a Psalm, which she & her Scholars sung aloud, and the second part too, whiles the other above sung damnable Notes to a godly Ditty. The highest practice of Impiety that ever I heard of, and perform'd many yeares before the late Reformation, but betwixt the time of the first; otherwise *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* could not have been instrumentall to a piece of Incontinency; unto the performance whereof, (like Musick in the *Act*) perchance *Davids* Penitentiall, unregarded, might be the Hymne. This story is not Father'd upon this bad Mother, but it is set downe to shew you, that *Italy* and *Venice*, *Spaine* and *France*, have more open toleration of sport; but great Purses can doe amongst us as much as ever it did at *Rome*; and *Animæ Parentum*, aswell as *Corpora Filiarum*, are *venalia*. This Childe without doubt had this

Originall

Originall ſinne from her Parent, and from whence ſhe learn'd this pious fraud is too long to enquire.

If that ſmack of Witchcraft were not in it, he merited not.] It is ordinary to impute our own Lapſes (which lay in our wills ſometimes to have reſolved) to the power of the Devill, tempting and over-ruling us. A wench willingly ſeduced, and poyſon'd, (as they ſay) was thus expoſtulating with her ſelfe *poſt rem factam, & ſe infectam.* What a graceleſſe Quean was I? what a forgetfull hot-tail'd Carrion? Right! very right! Sure I was bewitched, there ſhe was *excentrick*! Nay, without peradventure the Devill was in me! And with a high ſigh, conſidering her early Hillock, ſaid, Shame on me, it was the Devill *Incarnate.* This Confeſſion not extorted, nor ſubtilly wrought out by any Examiner, but a ſhifting, ſhriving Conſcience, may very well be præambulatory to her owne Abſolution, and to this ſcandall from our Broker of the Eare, who following the ſteps of his firſt ſubtile Maſter plyes that part which he began with, and ſo at laſt got from one Round to another. Look to your Eare-rings Ladies, ſtrange bobs hang thereby.

Although I know very well, that no Sorcery in the World can move or force the Will.] *Medicated* Garters, Gloves, Handkerchieffs, Heart-breakers, Ribbands, Fillits, Fancies, Pictures, nor *Platonick* ſpeculation, (which, if there be any thing neare Witch-craft, or *Knight-Errantry*, is without Queſtion of the ſureſt ſide) finde any faith in our *Don*, who for this Tenet (for in other things *quantum diſtat*) may be accounted a wiſe man by the authority of the firſt Verſe that ever mov'd foot in his behalfe:

Sapiens dominabitur Aſtris.

And if it be in the power of a *Knight-Errant* to reſiſt and counter-worke the Influences of the Starres, who are his higher Brother *Planetæ*, and ſo (with the Sunnes leave) as many Monſters as ever *Quixot* did; which Starres more ſubtilly and naturally incline our tempers; and if their vertues may be rebated by a moderate Faſting, and ſufficiently mortified Body, or rather as our *Don's* was mortar-fied. D'you thinke a few Herbes ſhall doe it? I dare preſume, that let *Medæa* have gathered what Plants ſhe pleas'd, at what time of the night ſhe thought moſt effective, and with what words ſhe pleas'd too; let them have been made into a grand Sallet, with Oyle, Sugar, Almonds, Vinegar, and the reſt of the French *Coques* Ingredients, *Quixot* and *Sancho* ſhould have made no more danger of it, but eate it as heartily, and with as good ſucceſſe, as if *Mary Gutierez* had prepared againſt their comming home a *Tanſey* of *Clare*, for the reparation of her *Sancho's* backe; and another of *Coxcombo*, for the diſcerebratings of his Knights head.

I goe here, becauſe I have jeſted too much with two Couſin Germans of mine owne.] The Rogue lyes to the *Don* and his Couſins too; for he was in earneſt with them, and they took it: Inſomuch, that if there were but few Trees or none in *Spaine*, he ought to have been ſent to *Rome*, and hang'd upon the *Arbor Civilis* for an example; which by theſe diſorderly intermixtures he hath made ſo knotty, that it hath chang'd many a *Bartolus* (with rubbing his Pate to finde the right names for his Off-ſpring) into *Baldus.* It is the latter end of the Character of this ſlave, that he was a *Student*, a great *Talker*, and a very good *Latiniſt.* All theſe he might be; for *Scientia* and

Mores doe not alwayes meet in the ſame perſon, though it were a very handſome Conjunction: But you finde his *ſtudeo* (*Mus è contra*) *ſtans*; and he is not ſo great a *Talker*, but as great a *Doer* too; and for his Latine Tongue, that could be no ſinne, unleſſe in that *Catholike* Tongue he did corrupt the Whore of *Babylon*.

Don Quixot *ask'd who was this ſo loaden with Irons, and why? Becauſe he had done more Villanies than they all.*] This Rogue was at full years, in the ſtrength of his age, a handſome fellow, (as we ſay of thoſe we never doe commend but once) the reſt of his Company were ſingular knaves, but this was *Nomen multitudinis*; A Book muſt comprehend his life, and no better pen-man then himſelfe; if he could be true to any, certainly he would not cheat us in his owne Story. In the Parchments of his body (for he was for the Antique Records) much of his Hiſtory was to be read, in a very high *Rubrick*, which upon ſolemne dayes was ſeen, and the part re-ſtigmatiz'd according to order: In his hand was another Impreſſion, in his forehead another, another in his ſhoulder, which were ſeverall Editions of ſome ſmall Pamphleticall labours of his, which are now to be collected into one intire Volume, bound up together like the Author; and to be tyed in memory of *Gines Paſſamont*, in the *Vatican*, in Chaines, when the firſt Edition ſhall come forth, *Correctior & non Emendatior*.

Gines Paſſamont, *or*, *Gineſilio* of *Parapilla*.] This latter name of *Parapilla*, *Gines* doth abominate, the Creatures of the Rode changing names as oft as High-wayes, which they never ply above two Termes. As for example, Now he is taken and apprehended by the name of *Paſſa-mont*; at other times, and upon emergencies of occaſions, *Paſſe-a-broak*, *Paſſe-a-ditch*, *Paſſe-a-way*, *Paſſe-o-ver*, *Paſſe-a-repaſs*; but this the beſt name, if with a

Convenit res nomini.

One *Paſs-a-galley* were worth a Kingdome: beſide what a great adornment to the *Grande Opus* of his life would it be, if it might not be concluded among the Brethren of the Oare, but be ſpunne out to the utmoſt thred in the noble Enterprizes that Fate and his owne Genius had neceſſitated and inclined him to.

This Book was pawned in Priſon for 200 Royalls, and is redeemable for ſo many Duckets.] You may read in this Book the abuſe of Priſoners, which at firſt was bound for Pence, and cannot get out under paiment of Pounds; the expence of the Priſon, and the Keepers Fees, and Rent-money for the liberty of the Rules, (without Rule) extending beyond the Libertie of the People even to *Conſtantinople*, where thoſe that live under the Turk are more kindly us'd then thoſe that live under Jewes at home, mercileſſe Jaylers, and hungry Wardens, who fleece the ſheep brought to their Pounds, worſe then a Wolf a Lamb. But *Gines* after his Captivity ended, for he did Paſſe a Jew in ſlavery, never out a whole ſeven years together: ſo that he reckons his life by the *luſtra* of his Impriſonments, the firſt five of his Innocency and Infancy going for nothing; ſo that he hath plai'd at fives excellently well, and his *Quinquatria* of once every fifth year, (in the Gallies, or ſome place of like eminence) except before excepted, render him according to the Spaniſh and his own account, *trigeſimo ætatis*, which (if he had been guilty of ſo many crimes in *England*) would have been *Gregorian*, which is a juſt Account indeed, but very killing.

The

The Commissarie held up his rod to strike.] *Molops* our insulting Officer is incens'd; the Tyranny of such Superiors is intolerable; and when the State hath taken the Will-liberty of his hands and feet from him, these will deprive him of his naturall freedome, if it were possible they would muzle his mouth; but *Gines* is mumm'd presently, he saw *it was but a Word and a Blow*, and it was better and more selfe-preservingly done to leave him to the *Sarcasmes* of his Book, then by a shoulder-experience to have learn'd how to write a literall invective against him. But see the Valour of these Brutes, not much unlike the victory of *Æneas*, and a fellow-Deity to boot, upon a simple woman, (as *Dido* is pleased to call her selfe, though she doubled I believe with one of those Deities.)

Egregiam vero laudem & spolia ampla tulistis,
Tuque puerque tuus, magnum & memorabile nomen:
Una dolo Divûm *si fœmina victa duorum!*

Which for the honour of *Gines*, and the perpetuall stigma of such Barbarous *Custodes*, let it speak *English* thus:

What glory may be in the Victory found,
If a loose Devill beat a Prisoner bound?

It seemes to me a rigorous manner of proceeding to make slaves of them whom God and Nature hath made free.] How farre this freedome or exemption from punishment is disputable, tenable, or otherwise, hath not by any Defenders of the Liberty been yet shewne. For *Don Quixot*, who seemes at the instant very much to Patronize the cause of these (*contra Legem Naturæ*) enthralled, doth at other times very highly tyrannize, and gave *Sancho* (his friend *Sancho*, Townes-borne Children, and of the better Face, of equall sufferings) but for doing the work of Nature (I meane not that of Disenteration,) but of laughing, such a blow upon his free-borne shoulders, that if he had not been a laughing-stock indeed, the blowes had confounded him: but here he is for freedome, and anon for Distance, Observance, Reverence. However the Theme was sweet, and the Rhetorick pleasing, and findes more Beleevers then experienc'd souldiers; and therefore *Don Quixot's* Oration was received as *Cæsars* at the passe of *Rubicon*; when his speech against the insulting, covetous Faith-breaking Senate was applauded by the whole Army, and the Countries where he came, crying out, *Downe with the Senate*, downe with them: Long live the people of *Rome*, and the Liberties of the Commons: all this while crying down that Authority, and not knowing what would succeed, or whether *uni Cæsari multos Marios*, whether Q. *Elizabeths*, or *Maries* dayes were better; which is worst to endure, Fire, or Sequestration?

Goe on the way, good Sir, and settle the Bason right on your head.] What, touch our Helmet, touch it with so high indignity as to call it a Bason! 'Tis a Defiance which presently amounted to a *Tournament*; a *Tournament*, to an *Over-turne*, that to a Dismount, which happened upon the first Barriers, where low lies the Commissarie, and *Don Quixot* rides like *Iupiter liberator*, guilty of a Rescue, and *Sancho Pauca*, (who all this time through feare of the Guard, Lawlesse and Witlesse) suspecting Victory, that she would play the Jade, and not keep the same side still, was auxiliary to the slaves, and the fettery Hand-Cuffs of *Gines Passamont*, and all his Iron-work lopp'd off, and the Cord of Amity and Friendship of his Fellowes broken, they

all (as now in Duty they stood *loose*) took part with their *Rescuer*, or *Restitutor Quixot*, and so pelted the guard, that they had very hard pay for their Convoy, and glad to retreat, they left the Prisoners to *Don Quixot*, Master of the Field, and Lord of Six, which he counted a *Sexcenturio*: And imagining himselfe *Generalissimo*, he thus makes his Oration to his new-form'd Army.

Don Quixot's *Oration to the Slaves Redeemed.*

Quirites (*Gentilemen Souldiers all*)
And fellow Souldiers too, (*such I you call,*
Such is your Generals *meeknesse,*) *Free-borne Blades,*
And made Free-Blades by Me, *from hungry Trades,*
Tugging at Oares, or digging in the Mines
For Wealth and Oare, (*he ne'r enjoyes that findes*)
Made capable to feed your selves, not eat
The pittances of Madam Garrupes *meat,*
Dry'd Eeles, and th'Eeles skins for digestion,
Poore John, and what that is 's a question;
Stock-fish, and Haberdine, and splitted Hakes,
Dry'd Sprats, Cockles, Dog-fish, and Sun-dry'd Cakes.
What is that thing your Emperor shall aske?
What is it that you'll think too great a taske?
Methinks I heare Gines Passamont *require,*
Where my commands will be? through Water, Fire,
Or over Mountains, or down steepy Rocks?
Or if againe we shall binde on these Locks,
From whence your power hath newly loos'd us; We
Shall be more proud of such Captivity,
Then any freedome of our owne: 'Tis so;
Once more then on your Necks these Laces throw,
Once more in Chains, but never after this;
You must be Pilgrims to my Queen *of blisse,*
Dulcinea *of* Toboso, *Lady bright,*
Bright as the Stars, black-mantled all in night:
Her, *and* Toboso's *Pallace having found,*
Humble your selves, and click your Chains to th'ground.
Tell her you are Don Quixots *Freed-men, tell*
That he hath ransom'd you from Death and Hell,
From Furies, and things worse tormentative,
Devills incarnate; that you are alive,
It is the Guerdon of his Armes and Lance
Which Masters all, when it doth once advance.
Say you besides, with a most signall grace,
Thus spake the Knight *of the* Ill-favour'd Face,
And kissing thrice the ground, rise from the place.

Gines

Gines Passamont *answered for all the rest, saying:*]

Gines Passamont's *Reply to his Emperour.*

Then Passamont *i'th' name of all the rest,*
Bowing his body, as became him best,
(Honour'd Releaser said,) Command what is
Fecible, and not impossibilities.
How canwe all in such Procession go,
The Holy Brothers *ranging to and fro;*
And all wayes laid to take us for th'escape,
And Hues *and* Cries *in every Village gape?*
Not that I Lightning, or fell Thunder feare,
(Unless that Lightning before death appear.)
Why should your Excellency *thus value us,*
As to designe us, new releev'd, to th'Gallowes?
'Twere better ne'r to have been freed, then I
Should now surrender to a Hue *and* Cry;
And on the next tall tree, in these soap'd Chaines,
Gines Passamont *should give the Crowes his braines.*
Those braines that form'd and fram'd that glorious work,
(Greater then Tamerlains, *that slew the Turk,)*
Whom he did keep in Iron Cage; till, wroth,
He beat his braines out, which to goe were loath.
O Sir, some nobler thing command:
Cannot you change? it is not under hand,
Nor Persian *Edict: Knights of the* Round-Table
Were never said to be unalterable.
If that your Queen were her they call of Faries,
(As if she's like to you, you must be Pares)
Would it not be as well to have some Aves,
Such pious Soules as we shall get God save-yee's,
With equall Creeds, *and equall* Pater nosters,
We will roar out in most amazing postures:
Both night and day we will frequent the place,
Praying you both have a like Favour'd *race.*
That whosoe'r behold the valiant youth,
May swear 'twas spet out of Don Quixots *mouth.*
But for this Boon, dread Sir, doe not pursue it,
For to be short and plaine, we will not doe it.

I sweare, said Don Quixot, *throughly enraged, Sir, sonne of a whore,* Don Ginesio Parapillio.] This peremptory Denyall made the Don all flame within, and soot and smoak without, insomuch, that he fumed and foam'd, (like a Boares head on a Chafing-dish) and mounting upon *Rosinant*, he rode up to the Head of the Foot, and to the Hand of that Head, and with his Face full of Wroth, and filthy Fury, fetting his hand to his Lance, and his Lance to his side, and an Oath in his mouth, which was none of the smallest. By the *faire Eyes of my Mother*, (swore the Knight) whose very

very picture I am, when she teem'd me under the Line, thou sonne of *Lupa*, *Don Gives* of *Pass'on-offa*, or *Don Ginger-bread* of *Parapompeon*, or by what Title soever call'd, or mis-call'd;

Thou'dst better eaten Tarre, then from thy chops
Had fell such rude, and undigested drops:
I destin'd thee unto a Linck of Chaine,
Now load it all *upon his neck profane,*
Untill with weight (as due) it crack againe.
And for these bold presumptuous words alone,
(All these remitted) without Hose, or Shoon,
Unto Dulcinea *(Pilgrims poore) be gone.*

He winked on his Companions, and going aside, they sent such a showre of stones.] See, see the wheele of Fortune! O Vicissitude! O Moone! O Madnesse, to think it can be otherwise to men under the Moon! Trust not to Honour, she's an Eele; nor to Victory, she's a Wheele; nor to Riches, they are Witches; nor to Popularity, that short-liv'd Charity; nor to Friends, for Love is for Ends; nor to Allyes, for none can tell who cries when he is dead, and cold is his head. Our *Grand-Signior Don* of the *Mancha* and *Sexcenturiat* is un-*Ottom*, and by his own Janizaries, and *Sancho-Mahomet* hangs betwixt two Opinions, and knows not which side to take: *Passamont* not mov'd with the Reverence of his looks, nor the Majesty of his Helmet, beats the Brazen Diadem about his Tinne-pot face, and with shoals of stones so pelts him, that the Knight lookt for his end, and to lye buried under small Pebbles, and other Rubbish, as if he had dy'd in a *Pitcht-field*: *Rosinante* is over-turned, and lyes all foure upward, as if the Earth had back'd him, and he was riding into the Aire. *Sancho* is uncanonically us'd, and stript of his Cassock, under whose pious Covert many a Henne and Chicken hung, as small Birds in a cleft stick. The Asse is (as alwayes) *Animal cogitabundum & obtusum*, and so stands, and they all not much unlike. But the *Don* is most dejected at the apprehension that these his Captives should returne him stones for bread, paine for ease, and confinement to a wilde Mountaine, for their enlargement to the wide world, where we must look him now, if we will finde him, for the *Don* doth not goe now to seek, but to hide.

CHAP. IX.

An Honourable Retreat, with Horses flying,
With bodies furl'd, and Colours like men dying:
Lance trail'd, and Rosinantes *pendent eares not prickt,*
Unless sometimes, when Don *his dull sides kickt.*
Still like himselfe our Don, *for as in fight,*
He ran into the thickest, so in's flight:
No Hare *so intricate a Maze could make,*
And by their Doubles they like courage take:

But Sancho *does runne Counter-posting back,*
That he may finde the Path in the same Track.
But now they'r got into the uncouth'st place
Of all the Mountaine, Where a little space
Spent in Refection, little there was dreſt,
Their Belly's full, their bones were ſoon at reſt.
Here with eyes clos'd full cloſe, and open noſe,
Knight *and* Squire-Errant, *take their loud repoſe.*
Not Errant *now, no not in dreams, nor thought;*
For want of Fancies Scouts, a Miſchiefe's wrought;
(Such as our after-times will ſadly Rue)
Sanch's *Aſse is ſtolne, (ſuch Aſses were but few.)*
And never bray'd, nor gave the ſhrill Onch, Onch;
For Paſſamont *the ſlave had ſlily ſlunck*
Into Morena *for a skulk, and gazing,*
Eſpies two Aſses ſleeping, and one grazing.
Theſe undiſturb'd he leaves; but takes great care
For Sancho's *Brute, to ſhew him better fare.*
Pancha *i'th' Morn' had e'en departed too,*
Not out, but in the Mountaine, when the view
Of an old Wallet, lin'd with yellow Boyes,
Turn'd his Aſse-Funeralls to gallant joyes:
He thinks not now of Tiltings, nor to fight,
But he will purchaſe Governments down-right,
He'll buy the Iſland of the needy Lownes,
And for the future ſave their Pates, not Crownes.
But O the Miſchiefe! here's a Deu'liſh Block,
The Owner of the Gold, the Knight o'th' Rock
Appears, and in ſtrict hugs, and cloſe embrace,
The Knight o'th' Rock, *and the* Ill-favour'd Face
Encounter one the other; Tales are told,
Which Sancho *likes, but not a word o'th' gold.*

TEXT.

TO doe good to men unthankfull, is to caſt water into the Sea, &c.]
——*Perditur Oceano gutta.*

Our *Engliſh* Proverb, though not againſt *Ingratitude*, is as ſmart; for it is all one to be unthankfull as inſenſible, ſo that, *To greaſe a fat Sow in the Taile*, comes much to one end. But theſe two Proverbs in their executions and applications are not alike; for few throw water into the Sea; or if once it have been done, it is never ſeconded upon the ſame perſon. For we ſo naturally love Flattery and Applauſe for all our gratuities, that if we miſſe our vaine-glorious Harveſt, wee never ſow ſeed in that barren and *Lethean* ground againe. But on the other ſide, when we are in the veine of Preſents, and that to great ones, Curteſies not acknowledged are ſuſpected, that they were either guilty of Intempeſtivity and unſeaſonableneſſe, or elſe of want of Worth and Glory. This puts the *Client*, the *Sutor*, the *Flatterer*, the

Prodigo,

Prodigo, the *Expectant*, to fresh charge and new counsell of gifts, till they have either wearied their Purses, or their eminent (but taking friend) into a small resentment, by importunity, and multiplyed Repetition.

The Holy Brother-hood *care not two Farthings for all the* Knight-Errants *in the world.*] A *Brother of the Sword* could doe no more: but this *Holy Brother-hood*, were Brothers of the Whippe, or Bulls-pizzle. I believe, (such as the *Fratres* of Bride-well) whom to offend is a double punishment, starving and stripping: they are revenged upon back and belly, giving this too little, and that too much. But *Sancho* doth very much dignifie the Title of *Knight-Errants*, who it seemes in *Spaine* were esteemed no better then Vagrants, and passable from Tithing-man to Tithing-man.

Upon condition thou shalt never tell any mortall Creature, that I with-drew for feare, but onely to satisfie thy requests.] This Adventure of *Sancho's* promoting, was the safest they yet encountred, the Adventure of *Retirement*, which was well ominously, and politickly ingaged on with an Oath of Secresie. It will well become all spirits of equall undertakings with our *Don*, and equall successe, to sweare their Seconds, and Company, never to reveal the unfortunate issue of any fight, nor the necessities of a Retreat, whether orderly, or otherwise, as great Feare or Apprehension of Danger shall direct. But that you may see in what a stout Accent, with what Princely Gate, what undaunted Countenance a *Don* can make an escape, take Sanctuary, or else, like *Robin Hood*, be for the green Hills, presuming a shrug or two preparatively made:

Thus highly speaks——The Knight that sneaks.
Retreat! Retire! O base! But Sancho *sweare,*
Advance thy mouth unto our grisly haire,
And knab a Lock of that contorted curle,
That breaks the heart of faire Toboso's Gurle.
Sweare to a Haire, sweare by these sable Locks,
'Twas thy desire to live 'mongst Trees and Stocks;
Sweare that I went for Company, swear (Sirrah)
That I ne'r led the way into Sierra.
For though in all the Tables they shall finde
Me on the Forlorne, Sancho Panch' *behind;*
Yet in this businesse, (is't be cut in Brasse,
Or Wood, all's one) I followed here the Asse:
For what could Rosinant *doe with his proud Bristles?*
The Asse was best for guide through Thorns and Thistles.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Knight o'th' rock, and Knight o'th' harder face,
Salute each other in most Courtly grace:
Look on these postures, who'l judge him o'th' Rocks,
Mad for a Mistresse, or the Don *for knocks?*
Such civiliz'd deportment, shews of Love,
As Rock *and* Bad-face *had been hand and Glove;*
With strenuous Complements, (above the School,
Of Sr John Daw, *or* Amorous *La* Fool.)
The Don *obtaines* Cardenio's *wofull Tale.*
Where doth not Armes and Rhetorick prevaile?
Great was the attention o'th' Ill-favour'd *Knight,*
Who for Dulcinea *was in wofull plight.*
As oft as Ferdinand Luscinda *prais'd,*
A panting feare in his fond breast it rais'd.
Toboso *too was flesh and blood; and how*
If some great Prince should vacuate her vow?
'Twould prove of dangerous consequence for us,
To have our Ladies so adventurous;
But yet Cardenio *gave no ground to raise*
Such scruples, but Luscinda *still doth praise,*
And prosecutes his Story with such grace,
That it astonish'd all upon the place,
And the Don *too; for so it fortuned,*
He beat the Tale into his Cockscombs head.

TEXT.

Truly good Sr, whosoever you are, for I know you not, I doe with all my heart gratifie, &c.] Behold and view the very Picture of the Salutation-Taverne reform'd; an *Andaluzian*, and a *Manchegan* in the Spanish mode, passing Punctilios upon one another. I wonder it scap'd our Pencill men, especially when they had so many Signes to alter. A *Knight-Errant* and a Bedlam exactly drawn, in the liveliest postures of the *Madrid Salutados*, would have been as magnetick and beneficiall to the house, as the Renouned pieces of *John a Green*, or *Mul-sack*.

The Knight of the Rock did nothing but behold him, and re-beheld him from top to toe.] Certainly these two inlarg'd their Organs beyond the Sphære of their ordinary capacities. It is thought by the unusuall dilatation of their optick Nerves, they had so far extended their eyes, that all that instant, they might have been taken for a brace of *Saracens*; and as their postures before made 'um unfit for Tavernes, so these for Innes.

After viewing him well he said, if you have any meat, give it me for Gods sake.] *Cardenio*, being to make a full relation of his misfortunes, desires to eat first, and being quick at meat, was quick at worke, for having filled himselfe from the Wallets, he forthwith filled their Eares with a most

passionate Story, which he did more sagely and deliberately deliver, then could be expected from such wild looks, and strange postures. The Story you shall have in Verse, because it is long, and the bestowing Feet upon it, will make it passe away the quicker.

Cardenio's story.

My name is Cardenio, *the place of my Birth, one of the best Cities in* Andaluzia.

1.

Cardenio is my name, my Birth
In one of *Andaluzias*
Best Cities, which hath got the praise,
For one o'th' choisest Seates on Earth.

2.

My Parents did in wealth abound,
As I in sad Misfortunes doe,
(Wealth is no Antidote for Woe)
Such as else-where cannot be found.

3

In the same Cities round there shin'd,
A beauty of transcendent grace,
Who made a Heaven of the place,
Yet to my ruine was assign'd.

4.

Luscinda was this Angels name,
And she had earthly glories too,
(If Wealth and Honour ought can doe,
To magnify a Ladies Fame.)

5.

Loves fuell in our Child-hood glow'd,
And when we knew not what w' would have,
To amorous play our selves we gave,
And innocent fire along flowed.

6.

Untill with yeares the flame grew high,
And our wise Parents 'gan to see,
These fires could not extinguish'd be,
But by our mutuall tie.

7.

Luscinda's Father fear'd our Loves
Might unresisted run, whereby
A non-admittance unto me,
My faith and loyall temper proves.

8.

Like *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* then,
Through crannies we did Court,
And chinks and holes, conveigh'd our sport,
(Made stronger by her Fathers Pen.)

9

Reſtraint in Flames and Currents ſtopp'd
Runne wilder, and moſt furious break
Poor Damms, (in Combate too too weak.)
And winds oppos'd will ne're be topp'd.

10

(Deny'd acceſſe, and tongues up ty'd)
To Paper Stratagems we turn'd,
Our paſſions then in Letters burn'd,
And the conveyance was our pride.

11.

And by the Emblem of true Love,
(A feather'd Meſſenger well taught)
Were conſtant Letters to us brought,
And we well paid the Carrier Dove.

12.

On it, as on *Luſcindas* Lips,
VVere kiſſes plentifully laid,
The Dove (as if accompt it made)
The loving tally juſtly keeps:

13.

And with the letter would approach,
Which 'bout her colour'd Neck was hung,
And ſoon as that was once unſtrung,
To Bill *Luſcinda* 'twould incroach.

14.

So that *Luſcinda* knowing well,
The Bird did nothing, but 'twas taught,
Her Lips unto like kindneſſe brought,
And paid my Favours with a fragrant ſmel.

15.

For that the kiſſes came from her,
Might be aſſur'd to me, ſhee fum'd
Her Lips in Civet (I preſum'd)
Which I upon her did conferre.

16.

Thus did we blow our warm deſires,
And words (like wind) increas'd the flame;
The papers did afford us game,
VVe liv'd upon fantaſtick fires.

17.

At laſt, impatient of delaies,
I undertooke a deadly taske,
It was *Luſcinda* ſtout to aske,
Of her Lov'd Sire, and brook no naies.

18.

A thouſand ſtops, a thouſand onwards made.
As damm'd to *Siſyphus* his ſtone;
I forward went, yet back was throwne;
Couragious now, and now afraid.

19.

Courage at laſt prevail'd, and I
Accoſted him, whom moſt I fear'd,
And told him how I was indeer'd
Unto *Luſcinda*, ſhee to me.

20.

My Love was Noble, and ſcorn'd ſtealth,
A Jewell of that value ſhou'd
Be purchas'd by a ſervitude:
A Thiefe is Maſter of no wealth.

21.

Wherefore his liking was the band,
Which us yet ſever'd bindes,
(Tied faſt enough in heart and mindes)
And for the ſecond tye I ſtand.

22.

An anſwer gratious he beſtow'd,
That I vouchſaf'd to honour his,
And made his only pledge my bliſſe,
And ſugred language plenty flow'd.

23.

Then with a gravity he ſaid,
Cardenio, ſtill thy Father lives;
Both Parents legal conſent gives,
Let him but ſay't, and thine's the Maid.

24.

Such wings the Anſwer gave my ſoule,
That I was ſtraight-way flying home,
But thither when I joyfull come,
Strange news my wavering Fates controule.

25.

As I my due approaches made,
Reſolv'd to aske *Luſcinda* Wife,
Duke *Ricards* Letter, as my life
He bid me read, my Riſe was laid.

26.

Cardenio, look you there, the Duke,
I know not whence the occaſion is,
Courts you unto his Court in this,
As in a glaſſe your fortunes looke.

27.

None of the leaſt Grandees of Spaine,
(But yet in *Andaluzia* chiefe)
Duke *Ricard* was; that my beliefe
In his great Offers were not vain.

28.

The Invitation it was high,
No leſſe then be companion,

Unto Duke *Ricards* eldeſt ſonne;
Few were ſo fortunate as I!

29.

And as I read, my heart did ſwell,
Dilated with the joyfull news;
Fond Fool! I too ambitious,
Thought happineſſe at Court did dwell.

30.

But then my Father ſtrook me dumb,
Saying *Cardenio*, yet two dayes,
Thy welcome perſon with us ſtayes,
And then for Court, thy time is come.

31.

Theſe were too bigge for one poor Breaſt,
Nor could I keep them, but my faire
Luſcinda was to keep her ſhare,
That Cabinet became them beſt.

32.

With theſe a thouſand kiſſes paſt,
And promiſes of conſtancy,
And teares did iſſue from her eye,
And cry'd, pray heaven thy Love doe laſt.

33.

Cardenio! and with that a ſigh,
Take heed *Cardenio* of the Court,
It hath (my love) no good report,
And thou art young, and abſent I.

34.

Abſent? *Luſcinda* didſt thou ſee?
Where thou full deep engraven art,
Thou'dſt find thy picture in my h'art;
Cardenio ſaid, I live by thee.

35.

Then graſping her faire hand he vow'd
A conſtancy ſo firme and ſure,
Angelick Formes ſhould not allure,
(If they more faire could be allow'd)

36.

Nay, nay, *Cardenio* you're at Court,
Luſcinda bluſhing ſaid,
(And by thoſe colours Truth is made,)
Which he deviſed in Loves ſport.

37.

But envious Time cut off the reſt,
Of pretty talk; their lips doe now
Tranſact, all cloſely ſeale and vow,
And unto ſecreſie are preſt.

38. Parted

38.

Parted at length with much a doe,
By the quaint'ſt language of the eye,
A thouſand farewels you might ſpie,
If you doe know the Art to woe.

39.

Her Father now was come, and put
An end to all, but thoughts;
Salutes did paſſe, and both beſought,
That time true-Loves knot might not cut.

40.

The good old Man could nought denye,
(For on *Luſcinda* he did dote)
And as ſhe would, he paſs'd his vote,
Leſt croſſing her ſhould make her dye.

41.

VVith theſe good Auſpices rejoyc'd,
To the Dukes Court *Cardenio* flies,
VVhere all regard well juſtifies;
The Duke did Love him as 'twas voic'd.

42.

Honour'd byth' Duke, and's eldeſt ſonne,
But envied of the followers,
I found that flatteries and feares,
Poſſeſſed wholly every one.

43.

It 'twas too much, they thought, that I
Should in the Father and the ſonne
Hold ſuch a ſtrong affection,
That they me nothing would deny.

44.

But when they ſaw Lord *Ferdinand*,
(The ſecond ſonne of Duke *Ricard*)
Shew me ſuch Love, ſuch high Regard,
They fawn'd on that they cann't withſtand.

45.

And then, as the known Favorite,
I often was applyed unto,
And praiſes heard, which were not due,
In which more danger is then ſpight.

46.

Don Ferdinand did ſo exceed
In his exalted Love, that nought
He fear'd or lov'd, his very thought
He did impart, I was his Creed.

47.

Not his own Brother would he truſt,
(Though they did love moſt deare)

With what he whiſper'd in my eare,
And once admit; retain I muſt.

48.

So dangerous the ſecrets are
Of Princes, that they fire the breſt,
Where they lye lodg'd as a dark neſt,
And if divulg'd they make a Warre.

49.

But that which touch'd Lord *Ferdinand*,
Was an unequall love he bare,
Unto a Virgin rich and Faire,
A Farmers daughter of the Land.

50.

He told me all the paſſages,
Of his long Suit, and how the maid
Could by no Arts be once betrai'd,
Nor would give eare to wanton pleas.

51.

Which forc'd him to a ſolemne oath,
Made only to intrap her ſoule,
For he intended actions foule,
Yet ſwore they would be married both.

52.

Then what my power was I tried,
And with perſwaſion ſtrong diſſwade
His further hanckring on the maid,
Which all his honour vilified.

53.

What, would a Lord of ſo high blood,
Such expectations from abroad,
Take up a daughter of the road,
And in a barne Nurſe up his brood?

54.

What talke would this be in his owne?
And what in other Princes Courts?
Where your two names ſhould be their ſports,
And the whole Table of the Towne.

55.

What a defeat might it chance prove
Unto the Dukes contriv'd deſignes;
If to ſome forreign Prince, he minded,
To ſend you for a Noble Love.

56.

O (Sr) that gallant maſter are
Of Valour, not to be envied,
Nor equall'd, let a worthy pride
Make you diſdaine this humble Ware.

57.

Don Ferdinand fear'd this loyall friend
Might (as he meant) diſcloſe his mind
Unto the Duke; He then did wind,
As if toth' Sute he'd put an end.

58.

Cardenio, ſee, thou haſt o'rcome,
So Potent are thy words, ſo true,
That I the miſchiefs will enſue
Foreſee, thy reaſons ſtrike me dumb.

59.

Come, let us fly temptations ſtrong,
They cannot follow where we'l goe:
For none but thee and I will know,
Where we'l retire, from Love, and wrong.

60.

Thy City Famous is for breed
Of the great Horſe; under pretence
Of buying theſe we will get hence,
And with new work our Fancy feed.

61.

When he once nam'd my Native place,
You would not think with what content
His plot did pleaſe me, for I went
Joy'd, I might ſee *Luſcindas* face.

62.

My Lord (ſaid I) y'have Counſell'd right,
Abſence and buſineſſe will eſtrange,
And often minds with places change,
Out of our thought, once out of ſight.

63.

Having obteined the Fathers leave,
We forthwith will away,
VVhat danger may be in the ſtay,
Your honour cannot but conceive.

64.

But *Ferdinand* had further reach,
For he'd enjoy'd his Country Maid,
And of the effects was now afraid,
Such works in time, themſelves will peach.

65.

And though through oaths and vows he got
A Jewell of a worthy price,
Having a Dunghill for its riſe,
He did not value it a jot.

66.

Therefore with winged ſpeed he poſts
From Court; (the Duke our leaves aſſign'd)

Our Gennets vied it with the wind,
And brought us ſtraight into our Coaſts.

67.

According to his dignity,
Lord *Ferdinand* was entertain'd;
But I thought all my time profan'd,
Untill *Luſcinda* I did ſee.

68.

VVe were not long e're we renew'd
Our joys and hopes; and now we ſtrive,
Our ſpeedy Marriage to contrive,
VVhich a ſmall time ſhould ſure conclude.

69.

Nor could I hold, nor thought it fit,
A parity of Love commands,
But did diſcloſe to *Ferdinand*,
(O had I ne'r diſcovered it!)

70.

Luſcindas glories and her youth,
Her beauties in ſo high a ſtrain,
That *Ferdinand* deſired to gain
The ſight of ſuch excelling truth.

71.

And his deſire (O ſimple I,)
VVas from a window gratified;
VVhence he both mine and Natures pride,
VVith raviſht Senſes did eſpie.

72.

Vaniſh, ſaith he, all Faces yet
That e'r my Fancy mov'd,
They'r now not worthy to be lov'd,
Shee's Ivory, and they are Jet.

73.

Happy *Cardenio* in thy choyce!
That in thy Armes art ſure to incloſe,
The Lilly's envy and the Roſe,
But that thou'rt her choyce, more rejoyce.

74.

For *Ferdinand* unhappily,
A Letter from her hand had found,
VVhich I had laid as under ground,
But not ſecure from Jealouſie.

75.

Therein my Innocent fond faire,
In ſilken words upbraids my ſtay,
And wittily chalkes out the way,
Leſt I ſhould pulingly deſpaire.

76.

This Letter to the skies h' extoll'd,
Vlyſſes to *Penelope*,
And *Ovids* Rarities did he
Account as poorly penn'd and bald.

77.

Others (ſaid he) *Cardenio*
Some ſingle grace may have, but here
Vertues are mounted in their Sphære,
And no declining know.

78.

Luſcindas juſt and merited praiſe
I lov'd to heare, but yet my thought,
I did not lik't, and it had wrought
In my ſad heart, a jealous maze.

79.

For my *Luſcinda*, as an Oake
I confidently deem'd, yet his
Frequent and forc'd hyperboles,
VVhen no man thought of her, or ſpoke,

80.

Did raiſe ſome ſmall ſuſpition,
(Encreas'd by's peeping in her Letters)
VVhich (he ſware) all were pleaſing fetters,
And proud ſhould be of my condition.

81.

Nothing could ſcape his Eye, that went
To her, or from her, hee'd ſee all,
A book ſhee lik'd, 'twas *Amadis D' Gaul.*

Scarce had the Don *heard him make mention of books of Knight-hood, &c.*] Here is the *Dons* Cue, and he will enter, and ſpeak in ſpight of a broken pate, which was ſure to enſue, yet with more manners then ordinary, he excuſes his interruption of the ſtory, opening his fooliſh infirmitie to *Cardenio*, and telling him plainly, that he was no wiſer then he ſhould be, and though his head was full of Bookes, it was like a Library, which was not a jot the learneder for them: But if ſo, it had been well, the *Don* would have beſtowed Chaines upon them, they would have ſtood the quieter in his own head, and would have been leſſe troubleſome to others.

He is a bottle-head that would thinke otherwiſe, then that Eliſabat *the Barber kept Queen* Madaſina *as his Lemmon.*

Uvaque conſpectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.

One Foole makes many.

Humours are ſodainly imitated, eſpecially if there be any life and faney in 'um. Many have by repreſentation of ſtrong paſſions been ſo tranſported, that they have gone weeping, ſome from Tragedies, ſome from Comedies; ſo merry, lightſome and free, that they have not been ſober in a week after, and have ſo courted the Players to re-act the ſame matters in the Tavernes, that they came home, as able Actors as themſelves; ſo that their

Friends

Friends and VVives have took them for Tonies or Mad-men. It fell out here so, for *Cardenio* is rais'd a Cue above the *Don*, who was in the behalfe of Ladies; but *Cardenio* is for the more dishonourable part, which is the occasion of a great quarrell.

That is not so I vow, by such and such, quoth Don Quixot, *in great choler.*] If the *Don* had permitted *Cardenio* to have compleated his story, he would not have been so fiery in the defence of Ladies; but (*alterâ parte inauditâ*, the *Don* hearing but of one Eare;) this matter prov'd a dispute, for who knew *Elisabat* the Barber, or Queen *Madasina* better, the *Don* or *Cardenio*, is a hard question to resolve? (the Persons being no where in the world;) wherefore the Queen and the Barber being no where to be found, I doe rather adhere to *Cardenio's* opinion, that they were together.

Queen Madasina *was a Noble Lady, and 'twas not to be presum'd that shee would fall in Love, &c.*] The *Don* goes upon presumption for his Argument, and Oaths, the lye given, and Villanie for the Victory: These were indeed both presumptions, as it fell out; for great Ladies have miscarried in their affections, (though the *Don* was not yet belov'd by any) and stories (his owne stories) are full of their Levities, Inconstancies and Falshoods, to their Knights; insomuch, as some have submitted to their Coach-men, Foot-men, and Lords Pages, in a vacation of service. But the Lady *Madasina*, being a meer Chimera, a name and nothing else, the *Don* therein, might justifie the chastity of a Queen and no Queen; a Lady and no Lady; a name and no body. To the other presumption it was harder replyed, for that part of it rais'd an adventure, wherein the *Don* had his usuall fortune and successe; for with a well ordered and right guided stone thrown by *Cardenio*, (now in his fits,) *Quixot* was confuted flat, and lay on his back, indifferent for the present, whether *Madasina* were vitiated by *Elisabat* or no.

Sancho *seeing his Master so roughly handled, &c.*] Compassionate *Sancho*! That good Nature should betray a man into mischiefe! Yet *aliquod Malum, propter vicinum*, and like Master like Man, is a Proverb, at this time very true; for *Cardenio* (feeling the rude assault of his clownes fist) runs upon him with more then Humane violence, and turnes the tunne-belly, and rides him in worse fashion, then our Countryman *Coriat* did the Barrell at *Hiddleberg*; But *Cardenio* did so trample him, that he made him run worse liquor by halfe, and after he had pressed him, and flatted him like a Pancake, he imitated his companions, the Goates, and left *Sancho* to the Goatheard.

The dispute ended in catching one another by the Beards.] 'Tis not alwaies true, that 'tis merry when Beards wagge all, for these mens Beards wagg'd as fast as they could tug 'um, but mov'd no mirth at all; they were verifying that Song

Of heigh brave Arthur *O'* Bradly,
A Beard without haire lookes madly.

Two Ancient Reverend Men, had almost disthatch'd their Faces, and could neither of them sue for distraminations. If *Quixot* had not recovered out of his sound, and reconcil'd this difference, his Squire *Sancho* might have pass'd for his Page, he had been made so smooth chinn'd, and the

Goates would never have own'd such a beardlesse boy as the unflead Goatheard for their leader. But the Knight of the *Ill-favoured* Face, seeing the misusage of their's, thought he might lose his own title, or have a compartner; which is very dishonourable, that any should give the same Field, word, or devise, as himselfe. Wherefore he parts them; now very fit for Mr *Elisabat* the Barber, if he had done with Queen *Madasina*.

CHAP. XI.

Our Don *is now a Mountanier, a Sect*
Sometimes, who in the worlds neglect
Abandon'd the Community of others,
And liv'd in Deserts, (discontented Brothers.)
But not in imitation of Montanus,
Shunning the world, (as if it would profane us.)
Doth Quixot *take the Mountaine to abide in?*
But he had read, Orlando *ranne beside him-*
Selfe, 'Cause Angelica *the faire plai'd fowle,*
And 'twas as fit for him to play the Owle:
But chiefly he was headlong driven to it,
Because that Amadis d' Gaul *did doe it*
Upon disdaine of Oriana, *who*
Did, as Angelica *before did do:*
Wherefore a Pennance, the good Amadis,
(Never such tender-hearted Knights as these)
Imposes on himselfe; So doth our Don,
(For if there Mad men be, he'l sure make one)
And doth out-Act Du Gaul, *and wild* Orlando,
And do's much more yet, then ever yet did man-do.

TEXT.

IF Fortune had so dispos'd of our affaires, as that Beasts could speak, (as they did in the Guisipetes *time) the harme had been lesse, for then would I have discours'd with* Rosinante.] *Sancho* doth very bitterly, but very simply complaine against the safe and incomparable use of silence, admirable if voluntary, indeed lesse commendable if impos'd; and because he doth instance of that happy time of the *(Guisipetes)* wherein Beasts had the freedome of speech; it shall be made appear to *Sancho*, that there was no such time, when the Creature spoke, or if at any time it did, it was but once, and that an Asse too. The *Guisipetes* were a people of *Sancho's* owne making, for no History, nor Chronology, ever heard of 'um, and it may be, were those where he was to be Governour of, unlesse he mean the *Antipodes*, where not-

notwithstanding, the common errour men goe upon their feet, and the Beasts speak as they doe now, and ever did. It is silence in Beasts, that hath kept them at such Amity, as they are, peace and quietnesse; there is no challenges amongst them, no Duels, no Wars, (except what are fictions of the Frogs and Mice) and the Frogs indeed, (a croaking generation) that is somewhat neer speaking, have incurr'd by their mutinous noise *Jupiters* great rage. But the rest of the sensible Creatures, having some two or three naturall sounds for the significations of their severall wants or satisfactions, live contented, that is, speechlesse, saying nothing, and grow fat upon it; for talking spends the Spirits, and *Livia's* would never be fat.

Eheu quam pingui macer est mihi Taurus in Arvo?

That was a bellowing Bull, that in the best Pasture, *Sancho*, will never thrive; an Asse that brayes in that manner, will eat but few Thistles: Nay, reasonable Creatures, to whom Language is permitted, the wisest are counted the lesse talkative, the wisest of Nations (which our *Don* counts his owne, and it might have pass'd, had he not spoiled the Universality of it) are no pratlers, and very weary in answering frivolous questions, passing off replyes in a politick silence; the Country shrugge, and a considerative gloat of the Eye, which are maine good preventives in a place troubled with the Inquisition. What a miserable thing is it, to heare Men and Women every where almost, saying, would my Tongue had been out when I spoke it: That Tongue of yours will undoe you. *Æsops* two dinners of the same sort of meat, may very well shew the vanity of *Sancho's* wish; where, of bad Tongues he provided a most plentifull Feast, but of good ones, he could scarce make a messe. I would *Pythagoras* were alive againe, that men might be taught silence for seven yeares, and a seven yeares custome would not easily be broken. The *Don* sure was a *Pythagorean*, for he had enjoyn'd silence, and for a time he practised it: But *Sancho* now being wild and passionate for the losse of his Asse, he will no longer live in that safe condition of Mutes, (whom as no man will hurt, so the grand Signior doth highly Honour and trust) but most foolishly obteines the liberty of speech againe, which did ingage him into many adventures, and that his Tongue might goe a little, hath been the occasion that his head hath too often runne.

I'faith Sancho, *if thou didst know how Honourable the Queen* Madasina *is, thou wouldst say I had great Patience, that I did not strike thee on the Mouth.*]

See the fruits of his freedome of speech; his Mouth is no sooner opened, but 'tis like to be seal'd up againe. *Sancho's* tongue was like a Bels clapper, beating others, and ever beat it selfe, and never better then when it was an end. Who would have such an instrument, that should be alwaies jarring? *Sancho*, returne to silence, and to security. Canst not thou (Fool) content thy selfe with thinking; your Thinkers doe more knavish, mischievous things unpunished, and unblameable, then any of the subtilest railers in the World. *Sancho*, be tongue-tide againe, or lose thy teeth, never speake much, but confine thy selfe to some few and necessary quæries, ask for Mony, ask for meat, ask for the way, and ask for plasters. These things are but short, and yet it will be long before you get them.

The truth of the History is, Mr Elisabat *was very prudent, and a man of great Judgment, and serv'd the Queen as Tutor and Physitian.*] The *Don* hath given a degree to day, and made a madd Dr in the Forrest of *Sienna Morena*: To justifie the quarrell, he hath created *Elisabat* Dr and Tutor to *Madasina*; the degree of Physick was the most proper he could thinke of in that place, for it was naturally made for simpling, where the *Don* gave a great augmentation in his own person.

Those that suspect and affirm that she was his Friend, I say again they lye; and those that either thinke or say it, lie a thousand times.] This kinde of Confutation, is not only Spanish, but hath got into other Countries, where if it be emphatically spoken, that is, stoutly and in full accent, it confounds for the time. But suppose one thinke so but once, who shall know it? and if he say it no more, how shall he lie a thousand times? Our *Don* is transported mainly with Mr *Elisabat*, and I doe believe he hath some plot upon him, to change Basons with him, for *Mambrino's* Helmet was most rufully batter'd: that he is so favourable to Physitians, may in time procure a Counsell to mend his *Balsamum Fierebras*, and the promotion of a Barber Surgeon to a Doctor, (Things done by wiser men then *Don Quixot*) they will confer their Plaster-boxes, and poor *Sancho* and thy selfe shall no longer be tied to that poor refuge of Pisse and Oaken leaves.

Thou must wit that the desire of finding the Madman alone, brings me not into these parts so much.] As for that, he meant to turne Mad man himselfe. Now, whether a man may abdicate his reason, renounce his understanding for a time, and discover (if not discover'd) no reasonable Acts, whereby a man should not undifference him from a Beast, and live and enjoy himselfe in the sensitive part alone, is a hard matter to determine, and harder to doe. To counterfeit Madnesse is ordinary, and to be really so, more. *Bedlam* affords you these; the streets (if not better places) the other. After Death, the *Pythagoreans* averr'd a transmigration of Soules into new Bodies, and oftentimes entred the Soule of a Philosopher into a Goose; shifted *Alexanders* gallant Spirit into a Dottrell, and such like changes, as *Lucian*, or such abusive Forges, had a fancy to fashion 'um in. But these are fantasticall conceits; our *Don* is reall, he will put off the Man, and put on the Beast, only reserve to himselfe the benefit of Speech, which whether man have, or not have, he cannot be said to be out of his Senses for the matter: Strong passions left too long unsuppress'd, may overthrow the temper of the braine, and totally subvert the rationall parts, and some passions counterfeited long, whether of griefe or joy, have so alter'd the personaters, that players themselves (who are most usually in such employments,) have been forc'd to fly to Physick, for cure of the disaffection, which such high penn'd humours, and too passionately and sensibly represented have occasion'd. I have knowne my selfe, a Tyrant comming from the Scene, not able to reduce himselfe, into the knowledge of himselfe, till Sack made him (which was his present Physick) forget he was an Emperour, and renew'd all his old acquaintance to him; and it is not out of most mens observation, that one most admirable Mimicke in our late Stage, so lively and corporally personated a Changeling, that he could never compose his Face to the figure it had, before he undertook that part. The Knight of the *Ill-favour'd* Face, had much done to his hand, in his intended Emigration;

tion; for counterfeiting there was not much need, (if hunger did not make a revocation of his little wits at any time.) For Crabs, Hawes, Acornes, Berries, agreeing naturally with his complexion, and embetter'd his Face to all purposes: I doe believe it 'twas possible for the *Don*, for a certaine time to lose his Wits, and to revoke so much as he parted withall, and be not a grain the wiser at their returne.

Have I not told thee already saith Don Quixot, *that I mean to follow* Amadis, *by playing the despaired Wood and Mad man.*] The example of *Amadis*, is very autorative with our *Don*, but why he should rather labour to imitate him in this fit of Madnesse, then in any other of his magnanimous Acts, is very strange; no, it is not so strange, but a common thing: When did you see a wise example followed by many, or any? Let it alone, 'tis grave, stanch, and singular. Thin are the appearances at *Gresham* Colledge, when the Bearegarden, the Cockpit is thrung'd with Company: If Bartholmew Faire should last a whole year, nor Pigs nor Puppet playes would ever be surfeited of. The wenches could live and dye with Jack-pudding, what flocking of good wives and Pickpockets to a Ballad? or if at any time a Mad man have broke his custody, he shall have more followers then pittiers. Our *Don* is of this number, who cannot read of a mad prank, but he must augment the sport, and rather then hee'l have no part in the Stage, hee'l play the mad man.

I believe (quoth Sancho) *the Knights which performed the like pennance, had some reason for their austerities, &c.*]

Insanio cum ratione;

To play is allowable (quoth *Sancho*,) I have lost my Asse; for me to be beside my selfe, were a pardonable thing: But for you, who have lost nothing, but the way home and your wits, why should you be madder yet? who have a Mistresse, Lady, Queen, (what doe you call 'um) that is secure of her honour, whom no Prince, Knight, *Inchanter*, *Moor*, nor the Devill himselfe would come neer: Why should you run mad? unlesse that 'tis your good hap, to have such a singular piece, that you need never be jealous, never keep a spie, never use *Italian* gimcrack, or any restraint upon; and doe you therefore surfeit of happinesse, and are mad, because you have no cause to be so? *Amadis* had a powting slut, a sullen huzzy, he should have curried her Coat, and ne'r run mad for it. Our *Mary Gutierez*, when shee was in the *Mubblefubles*, doe you thinke I was mad for it? no, no; I took my Asse (O that I could doe so now) and went to the next good Town, and let it Jubble out as it Mubbled in. *Orlando* indeed had some reason to be mad, *Angelica* made him horne mad; now here's some cause. But you are an obstinate Mad man, and will be Mad, because you will be so; *Dulcinea del Toboso* having not given you the least occasion.

The wit is in waxing mad without a cause.] Herein the *Don* is paradoxicall, and singular, and will make himselfe the first Inventer, *de Arte Amentandi*, though he gaine but few followers, now by frequent private practises upon himselfe, as by being quarter Mad, halfe Mad, and three quarters Mad upon severall experiments, is the full Midsommer Moon madnesse to be attain'd unto. No doubt he had pass'd the three first tryals, and was very neer his perfection: The first quarter it is totty & freekish; the second,

phan-

phantaſticall, melancholy and ſuſpitious; the third, quarrelſome and injurious, and then pure phreneticall. Our Knight is now in the increaſe, he hath but a wild diſpatch or two to *Toboſo*, and you ſhall have him in the full; and then he's for the King of *Spaine*, and *Dulcinea del Toboſo*!

For he that ſhall heare you name a Barbers Baſon, Mambrino's *Helmet.*] *Sancho* in this cenſure, diſcovereth his Maſters aptneſſe and preparedneſſe, for the incounter of Pennance, and that he was a Knight of ſo great curioſity, that he went the moſt appointed, and diſappointed, unto any adventure, of any Knight in the World, being at that time the only *Knight-mark* of the Eaſt and Weſt, and alone acted in the empty Theatre of the World. Captaine *Jones* was many years ſince downe in the Annals; and now to ſee, when his head ſhould be buſie compoſing Love-letters to *Dulcinea*, his Heroick braines are working, where he may finde ſome wand'ring Tinker, to mend that ſcarre of the broken Helmet; But dull-pate his man, upon the ſtrength of ſenſitive obſervations, cannot be perſwaded out of his errour, that it was a Baſon. *O curvæ in Terras animæ*, his Soule was as diſordered as the Helmet, which the *Don* beholding in the notion and rapture of his new vertiginous braines, left it with *Sancho* till it was uninchanted by ſome man of Metall, or elſe ſome Negromancer: For it was as ſure to returne to the ſhape of *Mambrinos* helmet, as his owne face after all his labours was to be changed, if any would change with him.

The Knight of the ill-favoured Face made choice of this Place.] The Scene is laid, the Play will follow, he hath much to doe, and little buſineſſe troubles him: But now he is worthily taken with the ſite of his Stage, whereon he meanes to outdoe *Ieronymo*, and this rapture of his is the beſt valediction to ſenſe as could be thought on; for here is ſome to be found, which becauſe it is of Poeticall fancy, though ſpun in proſe, I ſhall endeavour to give you't according to the naturall aire of it.

The *Don's* welcome to the Woods.

O ye the Gods and Powers of the Place,
Wood-ticks and Goat-ticks, ſpoile my Ill-favour'd *Face;*
If any thing ſhould charme mine eyes aſleep,
Or the Inchanter Morpheus *on me creep:*
I doe not chooſe this place for ſleep, though here,
Temptation is enough, the murmurer,
(The ſilver ratler on the gravelly path)
And gentle wind, which his ſoft lulling hath,
And moving boughes, which many a Nymph hath brought
To her repoſe, and more then that, 'tis thought.
I come Loud Muſick *to the place, you'r ſoft,*
Yet when I'm hoarſe, I then will heare you oft.
O you that in the Woods doe 'bide, green Dryades,
Behold my prancks, and you above wet Pleiades.

Come forth you Fawnes and friſking Satyrs,
And in mad fits, be my fellow Wa'ters.

O had I horns, (I'l ſend) and hoofs like you!
The one perchance I have: what would I doe?
I'd take a leap into the horned Moon;
And view at once a Corporation,
The largeſt in the World, and being there,
I'd wind my Hornes, and cry, Brethren up here.
But ſince we can't, we'l ſoole it here below,
I doe intend to be a laſting ſhow;
Surrounded with my Satyrs, Fawnes, my Kids and Goats,
What brave loud Muſick will it be to hear our Throats.

3

Sancho, *thou partner of my waies and woes,*
Whom I muſt ſend, my ſecrets to diſcloſe.
Remember how I ſigh; and thump this Breſt
(A Poxe upon the Corſlet;) void of reſt
Till thou returne me news from her, who is
The Loadſtone of this man of ſteel: The bliſſe
Of this abandon'd wight, the ſtar that rears
My deſperate Valour, e'n o'r head o'r ears.
Sancho, *if ſhe ſhould drop a teare, when thou*
Tell'ſt this ſad ſtory, of my Mad mans vow;
Catch it be ſure, and in ſome Chryſtall Vyall,
Preſerv't with care, for I will make a tryall;
And to the World will juſtifie the Pearl i'th' Glaſſe,
More Soveraign then was Balſamum Fierebras.

4.

This having ſaid, he lighted from his Brute,
('Twas ſtrange that Sancho *ſuffer'd him to do't)*
Unſaddles and unbridles Roſinant,
(Long did poor Roſinante *thoſe favours want)*
And on his buttock ſtriking him: O horſe,
(That with me haſt ſeen better dayes and worſe.)
Take now thy Liberty he ſaid, take Mare;
(More then thy Maſter ever did I'l ſweare)
And know that in thy Forehead, though no ſtarre
E'r was, yet Perſeus *Horſe thou 'xceedeſt farre,*
Or Pacolets, *or* Bradamants, *or* Hippo-gryphon,
Which the renown'd Aſtolpho *veni'red ſtill his life on.*

I ſay content your ſelfe with breaking your head on the water, or with Cotton or Wooll.] If *Sancho* had been a Confeſſour, he would have enjoyn'd very eaſie Pennance. But the *Don* is reſolv'd to ſmart for no water, but Rock water, and in that he will chill his head and whole body, untill it be petrified, and able to endure knock for knock with a Rock. Cotton? to Cotton (as they ſay) ones Coat, that is, to baſte it. Wooll to *Sancho*, but then when my ſtead Corps (by the touch of the moſt ſofteſt Down) would be in pain and anguiſh: No, no (*Sancho*) I am not in jeſt. By my order of Knighthood, *Sancho*, I muſt not lie; and therefore be expeditious in thy returne, leſt thou findeſt thy macerated Maſter, more like a Skeleton then a Body;

and ſo goeſt a farther ſearch, not imagining that that can be the *Don*: Lint I have none, unleſſe thou leave ſome, and the *Balſamum Fierebras* is all conſum'd. Selfe-preſervation, (though I mean Tortures and Whips unto my body,) muſt be thought on, for I have much to doe, and much to ſuffer. The ſuffering part comes firſt, which being over, *Sancho*, thy goverment, and our greatneſſe doth draw nigh.

Quia ab inferno nulla retentio; as I have heard ſay.] No? *Sancho*, that's neither right nor right Latine; For *Orpheus* plaid out his *Euridyce*; *Theſeus* return'd victorious; *Hercules* led away the three chopt Porter, and broke down the black Gates; and ever ſince (*nulla retentio* indeed) Hell is broke looſe; you may now have free ingreſſe, and egreſſe, and regreſſe.

Now ſince we have no Paper, we may doe well imitating the Antient Men in times paſt, to write our mindes in leaves of Trees.] The *Don* was to be wood himſelfe, and favour'd that Antiquity therefore: Barke there was plenty, but where were the ingraving Tooles? The *Don* though a great cutter and ſlaſher for diſtreſſed Ladies, could not make inciſion into a Tree for his *Dulcinea*. Had ſhee been a Tanners daughter, it had been the moſt proper miſſive, poſſible to be imagined; but (as ſhee is) moſt agreeable with her Hide. So as they ſay, if one would preſent a thing to like one, he ſhould have ſent that. But Paper is the great want. It is a great quærie, whether it had not been better the invention had never been, and it had been wanting ſtill, or that the *Don* had amongſt his adventures, deſtroyed and confounded all Paper Mils? as he did, or would have done (at the encounter of the ſound) the Fulling ones, not that Paper is of it's ſelfe pernitious, dangerous, or of evill conſequence; it being the faireſt child of foul Parents, that ever was, converting the *Axiom*, *corruptio peſſimi eſt generatio Optimi*. For from rags, Snattocks, Snips, irreconcilable and *ſuper-annuated* Smocks and Shirts, come very faire ſheets; ſo that had not Writing and Printing corrupted ſo faire an invention, by the peſtilent matter that they caſt upon it, the project was of great uſe, as to put under Apple pies, make Lanthornes in dark nights, Burn-graces in Summer to ſave childrens Faces, and Stomachers againſt the wind, (as they call 'um) when they are indeed very cleanly coverts for foule Shirts, (ſince the faſhion of unbutton'd Doublets) beſides the great ſervice it ſtands Barbers in, for pictur'd Lanthorns, and Card-makers; and then ends not ſo unſerviceably, but departs (ſomewhat blewly indeed) in being matches for your tinderbox. But for this quærie, 'tis alike with thoſe of Gunpowder, Tobacco, Printing, Writing, (whether it had been better they had never been) moſt men thinking their inconveniences to exceed their conveniences. Let it alone for me; the *Don* is to write Letters, and we muſt have Paper, or ſomewhat like Paper, or all the encounter of Madneſs is ſpoil'd. But happily, and in a good houre, *Cardenio's* Tablets ſupply the defect. You will have the Letter in time, bleſs the *Don*, he doe not make a long one.

Tada (*quoth* Sancho) *that the Lady* Dulcinea *of* Toboſo *is* Lorenco Corcuelo's *daughter, call'd by another Name,* Aldonca Lorenco. *I know her very well, quoth* Sancho, *and I dare ſay, &c.*

Sancho's

Sancho's description of *Don Quixots* Lady.

Mopsa *on stilts, was not so high, nor big,*
Faire as the farrowing Sow, pert as her Pig;
May-pole of flesh, dancing and danc't about,
Her mothers Wonder, and her Fathers Doubt:
For ne'r was such a shrivell'd starveling fellow,
As her suppos'd Father, Corcuelo.
Some high German *thrassers, who indeed,*
Hop'd to have peopl'd Countries of that breed;
*Her Sexes Champion, now, She-*Hercules,
(Whom had he seen) before all Omphale's
He must have matcht, (unlesse at sight afraid)
His thirteenth Labour, the great Bosse he had made.
A new rigg'd Ship, with all her Sailes faire spred,
Looks like Aldonca *stretching her from bed;*
But hardly I believe have any Ships
So strong a gale, as blowes from her large Hips:
Shee if in place where the Colossus *was,*
Might 'twixt her strides unstruck-saile Vessels passe.
Had there been Beauty to those parts, shee'd been
The very statue of Originall *sinne.*
Borne to great Titles, (though from low descent)
The Don *could not her honours much augment;*
She as she grew, got nat'rall Heraldry,
Her Highnesse *and* her Greatnesse, *none deny.*

None will say but you did very well, if the Divell carried you away.] *Sancho*, rather then have *Aldonca Lorenco* to be his *Dons* Empresse, and so by consequence his fustie Mistris, commends his Master, and furthers the design of Madnesse: Any thing, the Divell and all take him, rather then he take *Aldonca*. An excellent remedy, certainly against Love! such another, as one having lost, said of his wife (the party deceased) that he had lost as good a wife as any man would desire to part withall; It may be of such a wife it was, that the poor fellow carrying to Bedlam, (said) being pitied as he went along the streets, the people crying, what will his poor wife do; nay (friends) I am not so mad yet.

Though thou hast but a grosse wit, yet thy jests nip.]
Ridentem dicere verum--quis vetat--

This ridiculous foole spake smartly, and under the merry description of *Aldonca Lorenco*, makes bold to disparage his Masters Election, and puts the slut upon her, and the fool upon him. This made the *Don* take pepper in the nose, and unwilling to remand him silence, answers him with a Story of a widow, which is this in a short Epigram.

A widow of a plump estate;
Liv'd neer unto a Colledge;
And match'd the Porter of the Gate,
But pas's'd the men of Knowledge.

Whereat the Rector of the place,
(A grave and reverend sir)
Sent for his neighbour, and the case
He thus put unto her.
Had I so many Graduates,
And able Schollars too,
And have the most ungentle Fates
The Porter given to you?
The widow answered modestly,
As for that able stuff,
I like; he hath Philosophy
Enough (Sr) and enough.

For all the Poets which celebrate certaine Ladies at pleasure, think'st thou that they had all Mistresses? Dost thou believe the Amaryllies, *the* Phyllies, *&c.*] Now, now he is in his fit: O thou more then *Ill-favour'd* fac'd *Don*! what harme did the poor Poets doe thee that thou must insinuate to the world, that they had only chymericall, and imaginary Ladies, and never knew the duties of a nuptiall night, or came to a *Zonam solvit diu ligatam*, or reap the sweet pledges of those pleasant encounters, when *Homer* lay with his own Wife, *Ovid* with his owne; and more, *Virgil* kept at home with his owne wife, till the Souldiers disturb'd him, and sent him to *Augustus* for reliefe. *Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius*, had three wives, or else did worse; *Lucan* was the Country man, and you know the temper of the Countrey, you cannot live without wives or whores. *Petrarch* (the Great and *Laureat*) had his chast, and untill this day unblemisht *Laura*; and all the Poets (untill wives were interdicted Priests) had reall Mistresses or wives. Our Modern Poets, had one or two wives apiece. Poets, they are compos'd of such a Spirit, and salt volatile, (that unlesse you fix 'um at home with an amiable object of their own) not *Cæsars Livia* could be free from their inveiglings. But a wife is better then *Patmos*, better be in the bands of Matrimony, then such Fetters. Our Nation also hath had its Poets, and they their wives: To passe the Bards; Sr *Jeffery Chaucer* liv'd very honestly at Woodstock, with his Lady, (the house yet remaining) and wrote against the vice most wittily, which Wedlock restraines. My Father *Ben* begate sonnes and daughters; so did *Spencer, Drayton, Shakespeare*, and more might be reckoned, who doe not only word it, and end in aiery *Sylvia's, Galatæa's, Aglaura's*;

——sed de virtute locuti,
Clunem agitant——

'Tis possible to speak of holy life,
And anon after Solace ones own wife.

But that the *Don* is slept with the Gyants, Knights Templars, *&c.*; and there would be foul raking in the dust. At this time we might justly quarrell with him, for we have our Poets, who are Knights, and they have Ladies, and those Ladies are their wives: Wherefore this is the greatest *scandalum Poetarum*, that ever could be. But what shall one say to a mad man? nothing: Hee'l make sport anon for it, and there will be satisfaction.

Neither

Neither can Helen *approach, nor* Lucreece *come neer her.*] True, (*Don*) they are farre enough, and fast enough; yet surely, *Helen* and *Lucreece* put together with *Paris* and *Sextus* in conjunction, might something match her in the waſt, if happily they were now *flouriſhing*, as ſhe is. *Tatius* and *Cloacina* might come neer certainly, and it is ſtrange ſhee is not call'd to be of the privie attendance to *Cloacina*, for no ſoule ever utter'd more conſtantly, or in a larger proportion then *Aldonca*, at their houſes of eaſe, inſomuch, that ſhee call'd in Votaries, with the high ſtraines, and Jearing expreſſions ſhee alwaies made. But might not one with a Clove and Orange come neer her? is ſhee more ſweet then an Anatomy, or the Bearegarden, or a neſt of Pole-Cats, or a Tanne-pit, or a Soape Kiln?

Myſterious Fragrancies, Perfumes ſo cloſe,
It doth eſcape the moſt ſagacious Noſe.

In the ſame ſence I believe it is to be underſtood, as the like expreſſion to a Barber, who having loſt all his cuſtome, bewail'd his misfortunes to his friend; ſaying, (Sr) why ſhould it be thus, my ſhop is the beſt in Towne, my perſon tractable; I dare compare for an Eye, Leg, Hand, or Foot, with any man upon the place; and his Friend added (unmercifully,) *and for thy Trade there's no man comes neer thee.*

Heare it then quoth Don Quixot, *for thus it ſaies, Soveraigne Lady, &c. Thine untill Death, the Knight of the* Ill-favour'd *Face.*] This is pure, his own invention, the marrow of the *Don's* braines, the brighteſt ſparkle of his fancy, not miſerably patcht up out of Bookes of Love-letters, or his owne Bookes of *Errantry*, (the ordinary helpes for the *Amoroſo's* of the Time) for a compellation to a Lady, and abaſement (for ſo are ſubſcriptions) of his own ſelfe; I doe not think *Rablais* can equall it. (Soveraign Lady,) what could be ſaid more, to ſignifie her height and greatneſs? (Thine untill Death, the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*) What greater affront could he put upon himſelfe, then to dedignifie his countenance, as not worthy to be look'd on by a Lady, nay, making it a ſcare-crow and Bugbear. This is *Ars procandi*, Woers policy, but yet he in the body of the letter follows his Complements. (Sweeteſt *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*) There was not one in that Country of ſuch a ſcent: And anon after, (O beautifull ingrate!) You may make three words if you will of it, as Faire have been ſeen, in or at a Grate. But ſhe as equally entituled one as the other; for till this Letter (which was never ſent) ſhee could not be guilty of ingratitude, and *ignoti nulla Cupido*; how could her Beauty intangle that was impoſſible to be ſeen?

Sancho *ſware by his Fathers life, it was the higheſt thing he ever ſaw in his life.*] The hope of his Aſſes makes him turn paraſite. Had he read his Letter on the top of *Sienna Morena*, it had been higher farre. But *Sancho* is ſo much in his Maſters flattery, that he makes the Divell himſelfe of him. (who is Prince *Errant* o'r the whole world) So highly is he tranſported with the thought of *Mary Gutierez*, and the riding *Roſinante*, that he leaves the *Don* poſſeſs'd of the Principality of the aire, and as freely beſtows it upon him, as he hereafter would diſpoſe to *Sancho* the Government of an Iſland. *Sancho* will have warrant ſign'd in his Maſters new Title, for the Aſſes perchance, and then he might be gone in the Divels name.

It is very necessary that I see you doe one trick.] *Sancho* is got into the saddle, and rides *Rosinante* and Master too; now his worship is pleas'd to see a trick. The *Don*, as if under (*Tonies*) correction, presently disrobes his lower Wardrobe, and like an *Ape* (*deorsum nudus*) shews himselfe to be descended from *Hercules* by the melan-pygitie, (that is, the grizlinesse) of his posteriours, which were (no disparagement to his looks) as *Ill-favour'd* as his face; Besides others sights there were, wherein he seem'd a Mungrell, and not of the right *Herculean* Line. Yet like him too, when he was *Furens*, for they both are in their shirts, though the *Dons* was the fowler; *Hercules* his the worse, and more pernicious: Mad both too, but upon several grounds, one for a Smock, the other with a Shirt.

One dyes empoyson'd by the blood of Nessus,
And Don *runns mad for a worse Beast*; *God blesse us.*

CHAP. XII.

Soone are his frisco's over, (Sancho *gone,*)
It was too violent an exercise for one
Of Limbs so mortified; 'tis very much,
If these few Tortures send him not toth' crutch.
Wherefore resolv'd against Orlando's *way,*
Hee'l save his flesh, and only weep and pray,
(*As once did* Amadis,) *a sober mad-man,*
A Pœnitentiary, or sad-man:
A bitter Pennance doubtlesse (Don) *befals,*
When that the Beads upon his wrists were Gaules.
Then most like Amadis-*next he confesseth*
All his whole life, which why he here suppresseth
(*who wrote the Book*)'s *unknown; but I shall get yee*
A taste of it, out of old Cyd Hamette;
He also treats of Sancho, *how he vanted,*
When he his Letters and the Warrant wanted,
Deeming h' had lost what he did ne'r receive,
Till that the Curate and his Friend retrive
The Letter to his memory, but so confused,
That not a word the Faithfull Sancho *true said:*
The Asses are secur'd him, and the Letters
Should be reviv'd, or else made something better.
Thus Sancho's *pacified, and all are plotting,*
To fetch the Don *from this mad course hee's got in;*
Agreed upon't, away they all goe trotting.

TEXT.

SET the remembrance of Amadis *live, and be imitated as much as may be by* Don Quixot *of the* Mancha.] Second thoughts are best: Retractations of what we have untowardly design'd, wrote or spoke, shew not a man only wise, but Master of his own passions and humours, which some men

men are ſo in Love withall, that if once they have ingag'd in a buſineſs, they will through, though they meet with an hundred inconveniences, and ſelfe-reproofes in the way. Wiſer did the fellow, who having loſt a great ſum of mony at Dice, got looſe from the company, and then grew deſperate upon the apprehention of the eſtate he was in, murmuring and muttering to himſelfe, that on the next convenient poſt he would hang himſelfe; the garters were taken off, the place was choſen, where by the help of a ſtall, it was fecible to faſten his garter to the Sign-poſt, and a ſhort ſpeech of his fooliſh and ill-ſpent life, he was preparing for execution, when on a ſodaine, a merry tune came into his head, which one would have thought his farewell hymne, and that call'd into mind his companions, with whom he us'd to chant it; whereupon he puls downe his garter, and went away, ſaying, I reprieve thee from day to day, untill thou dieſt a naturall death; this was a wiſe recantation. Such was our *Don's*, who (not without his Pœnitentiall Pſalme, as we ſhall heare anon) forſook his firſt reſolution of tormenting, wounding, ſtarving, and almoſt annihilating himſelfe with faſtings, watchings, and other perſonall afflictions, and makes choice of the more rationall and eaſie way of *Du-Gaul*, which kept him in a whole skin. A *Heremite* he wanted to impart his griefe and life unto, from whom an abſolution would have been of much comfort to him; but ſome pieces of his confeſſion *Cyd Hameti Benengeli* hath preſerv'd, taken out of decaied rinds of trees; one which (being the moſt antient and reverend ſtock of the place, having only two armes left, and thoſe as it were ſtretcht out, to bleſſe or receive a Penitent,) he fell downe before.

He was much vext in his mind, for want of an Heremite *to heare his confeſſion.*

The Confeſſion of *Don Quixot*, taken out of ſome fragments of *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*, and are in Latine in the Originall.

1.

Grandæve, & conſtans Pater, Fateor
Me non eſſe Dominum de Gateof,
Nec, (quantumvis amens hic amando)
Furioſum, qui dictus eſt Orlando,
Sed per Orbiculos Petri *&* Pauli
(Hos fellis globos,) ſum Amadis Du Gauli.

2.

Erravi fateor, cum patribus meis,
Erravi pater, cum, & ſine eis:
Doce, quæſo, quo me vertam, quia
Nec fui, nec Futurus ſum in viâ.

3.

In aurem fateor hæc ſuſurrans
Juvenis Conſilium omne abhorrens,
Conſulta ſprevi matris atque Patris,
Qui deſignaverunt me aratris.

Sed

4.

Sed addixi me Legendis Libris
Permendacibus & comburendis,
Ubi de militibus pugnacibus
Invulneratis Ferro, & facibus
Miranda vidi, & mulieres
Quas vivendo pænè Lapis *fieres;*
Sed pater, quod ad res venereas,
Siquid unquam novi, malè Pereas.

5.

Parentibus defunctis per dium
Et Domus erant mihi tædium.
Fabulis refertus feror pronus
Ut miles essem, valeat Colonus.
Conscendo æquum mox & capio arma,
Et cum Conto Cuspide, & Parmâ,
Quæ non tuli (pater) quæ non feci?
Plusquam, (quando egressus sum,) conjeci.

6.

Enumerare velim libens, &c.

Upon six severall Trees, were these lines ingraven, and on the sixth something was begun; which whether by injurie of weather, or time erased and confounded, is a shrewd scarre, and losse to this History. Some supplements from *Arabian* Neotericks we have, which seem to compleat his confession and absolution, which you shall have translated into the Mother Tongue, for that was his Fathers, to wit, his Confessours.

1.

Sheep-slaughter, and Sheep-murther,
I doe confesse, and further
(Having no Providore)
The Poultry fell good store:
These peccadillo's Father,
You may forgive the rather,
Because sometimes by hunger put-on;
But by Nature I lov'd Mut-ton.

2.

Grice Mill, and Fulling Mill,
I did attempt to Kill,
But bloodshed there was none,
And Pennance for the one
I did i'th' aire, my Horse
And I, are still the worse.
But O the Coarse! who will me save,
Who fought a Corps out of its Grave!

3.

Father I have a number
More faults, (which cast ith' lumber)

As

As ſwearing, telling lies
Of ungot Victories;
And crying up the ſootie
Aldonca *for a beautie.*
O by thy ſtretcht-out Armes declare,
That all theſe errors pardon'd are.

Now theſe Moderne Writers ſay, that a Goatheard had conceal'd himſelfe in a Corke Tree nere the Oak, to heare *Don Quixots* Sonnets and complaints, and deſirous to make up the Scene, ſpake from his hollow in a loud voice.

The Goatheards abſolution.

Sonne, I have heard thy words, thy ſighs and grones,
Thy verſes and thy lamentalle tones:
I doe abſolve thee, but you promiſe muſt,
By no means to take Gyants upon truſt,
And 'cauſe your Windmill was the firſt ill fate,
Be ſure to have a Windmill in your pate;
And 'cauſe you runne at Sheep, I doe command
You weare a goodly Sheepes taile for a Band.
For the aſſault o'th' Coarſe, about your bed,
And rings (when that you have 'um) carve deaths head:
As for your lying and your fearfull oaths,
When you leave one, I wiſh you to leave both.
Ariſe and thank the gods, who pittying thee,
Gave Armes to th' Oake, and tongue to the Corke Tree.

The *Don* tooke the miracle of his abſolution, to be farre more eminent then if an *Heremite* had pronounced it, and confir'md in the opinion, that he was cleare in *foro poli & ſoli*; he fell into his melancholy part againe, and over-afflicted with the abſence of *Dulcinea*, he compoſed the moſt pittifull Poem that e'r was read, whereby he doth approve himſelfe the only mad Lover in the World. Yet of all the furies, you ſee by this, that he was not troubled with *Furor Poeticus*.

It is congruent we turne and recount what happened to Sancho.] The *Don* is left grazing, and picking of ſallads, which being the only nutriment he had, did ſo diſcolour him, that he might have added a ſuperlative to his title, and wrote of the moſt *Ill-favour'd* face. Beſides, the crude herbs ſo frequently made their green ſallies through his body, that all the Field where he rav'd up and downe, was full of Knight-ſharne, and had it been poſſible to have got a fire and frying panne, he might have thriv'd better upon the Tanzies he evacuated, then with the herbes at firſt gathering. VVherefore he might very well containe, and moſt properly uſurp that Verſe to himſelfe;

Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

But *Sancho* is in his progreſſe to *Toboſo*, and rides (not with *Bellerophons* Letters) but without Letters, and with a miſchiefe; but yet being ignorant of his misfortune, he arrives at the Inne, where he incounter'd the

Coverlet, and came clean off. But the indignity disturb'd his Valiant soul, and he is as much toss'd in mind as then in body, and at last resolves not to enter into the house, though his owne belly, and *Rosinantes* were of the dissenting party. But while he plaies about the door, he and his horse are discovered by two of the *Mancha* (the knowing part of the Village) the Curate and the Barber, who betwixt threats and intreaties, worke out of *Sancho* all the passage of his Masters new projects, the errand that he had to his Lady of *Toboso*, and that in Tablets the Letters to *Dulcinea*, as also his warrant, for three Asses were included.

When Sancho *perceived that the Book was lost, his visage waxed as pale and wanne as a deadman, &c.*] *Sancho* not capable of his Book, doth fearefull execution upon himselfe, and in an instant, unthatches his reverend chin, that Mr Barber with his Razor or his Tweezers, could not be so expeditious: He grub'd up all by the rootes, where-ever his unmercifull hands fastened, and quarter'd his face into a plaine betwixt two thickets, nor did the rest of his Face scape his fury, which he did assault in such rough manner, that he was all gules, which running along the Champion of his Chin, made a bloody field. Poor *Sancho*, I pitty thy mistaken vengeance, and causeless revenge upon thy selfe; and above all, that thou shouldst forget thine own counsell to thy Master, whom thou wouldst have (if he had a minde to castigate himselfe) to breake his head against the water, or a tod of a wooll, or some such favourable matter. But great griefe is insensible and impatient of advice; The Curate and the Barber stand astonished at his passion, (and forgetting for a time, both their professions) neither spirituall reproofe, exhortation, or comfort, came from Sr *John* in the Cassock, nor any healing remedies from Mr *Barber Surgeon*, untill *Sancho* tels the cause of his lamentation and unkinde usage of himselfe.

Both of them took great delight to see Sancho's *good memory.*] *Sancho* had a brutish memory, and only serv'd him for the remembrance of his three Asses, and the losse of his grey Asse. But the Letter to *Dulcinea*, it was as much from his head as the Tables were from his Breeches; they never were there, yet the fool ventures on a recitall, and mingling his owne expressions with *Don Quixots*, he rendred himselfe to have as much fancy as memory: He only retaines that part of it which might have been best forgotten; (the subscription) *Yours untill death, the Knight of the* Ill-favour'd *Face*. As to the relation of his Lords wandrings and prancks he was very punctuall, but his memory fail'd him, as to the tale of his owne tossing in a blanket, which being perchance a secret belonging to the bed, he thought it not fit to be revealed.

And he would give him one of the Emperors Ladies to wife.] Some of the deceased Emperours no doubt; for *Sancho* expected *Mary Gutiereze's* his head to be cold and laid with her mothers in the Churchyard at the *Mancha*. Thou art in the right way to preferment (*Sancho*) no better Mart then dead wives; especially if men have cast about in the lives-time of their dearly Beloveds deceas'd. As *Sancho* doth here, who layes the hopes of his second match to hight, that from a *Manchegan* Tripe-wife, he doth aspire to the Bed of a Queen. *Dives promissus quilibet esse potest.* This and more then this the *Don* assureth, upon the returne of a favourable Letter from *Dulcinea*, who could neither write nor read.

I

I would faigne know what Cardinall-errants give unto their Squires.] This is a ſtrange tranſition, that the moſt wicked, unwarrantable and ungodly Order in the world ſhould be at any time capable of the moſt holy and ſacred : But yet in this alſo *Sancho* looks to be preferr'd ; If he had peel'd his crowne as he had done his beard, he was in preparation for a Friery : No further could *Sancho* goe or proceed to the hopes of a Fortune in the Church.

Barba aliquando facit Monachum.

And *Sancho* if he had not diſparag'd his Face (with friends to ſhift off examinations and ſubſcriptions) he might have paſs'd for one *Ordinis Minorum* (as to his wit) but *Superiorum & Majorum* as to his Corps : unto which when he had another Corps added, what a goodly monke would there be ? But *Sancho*, what thinke you of the Beneficiall Office of Porter to the Lord Cardinall *Quixot*, when in your gowne (not a Clericall habit of any Learning) but welted and croſſe-lac'd, with gilded ſtaffe of power in your hand, and your beard growne downe to the girdle ; you have the power of admitting or refuſing acceſſes to my Lord Archbiſhop *Quixot*, unleſſe they pay the Turn-key : The Dollars dropping every day into the hand, would make you looke upon your ſelfe with good regard. Beſides, in that Signiory, your wife (*Mary*) may be diſpenc'd withall, or more, if (as you only are in favour with my Lord Prelate) you doe require a Licenſe in caſe of extreme calidity, and ſuperſufficiency. *Sancho* was now in comfort, that go the world wik way it would, he was provided for, either with an Iſland, if the *Don* was an Emperour, or with an Honourable Mace, if the *Don* took into Church-preferment, which he had leſſe mind unto. For though the Porter of a Cardinall may exerciſe his power over people without the gates, and ſits there upon his Bench, and from his peep-holes judges of beneficiall Viſitors to his Lord, and then moſt officiouſly opens the great gates (as his opinion's of them) and returnes them out at the Wicket : Yet he bethought himſelf, that in the Adminiſtration of his Governour-ſhip he ſhould keep himſelfe ſuch an Officer, and ſit upon the Bench in Judicature, advanced aloft, and have ſervants, which is better then to be one.

I will pray unto our Lord to conduct him to that place where he may ſerve him beſt, and give him rewards.] *Sancho's* devout zeale for his Maſters promotion (with his owne) cals to mind the forme of an Epiſtle ſent by a Schollar to his Father, which ran much after this manner :

The EPISTLE.

Honoured Sir,

THe Quarterly Returnes inforce me to write to you, and preſent my humbleſt duty to you ; you will find that theſe Bils are higher then the laſt, occaſion'd by publique ſport in the Colledge ; wherein I loſt no credit, and by buying ſome new books, which our Progreſſe in ſtudy gives us occaſion to uſe, ſo that I hope this exceſſe will not prove diſtaſtfull to you, ſince there is nothing but juſt and honeſt expences, no Ale-houſe ſcores, Tavern Bils, or the like, coucht under the ſtile of any of the particulars, which I pray read with patience, (as you uſually doe.) Thus with my hearty prayers for your health (together with the receipt of the money) *I reſt,*

Your moſt dutifull ſonne.

The Curate told the Barber, that he had bethought to apparell himselfe like a Lady adventurous.] How Mr *Licentiat*? don't you know that by the *Canon Law*, it doth make you irregular, to shift sexes by change of apparell? *propter bonum finem nisi sit*; that distinction is not visible in the *Canonists*: But let it passe, this was a pretty invention, and like to prove a very good Scene, and the only probable way to reduce the melancholy Knight. Mad men (as well as mad Girles) love mad toyes: Strong conceits must be flatter'd, not resisted, and when you have humour'd such distempered fancies in the full of their folly, they will decrease (like the Moon) into quarters, till at last there is nothing to be seen. Such a course, and with very good successe, was taken by a Doctor, with a melancholy Patient of his, who using to sleep with his mouth open, (as he suppos'd) imagin'd a Mouse had slipt downe his throat; the Doctor perceiving his fancy to be strongly perverted, concurr'd with him that it was a Mouse, and nothing else that troubled him, and that he should (upon a little Physick taken) see the returne of him to his great joy. The Patient desired his dose; and within a day or two, the Apothecary gave him a slight vomit, which wrought very well, but at the first and second straines, no Mouse appeard; whereat, the Apothecary sware, he smelt him comming by the scent of the ejection, and therefore he wisht him to reach lustily the next provocation, and he doubted not but to shew him his incroacher, and to make him pay for a entry and forcible detainer: The next bout, the Apothecary under care of holding his head, clapt his hands about his eyes, and while he was expectorating with the other, he conveyed a live Mouse into the Bason, which the Patient seeing, he highly triumph'd over his dispossess'd inmate, and at once clear'd his stomack and his fancy of the imaginary Mouse, by the Doctors wise application of a reall one.

CHAP. XIII.

Sr John *is chang'd into my Lady* Jone,
And Cut-beard *is the Squire, (a proper one)*
But Mr Curate (though trickt up and dreſt)
To act in Womans cloths thought it not beſt,
His orders did forbid him; They change parts,
But not the plot, and follow their firſt Arts:
And while they doe purſue that brave deſign,
They ſonnets heare, and harmony divine
At their repoſe, and at the laſt diſcover
Cardenio *the diſcontented Lover;*
Who now compos'd compleats his woefull tale,
And ſhews that wealth and honour will prevaile
Gainſt oaths and vowes; the loſſe indeed is ſad,
But the worſt loſſe is, for it to be mad.

Text.

TEXT.

They borrowed therefore of the Inn-keepers wife, a Gown and a Kerchiefe, and left in pawn a faire new Caſſock, &c.] 'Twas well if Mr Curate never knew the charge of taking up a Gowne before: It is a dear commodity, and hath put many a man to doffe all: But for Mr Barber, who (and yet I cannot tell whether the trades were conjoyn'd ſo antiently) was a Perruke-man by profeſſion, ſhould have no better ſhift then a pied Oxe taile for a Beard, is very uncouth, he might have had enough of more pardonable Rubbiſh, if he had taken the paines to reforme *Sancho's* Beard, where was an infinite of ſhrubs to ſpare, without any waſt to his Coppice.

The Hoaſteſſe trickt up the Curate ſo handſomely.] So rare a dreſſe is this of the Gown, with the guards of black Velvet ful of gaſhes and cuts, that certainly the *Don*, or whoſoever ſaw her, muſt needs take her for a diſtreſſed Lady, and oppreſſed too, if it were no more, then with that Gowne upon her back in the middle of *Auguſt*. But it ſeems the Gowne was of great Antiquitie, and being made in King *Bamba's* dayes, a Prince that delighted in no faſhions, was extreamly ridiculous in King *Cambiſes* time, who was the moſt glorious Courtly Prince, and moſt obſerver of Modes in *Arabia*. Now what would move one of us eaſily perchance to laughter, will worke other effects upon the *Don*, who ſeeing a Lady ſubmitting her ſelfe to his protection, and ſtiling him her deliverer, reſtorer and avenger of her Iujuries, would inſtantly imagine, that ſome Villaines, Thiefes, Gyants, or Inchanters, had robb'd her Caſtle, kill'd her Knight, ſtript the Empreſſe, murder'd the young Princeſſe, and left her naked, untill ſhee was compaſſionated by a certaine Midwife, who accommodated her with her Chriſtning Gowne, wherein ſhee got more pity, and rais'd a higher deſire of revenge in the *Don*, by how much than more eminent ſhe had been, and eſpecially, that by her muffler he could perceive, ſhe was very tender of laying open her rare beautie to the Sun-beams, which was another inducement to provoke him, that ſuch a Beautie ſhould not (and he a living *Knight-Errant*) ſuffer (unreveng'd) this injury. Theſe opinions no doubt would ſurprize the *Don*, beſide the uncouth ſight of her Squires face-handle, (by which he might ſeem to be a longo-beard) would much amaze him. But more the variegated forme of it, the like whereof he had not ſeen upon the face of man in all his Travels: But preſently reflecting upon the hubbub, affrights, and confuſions of the ſtormed Caſtle, he found, that the preſent feare and amazement the Squire was in perſonally, and the deep griefe that did ſeize him for his Lords and his young Ladies, and the ſweet Princes Ruines, and his moſt ſweet and Innocent Ladies horrid abuſes, did change in a night one ſide of his Beard, as is frequent with thoſe, who take too deep impreſſions of ſorrow, to have their whole haire altered from any colour (except the ſame) into white.

Sancho, *came over to them about that time, and ſeeing of them in that habit, he could not conteine his laughter.*] *Sancho* ſhews himſelfe a man by his proprieties, and though it be the ſign of a fool to laugh exceſſively and often, 'tis the

part

part of a rational man to laugh somtimes, especially when merry objects are presented. The contrary passionate Philosophers from the same objects rais'd teares and laughter.: Agreat Argument that most mens actions are like Mr Curates Beard, *pied*: and that both *Heraclitus* and *Democritus* might exercise at once their customes upon them. Mr Curates Beard was indeed more ridiculous then *Sancho's*, yet *Sancho* sneers at it, having not seen his own face in a glasse since his first setting forth. Yet the intention of this fooliſh Metamorphosis, was commendable in the continuance, and dolorous in respect of the object; that wise men should permit themselves to play the fooles, to regaine aperverse and obstinate mad man to his home againe; let a man judge himselfe, and at night recount his dayes severall workes, and he will ingeniously (if he be impartiall betwixt himselfe Jury and selfe Judge) confesse, *Inter ridenda & deflenda tempus esse perditum*, and he might lay himselfe to bed like the Picture with a face of severall sides, the one weeping and the other smiling.

They arriv'd the next day following, where Sancho *had left the tokens of boughs.*] *Sancho* is now neer Bedlam, as he supposeth, and that he shall find his Knight, out of wits, out of cloths, and out of knowledge. The Curate instructs him what to doe, and gives him a letter of word of mouth, (not to be shewn, if he would conquer the world for it) which if he delivers with that fidelity as he did the *Don's* to the Curate, he may be stil'd *Mercurio del Fido*. They injoyne further secrecy, that he reveal not the designe; a thing which he was very well contented to doe, hoping it tended to his present installation to the government, and then there was another infallible token, that of two things committed to his memory, he could remember but one, and that was for his Asses, his profit quickning him in that particular. But as for the Letter to *Toboso*, it crumbled into such miserable Snattocks, that the Divell could not piece it together.

Both therefore arriving quietly under the shadow, there arriv'd to their hearing a sound of a voice.]

Ante Focum si frigus erit, si messis in umbrâ.

Umbrage and Musick too, and vocall too, was treble delight: But such rare straines, and so exactly sung, rais'd their opinion, (that it was not pastoritiall, nor any *Dorus* that sang) but some body of rare fancy, and exquisite voice. It will be a good Parenthesis, according to the inversion of the Verse, (both waies to be followed)

Interpone tuis interdum seria ludis.
Sancho *being gone to fool it with his Master;*
Cardenio *brings o'th' Stage his sad disaster.*

The continuation of *Cardenio's* Story.

Luscinda's Letter to *Cardenio.*

I.

Love and Desert enforce me to
Hold you not only high and deare,
But to put off all fœminine feare,
And teach thee slow-man, what to do.

2. If

2.

If thou desireſt in civill waies,
Without a *clauſam fregit* writ,
Upon my honour (tender it)
It is my glory yet, and praiſe.

3.

Unto my Father make addreſſe,
He loves me highly, you he knows,
Who will not crosly interpoſe,
But rather our good fortunes bleſs.

4.

He can't compell my will to thee,
'Tis to thee long agoe design'd;
This letter ſhews how I'm inclin'd,
If thou my Love be ſo to me.

5.

This meſſage fir'd *Don Ferdinand*
With praiſe to me, and magnifies
Luſcindas wit, 'bove all that's wiſe,
But loves herfalſe Lord underhand.

6.

I as a man design'd for ruine,
And one whoſe ſorrows ſhould be full,
My ſelfe invited in this gull,
My ſelfe th' uſurper drew in.

7.

I made my ſecrets known, and told,
Why the kind ſummons of my love
I did not to her mind improve,
But for a ſeaſon did with-hold.

8.

It lay upon my Fathers ſide,
To aske her of her yielding ſire;
But had it Heaven bin to acquire,
I durſt not mention't, nor confide.

9.

Not that *Luſcinda* might not gain
(Without worldly additaments)
By perſonall vertues the deſcents,
And grace the nobleſt blood in Spain.

10.

But I knew well that no requeſts
Would on his will prevail, e'r ſince
Thoſe Letters from our noble Prince
Call'd me to wait his high beheſts.

11.

And filthy feare, I knew not why,
(But ſtraws were blocks) did chill my heart;

That

That I could not my mind impart
With Fancy, that he would deny.

12.

Now sings a Nightingale, O hear!
Don Ferdinand will undertake,
Consenting Fathers both to make;
But O she sings not halfe the year!

13.

O *Joab* false, *Italian* Lord!
* *Vespasians* tutor'd Favorite,
But *Alexanders* friends, sad plight
Will seize thee, and a Tyrants sword.

14.

O bloody *Gyges*, whom the King,
*(*Candaules*) gave a fatall view,
(Of what no wise man ere would shew)
And made his own a *Gyges* ring.

15.

Fond Lover, whosoe'r thou art,
Let not thy tongue thy Mistresse praise,
Such talke i'th' hearers lust doth raise,
'Tis pimping to a goatish heart.

16.

But shew her not (not to the blind)
Cupid is said to want his Eyes,
But yet about he wanton flies,
And doth the fairest pieces find.

17.

Be only mirrors to each other,
Viewing your selves in your owne Eyes,
(And fear least they should chance prove spies)
Your kisses too with kisses smother.

18.

So shall no envious person pine
At that he doth not see nor know,
And all the joyes will 'twixt you flow,
Which your own banks will safe confine.

19.

But I transgresse, and shall return
Unto Lord *Ferdinand*, whose care
Is now to send me from this aire,
Where he in fires of love doth burn.

20.

The better to effect his will,
A specious errand he contrives,
And in that missive a plot drives,
His hopes to raise, and mine to kil.

* *whose saying it was*, qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere. Alexander *overheated with Greek wine, slew his best Captaine, and friend* Ephæstion.

* *Candaules* the King of *Lydia* discovered the naked excellencies of his wife to his Favourite, who made conscious to such a high secrecy, never left plotting (by his death) till he made himselfe more private with his admired spectacle.

21.

Six goodly horſes now are bought,
But money from the Court muſt come,
(That any man ſhould Court his doom!)
I this employment freely ſought.

22.

He had his wiſh, and ſtraight diſpatcht
Letters unto his elder Brother,
But his intents from him did ſmother,
And in his papers miſchiefe hatcht.

23.

I gave *Luſcinda* ſhort account,
Who wiſht me make no tedious ſtay,
To ready minds naught is delay;
(The ſaying did to much amount.)

24.

But then I did perceive her eyes,
With liquid Pearle diſtent, and ſwell'd;
I never teare before beheld,
Which made me bode 'um propheſies.

25.

And ſo they prov'd, for in a ſhoure,
(A ſtorme it prov'd in *fine* to me)
I left my ſweet Captivitie,
And ne'r ſhall ſee good day nor houre.

26.

Penſive and ſad I mount my Mule,
(My feares gave wings, and jealouſie.)
The way was ſcarce ſeen under me,
So rode a mad deluded foole.

27.

And *Ferdinand*'s Brother privatelie
With Letters I ſalute, who reads
The buſineſſe, but no mony ſpeeds,
Untill eight daies could finiſh'd be.

28.

Who laid commands that theſe eight daies,
(Unſeen unto the Duke with him)
I ſhould in joy and pleaſure ſwimme,
And money he would private raiſe.

29.

And all this was the Artifice
Of trecherous Lord *Ferdinand*,
To winne his Brother to command
My ſtay, by feign'd neceſſities.

30.

Who could prevent, who could diſcover
Such ſubtle manag'd trechery?

That mought have I, that did not I,
A fooliſh, doting, ſenſleſſe Lover.

31.

Short of *Luſcinda* in my love,
My reſolution not ſo high
(More like a ſpouſe in modeſty)
A coward too, in fine I prove.

32.

What could the pretty ſoule doe more?
(A ſoule ſurpriz'd, and forc'd by friends,)
To bring about our long'd for ends,
Then ſend, and reſcue to implore?

33.

* *Luſcinda's Letter.*

* *Don Ferdinand* (writes ſhe,) he doth act
So by the Father, (not for you)
That both the Heifer he will plow,
For the two Fathers are compact.

34.

And O that I muſt ſay ſuch word,
He hath demanded me for wife,
But he ſhall aske, and get my life
As ſoon: Love can find out a ſword.

35.

Ambition ſpurs my Father on
To have his daughter, Dutcheſſe ſtil'd;
That he doth urge as he were wild,
And yielded hath unto the *Don*.

36.

Two daies, (*Cardenio*) and but two,
(O thinke how nimbly time doth fly!)
Are 'twixt that dire ſolemnity;
Doe ſomething, and that quickly too.

37.

Imagine my perplext eſtate,
One while o'reharg'd with courtſhips high,
Then Fathers importunity,
And thus my wretched eares they baite;

38.

If theſe arrive unto your hands,
They may prevent the giving mine,
Or that my lips ſhould ever ſigne,
To ſay, I will be *Ferdinand's*.

39.

That word like to a daggers point
Wounded my heart, and drove from thence;
All the regard and reverence
I ow'd, and friendſhip did disjoint.

40.
Got from the Court, I back did flye,
(For rage and feare my Mule did ſpurre)
And had a quick acceſſe to her,
Who at the grate did for me lye.

41.
That Iron grate, which oft hath heard
Our vowes and proteſtations,
(Were things of courſe and faſhion)
Was now unto me double barr'd.

42.
For in a ſad and dolefull tone
Luſcinda ſaid, (*Cardenio*)
I ſtrait in theſe rich Dreſſes goe,
And muſt with *Ferdinand* be one.

43.
The Traytor Lord i'th' Hall attends,
My covetous Father there expects
My duty, which the worke effects,
Unleſſe ſome poor relieſe me ſends.

44.
But if I muſt my ſelfe relieve,
I have a Ponyard ſecret hid,
Which will the curſed Banes forbid,
And give me long and wiſh'd Reprieve.

45.
Deareſt of living things be there,
And ſee thy Mayden ſacrifice;
See how I will this Lord deſpiſe,
And name of Virgin Martyr weare.

46.
O perſevere (ſoule of my ſoule)
And act according to thy word,
And ſee *Cardenio* weares a ſword,
None ſhall my fury then controule.

47.
Then will I falſhood falſhood call,
And challenge *Ferdinan'd* to's face,
And have revenge upon the place,
For one or both that howre ſhall fall.

48.
So ſhall we both be join'd i'th' Urne,
And in one Tombe we'l chaſtly lie,
The monuments of conſtancy;
Luſcinda (while I ſpeak) doth turn.

49.
Call'd to theſe curſed Nuptials,
So that I grop'd, (as in dark night)

Depriv'd of her vigorous light,
Till hate my fainting ſoule recals.

50.

Not as a Brideman, 'twas decreed,
To ſee this Pompe, but as a feind
With diſmall torch, I ſhall attend
The iſſue of this cruell deed.

51.

Then to the Hall unſeen I came,
The buſie houſe was upward flown,
The Hall with various herbes was ſtrown,
(It might have been for me the ſame.)

52.

Two courteous ends of Arras meet,
And gave me ſight, and covert too,
That undiſcern'd I ſaw the ſhew,
And how theſe lovely couple greet.

53.

Falſe *Ferdinand* took firſt the Hall,
(A Field perchance to us 't may prove
And 'tent of wrath, and not of Love)
Cloth'd in his common habits all.

54.

Then came *Luſcinda* and her traine,
Rage made me blind, ſenſeleſſe and mad,
I ſcarce took notice how ſh' was clad,
But nothing was ſo fine in Spaine.

55.

Amongſt theſe people ſtood a thin
Lean man in blacke, and from his coat
He pluck'd a booke of common note,
And bruſh'd and cough'd, and did begin.

56.

He join'd their hands, and lowly bow'd,
Madam (ſaid he) is it your mind,
With Lord *Ferdinand* to be join'd
In Wedlock, ſpeak, and 'tis avow'd.

57.

My lengthened Eares did greedily watch,
What anſwer ſhe would make, and while
I with her Negative beguile
My hopes, or that ſhe would diſpatch

58.

With Poniards point the fatall Scene;
My hand was ſtill upon my hilt,
She order'd it, no blood was ſpilt,
And ſaid *I will!* Was this her ſpleen?

59. And

59.

And *Ferdinan'd* repli'd (*I will,*)
And going to ſalute his Bride,
A judgement juſt did her betide,
Whom Heaven for perjury did kill.

60.

For 'twixt her mothers knees ſhee fell,
And on her heart her hand was fixt,
That nothing could be got betwixt,
And gone ſhe is, where none can tell.

61.

At laſt with ſpirits ſhe got heat,
Which loos'd that falſe and mulcted hand,
And from her Breaſt *Don Ferdinand*
A letter caught, and did retreat.

62.

Which by the help of Torch he read,
But the Contents did not well pleaſe,
He ſate him down in little eaſe,
The killing letter made him dead.

63.

He did forget to mind his ſpouſe,
(To whom but now he gave his hand)
Nor could or life or ſpeech command,
But ſate dejected in the houſe.

64.

Judgements enough (if they be home)
If thou ne'r ope that trecherous mouth,
VVhence never iſſued word of truth,
(Said I) it is a happy doom.

65.

The houſe in tumult, I conveigh'd
My ſelfe unknown into the ſtreet,
VVhere no man me, I no man greet,
But walk like one wholly diſmai'd.

66.

My Mule I got, and for the Fields,
And ſight of Rocks, and VVoods, and beaſts
I now reſolve, and count them bleſt,
VVho live in place that no men yields.

And juſt about the time, Mr Curate was bethinking.] A note of conſolation would have been very unſeaſonable, eſpecially in beating out ſuch a ſtory with worſe matter. Then it was not certaine, whether *Cardenio* would hold in this temper; and ſo Mr Curates word of comfort might meet with a word and a blow of reproofe. Thirdly, I believe that Mr Curate was not provided, and that's enough at any time, for a ſcape Sermon; the quilted cap the next Sababths day is Apologie for the indiſpoſitions and failings of the laſt. Fourthly, and to conclude indeed, another

ther extraordinary pleaſant voice, drew them all by the ears unto it. It was ſo raviſhing a voice, that it was able to compoſe the troubled ſoule of *Cardenio*; who weary with the ſad relation of his own Story, is now at leiſure to heare this, which that it may gaine all its grace, the Author places us a roome off from the Muſick, and only in this Booke, gives us the eccho and falling tunes; but in the next you ſhall have the fulneſſe of the melody, the Beautie of the perſon, which he ſufficiently invites us to, while he raiſes in us appetite, which will not be ſatisfied without taſting.

The end of the Third Book.

FESTIVOUS NOTES VPON DON QUIXOT.

Book IV.

CHAPTER I.

Our Shepheard ſhepheardeſſe, relates her hap,
What do you think it is! ſhee hath got a clap.
Lord Ferdinand *as you have heard before,*
Made bold to make this pretty rogue a whore;
'Tis pity ſhee is ſo; but being out-ſworne,
Out-powr'd, out-worded, ſhee's at laſt o'rborne.
Her Father hath a Barne more to his Farme,
Good man, 'tis known my Lords, and there's no harme:
But Dorothea *having loſt her Fame,*
Scornes to be Country talk, and peoples game;
Forſaken by her Lord, the Woods ſhee takes,
Hoping to meet with Cleopatra's *Snakes,*
Or any courteous Beaſt, would make a prey
Of her: But Woods nor cruell Beaſts obey.
Inſtead of welcome dangers, her own Page,
(A raſcall Varlet, ſcarce grown up to age)
Adventures on her chaſtity; but he
Thrown down a Rock, receiv'd his deſtinie.
Then to an antient Heard, (what age is free,
If fifteen be not, nor threeſcore and three?)
Shee was a ſervant, but the old Knave knew
Shee was not as ſhe ſeem'd, but luſtfull grew.
Flight was her refuge here, ſhe now remaines
I'th' craggy part o'th' Mountaine, and complains
Of Lords, of Pages, and old doting Swaines.

TEXT.

PReface. *Moſt happy and fortunate were thoſe times, wherein the moſt audacious and bold Knight* Don Quixot *of the Mancha, was beſtowed on the World.*]

Fælix illa dies! quæ magni Conſcia partûs,
Quixotum *terris, & tibi Mancha dedit.*

Tran-

Translated thus.

VVho knows the day of that illustr'ous Birth,
VVhen *Quixot* of the Mancha saw the Earth?

I doe believe, *Garagantua* and he were neer Contemporaries, or rather the Knight of the Sunne, by his parch'd face, but by his wild and wandring head, he should be more conversant with the Knights of the moon, who every moneth, in some Region or other, drop from that Orbe, and play feats in this. In the Register of the *Mancha* there is nothing to be found but these Letters, and these with much Art preserv'd. *Hab: Lunat: Quix: Anno ante Orb: Cond. p.* 10.

A voice said very dolefully, these words ensuing.] Let it be if you please a Drawlery upon it, for it is very sad and long, and it may be you long to be merry.

Dorothæa's *Description.*

Shee'd got (poor soule) among the craggy Rocks,
And is discover'd by her silver locks;
Her argent haire, which all beholders caught,
Entrapp'd her selfe, and to her sex her brought.
She would a boy been thought, but her pure feet,
(Then which nothing so strait, nothing so neat,
Nothing so cleare: For to the bathing wench
And 'bout her legs the fish plaid as a Tench.)
Confess'd her woe too plain, 'twas worth ones wish,
To have a Lasse, that caught both flesh and fish:
Just like a Plow-boy tir'd in a browne Jacket,
And Breeches round, long lethern point (no Placket)
With her high shooes, her Buskin fashion'd hose,
Halfe of her Alabaster legs disclose:
Her head a rusty cap did hide, and as
She lifts it up, her face proclaims a Lasse
So beautifull, that rapt Cardenio *sweares,*
Since not Luscinda, *'tis not as't appeares.*
I would have sworne as much, had I been there;
But after this shee combed out her haire,
What was her Ivory combe d'you think? her hand,
Which ran so nimbly at her sole command,
That in an instant she had spred her haire,
You could not see a person to be there;
As in a thicket of rich Silk VVorms *worke,*
Or twisted Sun-beame, her nice Corps do lurk
Unseen, unlesse the amorous Wind did sunder
The even lines, and shew within more wonder.

All which circumstances did possesse the three that stood gazing at her with great admiration, &c. Therefore they resolv'd to shew themselves.] Mr *Carat* had no Crosse-worke against this sight, it drove him not to his Pater-nosters, nor his Beads; but the most magnetick piece wrought vertually upon him, and so strongly, that he could no longer be at so remote a distance,

but

but was for a *contactus*, which is more naturall; and if matters hit right for a *contractus*, which is more ſpirituall as to the *Eccleſiaſticall* Court; but *nos inter nos* very *Carnall*. Mr Barber was ſo ſmitten at the looks of her, that his eyes ſmarted as if he had waſht 'um (*open*) in his ſweet bals: And O the miſchance! how he laments the want of his puffings (or head-bellows) to powder his Perruke; nor had he at preſent any *eſperiaminis* for his upper Lip: Yet he would ſhew himſelfe a man of his hands, and arme her from the River. *Cardenio* alſo, but that his rude and tatter'd Ruines diſcourag'd him, would not have been the laſt at this Ceremonie, but they all ranne from their Covert haſtily, and ruſht upon her, which put her to a ſhort flight, and preſently to a fall; for her tender plants were of a more choice and pure earth, then that ſhee trod on, and unable to endure their roughneſſe. But ſhe was preſently ſupported by the Curate, who (as if he had been beginning his Sermon, *à lapſu primæ parentis*) ſaid, Lady (for ſo your hair (unwilling to your ſelf) diſcovers you) it is incident from our Mother *Eve*, for your ſexe to fal: and ſo regaining her feet, deſired her to be conſtant to them, & put them to no farther diſeaſe to themſelves, but to ſetle her a little diſcompoſed ſpirits, when ſhe ſhould perceive, ſhe was fallen upon ſuch, that hoped their perſons were rather to be approach'd to, then fled from. Here the Barber ſhould have acted, but the Curate being the *fluenter* man (except when Mr Cutbert was in his ſuds and ſnaps) had the happineſſe to hand her, and have the advantage of her eare to convey his *Conſolatories*, *Suaſories*, *Depre-colories*, and the like fragments of his profeſſion, untill he had appeas'd her totally, and brought her to that calmneſſe, that ſhe was willing to take a ſtone, the naturall ſtools of the place, and Mr Parſon inviting his companions with his——*vivo ſedilia Saxo*,

To accept thoſe living ſeats of ſtone,
Which grow without a cuſhion;

They all incompaſs'd their delicate Orator, who confirm'd in her reſolution, began her Story.

Dorothæas Tale.

There lives a Duke in *Andaluzia*,
Grandees they call them, (if I right doe ſay)
Who had two ſons, the eldeſt of great hopes,
The yonger, ſuch as thoſe they call crack-ropes;
A wicked Lord, as e'r wore Spaniſh leather,
Gawdy as Sun-ſhine, light as any feather,
And diveliſh handſome, ſet out too with clothes,
With which he takes fools eyes, their ears with oaths:
His buſineſſe was, his plots, deſignes, and carking,
To abuſe poor maides, a very very *Tarquin*.
My Father farm'd of the great Duke his Father
Much Lands, from whence you very well may gather,
How bold the Lordling made, for he plaid Revell-
Rout, when he came, and laid the Towne all levell.
All were his Fathers Tenants, who made bold
Upon a priviledge in dayes of old,

(Which the gyrles knew not) of *Purgandos Renes*,
And ſo he came by many wicked venies,
Which the old Lords had long time left undone,
And was the drudgery of the yong'ſt ſonne:
But other breeding, then the Pariſh maidens,
(VVhich to the Market went with country Tradings)
My Father gave to me, beſide the ruling
Of all his houſe, I had no time for fooling;
For either I was buſie in the Dairy,
To ſee cleane worke, that ſtroakings were not hairy;
Their Churnes and Preſſes neat, there was no clutt'ry
In Pantry, Milk-houſe, dairy, nor in Butt'ry.
I had accoutrements and proper dreſſes,
For all employments; now for the wine-preſſes
Anon for oyle-Mils, then among the Hives,
(And was as buſie as thoſe winged Thieves.)
Our Houſe, nor theirs, afforded Drones; two ſervants
One of each ſex (i'th' Family the fervent'ſt)
Alwayes attended me, and by thoſe paire
I ſent my Embaſſies to every eare:
I order'd, and 'twas done; there was no Dutcheſs
Had a more cleare Command within her clutches.
If that the day afforded any leiſure,
It was not ſpent in giggling and in pleaſure:
I and my Maidens at the diſtaffe ſit,
Contending, who the fineſt thread could ſpit;
Or elſe the bones we ratled for the grace
Of the moſt exquiſite and ſmalleſt Lace:
And for our worke with needles, we could venter
To ſhew *Arachne* ſitting in her center
Amongſt her home-ſpun Orbs, and lines, and thence
Shee moves from Center to Circumference.
Or his dread piece, who mulcted was for peeping,
WhileNymphs their bodys in cold bath were ſteeping:
And then transformed into a ſtately Buck,
To dye by his owne dogs had the ill luck.
That ſelfe enamour'd Sir we alſo wrought,
VVho in a wat'ry looking-glaſſe was caught,
And to the mens perpetuall jeer and laughter,
Extinguiſht was, and ſet on fire by water.
VVeary of worke, I forthwith went to play
Upon the Harp or Lute, ſo ſpent the day;
Muſick reviv'd my Spirits, and at night
I was as bonny, as at morning light.
Abroad I went not, but unto the Maſſe,
And then ſo hooded, to tell who I was
My ſelfe knew not, untill uncas'd; the Prieſt
Confeſs'd, and did abſolve me in a miſt:

All

All was not care enough, this would not cover
Nor hide my beauties from a Goatish Lover,
(Lord *Ferdinand*)

——*Thereat* Cardenio *roſe,*
As if he had ta'ae pepper in the noſe;
That very name did make him ſweat, and ſtand,
As if his fit of frenzy were at hand.
But he did only ſweat, which cool'd the Barber
And Curate too, who leering were for harbour,
If the mad fit had ſeiz'd him: It fell out,
Cardenio *prov'd faire Company this 'bout.*

Never was man ſo ſmitten as this Lord,
He knew not how to look, or ſpeak a word
At firſt, but once having found out the way,
The Devill himſelfe coud not the Lord *Out-ſay,*
Out-Court, out-promis'd, ſweare, out-bribe, out-ly;
He forc'd me double guard my chaſtity.
For I was now to looke to my owne Trenches,
I know not how he had wonne upon my wenches,
They were his ſpokes-women, and high Abetters,
And alwaies ſcatter'd's praiſe, or ſcatter'd's Letters;
What should poor Virgin doe? they praiſe, he begs,
I'm left alone, to ſtand on my owne legs;
I muſt confeſſe the flatterie of his letters,
Would have inclin'd Ladies, by farre my betters;
And what was I, that I ſhould be ſo coy,
(Alas my heart to read 'um oft did joy!)
But I did fear, and ſo my Father told me,
(And bid me when that I was well, there hold me.)
He meant no good, for all his deep proteſting,
Keep out his head, for he would bring the reſt in;
Then he contriv'd to match me out of hand,
To one of equall yeares, and equall Land,
VVhich was more ſutable then thoſe high courſes:
But yet I hanckred after Coach and horſes,
To be my Lady call'd, a Dutcheſſe daughter
I often wiſht, and entertain'd with laughter.
But *Ferdinand* had fiſht out thy poor plot,
VVith ſilver angling all the truth he got;
And in a night, the Chamber doore being ſhut,
Unleſſe 'twere after open'd by the ſlut
That waited there, or that he had a key,
(For that he had, I think for any way)
As I was halfe undreſt, this luſtfull Lord
Unbrac'd before me ſtands, I'd not a word
To ſay, nor did th'unhappy wench cry out;
(Shee knew too well what he was come about)

But *Ferdinand*, most full of raptures high,
Caught me in his armes incontinently;
And with such strict embraces did me round,
And sware and kiss'd, and wish't him all confound.
He meant to marry me, and ne'r would alter,
Then kiss'd the Missall (thats our Ladies Psalter)
And me againe, then made Imprecations,
(More then the King of Spaine hath Nations)
And then us'd whining too, all sort of cunning
T'undo a credulous poor maides down running:
I gave him reason, how the Duke his Father,
Then marry me, would see him hanged rather,
Twould be his owne, mine, and my friends undoing;
But he for all my words, ne'r gave off sueing.
Then catching up our Ladies Image, sware,
That all his purposes were chast and faire.
And though he did anticipate his pleasure
This night, he would appropriate the treasure
Next day unto himselfe, then begg'd and whin'd,
(Alasse too much to one so well inclin'd)
And having swore my maid out, and the lights,
We did what Lords and Ladies doe anights.
The morne too soone beganne a blush to me,
Which I return'd to him in bed with me,
Who startled at the double purple light,
Rose up in such a huddle, as the night
(It was not so to me) had been unpleasant;
Surely it was not, though we had no ease in't.
My maid conspir'd his farewell too, to hasten,
(That very maid that in my study plac'd him.)
Just like an Epicure, or greedy fellow,
H' has had what he came for, and so farewell ho;
But yet his farewell was not quite uncivill,
For he did wish himselfe unto the Devill,
If he did break his faith, or fail'd to tarry
A moneth at full, before that he did marry.
Then in exchange, a ring of noble price
He drew from off his finger in a trice,
And slipt it upon mine, and strait was going,
But I did think, there something more was owing:
I dropt a teare, and kiss'd him, and then I told him,
He saw full well, I was not given to scolding;
For my false maide I scarce had chid, who bid him,
Though not unwelcome, yet a guest unbidden;
And (Sr) said I, though now you make no stay,
Forget not (good my Lord) to know the way.
All this prevail'd, but for one nights stay more,
He could have done no lesse unto his Whore:

I preſt for's company, he gave denïall;
I askt him, if he tooke me upon tryall:
He ſware, he try'd and lik'd, and lik'd ſo high,
He could upon the circumſtances dye.
Nay prithee live (ſaid I) and returne ſpeedy,
Fiſh that on gravell uſe to play are greedy.
He ſmil'd and vaniſht, but I know not whither,
At me he came not, nor in publicke neither.
A moneth I ſpent in wat'ring of my Pillow,
And then bethought me of a Garland willow;
Then the falſe Damſell, that conveyed this Traytor,
I ratled, but yet kept her for my wayter;
Shee knew too much to be diſcharg'd, a Truſtee
Of ſuch concealements, alwaies flatter'd muſt be.
But I was troubled moſt, (my eyes being blubber'd)
For publike meales, I often fed at Cup-board.
But anger, ſorrow, and all paſſions bulg'd
Into themſelves, for a report divulg'd,
That my *Don Formidand* had found freſh litter,
(I did not wonder how he came to get her)
One nam'd *Luſcinda*: and that they were bedded,
That mov'd me not; but this, that they were wedded.

But yet *Cardenio* ſtar'd and champt and wond'red,
And wiſht, the Devill had their bodies ſund'red.

And forthwith having brib'd for Page a Swaine,
Unto *Luſcindas* Towne we trudge amaine.
But there the Bels could not proclaime't i'th' ſteeple,
Higher then 'twas i'th' noiſe of common people.
From one of them I heard, that on the eſpouſals
That night *Luſcinda* frighted all the houſholds.
She fell into a ſwoone, but dropt a writing,
All as he ſwore of her owne hand inditing,
Wherein in lamentable caſe ſhe ſhews,
Shee long time ſince was our *Cardenios*;
(Ours I can't call him now, for young man, he
Is gone, alaſſe, we know not where he be.
Shee did renounce thoſe later bands, that ſhe
Could not without diſloyall perjury
Be any others, if they would goe on-ward,
Shee'd end the buſineſſe with a bloody Ponyard.
Thus much the Hind related; then a perſon
Of better ranck, on *Ferdinand* fell fierce on,
And ſaid, that He deluded of his Luſt,
With her ovvn dagger would have given a thruſt,
And kill'd his ſpouſe, but the vile wretch was hindred,
By thoſe then preſent, parents and her kindred.

'Twas

'Twas time time to flie, this eminent diſgrace,
Made my ſham'd Lord, he durſt not ſhew his face.
It was a day before *Luſcinda* ſtrengthned,
And then the ſtory of her vows ſhee lengthened
To her abuſed Parents, who requeſted
To be forgiven, but she was then cloſe breaſted,
And ſpake but little; and a few dayes after
The houſe was full of tears, they'd loſt their daughter.
'Twas worth my journey this, I tarried
To finde my ſpouſe was yet unmarried;

'Foole as I was that had no knife nor dagger,
'But if I had my doubtfull hand would ſtagger
'What it ſhould doe! ſlay me, the innocent?
'And why ſlay him, if that he honeſt meant?

CHAP. II.

While tame Cardenio Dorothæa *courteth,*
And to new ſtratagems the Dame exhorteth,
Reſolving both upon returnes; the Curate
Offers to wait, the Barber not obdurate,
Proffers like ſervice. But harke Sancho Pancas
Runs Onching *round the mountaine like a ranck-Aſſe,*
Braying for's Company; The Barber whiſtles,
At laſt they meet, and jeer each others Briſtles,
Oxe taile, and Shottover. Sancho *related,*
How that the Don *was neer exenterated,*
Meagre and wanne, with hollow Cheeks ſharp gullet,
Cheſt like a dog-fed horſe, legs like a Pullet.
Never (more) Knight of the Illfavour'd face;
But now he was the naked Rnight *o'th' place:*
Fit for ſome Phyſick-ſchoole, where he might ſtand
To ſhew his parts, he is a muſcle man.
A Counſell ſtrait is call'd, and Madam Doll
Micomicona *doth her ſelfe inſtall.*
(*An injur'd* Æthiopian *Princeſs*)
Who beaten out of all her owne Provinces,
Muſt crave Don Quixots *aid: Shee ſtrait accoutres;*
Curate and Barber being adjutors
Unto her highneſſe; Sancho *is perſwaded*
It is a Queen, that comes for to be aided
By his great Maſter; ſo the plot is laid,
Sancho *doth foot it, Barber's on the jade:*
The Queen i'th' middle, and at laſt they finde
This wondrous Knight, not like one of Man-kinde:
The Queen makes knowne her wofull caſe; the Don
Cals for his Armes ('twas well his cloths were on)
His Armour clapſe; they carry this lank ſinner,
The neareſt way they can unto a dinner.

TEXT.

THE Audients of her Story, felt both pitty and admiration.] The Auditors eyes did even runne over with water at *Dorothæas* Story, but that ſhee reſtrained the woman in them, with the woman before them, who was ſo lovely, that ſhe ſcatter'd nothing but cheerfull influences upon her beholders. Shee made griefe and ſorrow amiable, inſomuch that Mr Licentiat was upon premeditation ſtill before he ſpake to her, and did not play the Prieſt adventure, nor vent his extemporary fancies upon her. A compos'd piece of his office in the point of comfort no doubt vvas inſtantly to iſſue forth, when——

Cardenio *taking her by the hand, ſaid at laſt, you are daughter to the rich Cleonardo.*] I had thought *Cardenio* would never have been knowne; but now he will diſcloſe himſelfe, which he might eaſily doe, for he had ſcarce a rag to his taile, and gives her the naked truth, that he was that tame piece of flesh, who ſtood more like the Arras, then the Tapeſtry it ſelfe, while a perjured friend, made bold with his Lady before his face. *Dorothæas* managery of her matters, was farre more ingenious and commendable, who was not a thorough loſer, she got what was to be got, and though she loſt the Principall, shee had good conſideration. What hath *Cardenio* to excuſe himſelfe from the extreame ſcarre of a Coward? who having his hand on his hilt, and plac'd as in ambuſcado for the Stratagem of revenge, expected the word from his Ladies dying groane. Her Ponyard muſt whiffle to his Toledo. *A living pudding is better then a dead Lyon*; (quoth *Dorothæa*,) and let all Grandees of Spaine (for they delight therein) like the Proverb, and uſe it for ever.

Then I will uſe the liberty granted to me as a gentleman, and in juſt title challenge him to the field.] *Dorothæa* might have ſmil'd, or rather ſuſpected his fidelity, that her beautie should prove a *Beutefeu* greater then *Luſcindas*, and inſpire more valour into him, then he did shew for his owne incroachments; no challenge ſent to *Don Ferdinand*, for the uſurpation of his ſpouſe, though done under his noſe; and why ſuch a cock of the game in her vindication? Certainly he had an aguish fortitude, and it came upon him by fits, when it concern'd him moſt, at his own cornuting, the cold Paroxiſme held him, and the hot and Feavourish at preſent. It was true indeed, the Lady whoſe defenees he undertakes, was worthy of an *Herculean Vindex*, and one (that had theſe tilting times been worthy of) muſt have wrote her ſelfe the Miſtreſſe of ſome short Catalogue of ſlaine, or periſht Kings ſervants (a very great honour I can tell yee.) And here now were hint an occaſion enough for a diſcourſe upon Duels, whether they be a piece of juſtifiable fortitude? without the conſideration of Chriſtan laws made againſt it, or any impreſſes of the divine Prohibition in the ſoule, created in, and to love, and originally interdicted revenge and violence. If you come with theſe arguments into the ſchoole of defence or reputation, you are ſaid preſently to ſmell of the Coward. But if you come fortified with *Cain's* Jaw bone, and will maintaine a challenge good againſt your own brother, not of the ſword only, but nature, then you

are

are of the right flame, a brother of the Jaw-bone. The arguments on both ſides are very ſtrong; the Hectors relye upon their blades, *manus ad capulum*: It is enough to ſignifie the challenge, and the cauſe too, and the Law is as ſtrict, and punctuall too. *Caput ad Laqueum*, which is enough to intimate the crime and the puniſhment. But I have but one argument againſt Duellers at this time. Why doe the Hectors themſelves fly for the ſame? They will ſay, for feare of the Law; why then let them finde out a place, where there is no Law againſt it? that the brother-hood ſay, is in *terra Incognitâ*; they could never heare of any ſuch place; then certainly if all people and Nations puniſh it, it is not only unlawfull, but unnaturall and morally evill; and what no people allow in generall, no one ſhould dare to doe in particular. The Tragedies of *Dorothæa*, and *Cardenio*, are more lamented (the more's the pitty) feined Romances are bewail'd, and Philaſter bleeding in love, when a true really ſlaine Gentleman ſhall not find a teare; but a diſpute, whether he fell nobly, made a right thruſt, or lay too open, or had his hat, doublet, band, and ſpurs off? Theſe are the requiſite punctilios before his lying downe in the bed of honour. It may be the cauſe of the quarrell is by ſome askt after, by a thouſand related, and by never a man the ſame way. A ſad caſe (my friends) when a man ſhall periſh, and goe no man knows whither, and taken off no man knows why. *Homicidia in mendacio flemus, in vero poſtulamus.* 'Twas ſaid of thoſe daies, when Emperors expos'd the live-bodies of their ſlaves, to be Prizes with Beaſts, and one another, then the voice was at thoſe Amphitheatrall Butcheries; *Play him again, clapping and applauding, when the Beaſt was victorious.

*A man after he had ſubdued one beaſt.

So we can weep at fained Tragedies,
And look upon true Murders with dry eyes.

This is a little too ſerious; the next note brings a foole in, and then we ſhall be merry againe.

It was Sancho Pancas, *who, becauſe he found them not in the place where he left them, cryed out lowdly.*] He might have cried bread and meat for the Lords ſake, (for his halfe ſtarv'd Lords ſake) who with hunger and cold had almoſt put an end to his Errantry. He cried, and his Knights belly rung noon, and the wood rung of them all; and now they have *Sancho* in a ring, and round him, untill he have made his Mr as ridiculous as himſelf. The whimſy of the Knight, is to be cured with another whimſy, as they ſay, ſet a *fool to catch a fool*; a Proverb not of that gravity (as the Spaniards are,) but very uſefull and proper. For example ſake: An English Lord kept a Fool, a very naturall, who being diſpleaſur'd at ſome ill uſage of the Family, abſented himſelfe ſo long, that the Lord was much troubled leſt he ſhould have made himſelfe away; others thought he might be gone in a viſit to a neighbour fool ſome few miles off. The Lord ſent thither to enquire, and withall, to intreat that Fool over, (in caſe he was not there) to their houſe. Fooles are ſoon intreated, eſpecially the ſervant telling him, that his Couzen had been miſſing many daies; al's one for that quoth *Tonie*, I'll find him out, ne'r feare Coz. At laſt they came to the Lords houſe, and all of them, Lord, Lady, ſervants of both ſexes ran out to the Foole, and wofully lamented the loſſe of *Tonie*, who was as good as meat to their bellies. Coz *Tonies* cryed, get ye all *to prayers on your backs* you long

coates

coates (ſpeaking to the women) my Coz is ſafe enough, he is too wiſe for you. Then the foole was ranger of the whole houſe, and in every place he came, he cried, O Coz, Coz, are you there. I ſee you well enough? Thus having travers'd the beſt Chamber; at laſt he came to the Cock-lofts, and with a more hearty and confident noyſe then in other places, he cried, ha Coz have I found you, I ſee you, that I doe. The other foole had unpil'd ſome wood, and lay behind it, then his Coz cried out againe, I ſee him, I ſee him, in very joyfull acclamation: Whereat his counterpart ſaid from his lurking hole, O but you don't: The noiſe directed them to the place, whence out they pluckt him, halfe ſtarv'd, for he had there but wooden entertainment; but the Cook got him ſome ſpoon meat for his Coz and himſelfe, and they were very well ſatisfied. Such a diſh now hot in the Plaine, where *Don Quixot* acted more then the Knight of the *Naked* Arme, would have put an end to the play, and all the bitter uſage of *Dulcinea* would have been forgot in a *Lethe* of ſettle-braine; wherein if they had ſlic'd ſome of the leafes of the two books, wrote *de veritate*, amongſt the chippings, it might have been enough to reduce him (without the neat deſigne of *Dorothæa*) to his naturall temper, from having ever any credence in lying Romances.

Dorothæa *ſaid that ſhee would counterfeit the diſtreſſed Lady better then the Barber.*] The Barber might have done much, if he had his wife to attire him, and ſet him out in Ladies combings; but I doe not think ſhee would ever have let him ſhav'd off his Muſtachoes for the matter, it being the only hold ſhe had, (for his haire of his head was but thinne) when ſhee found occaſion to pull him to her pleaſures, or from the Alehouſe to his paines. Let him be honeſt *Oxen-ſterne*, the Lady *Nicomiconas* ſervant with the checquer'd Beard, which ſignified much feare in him, or from him. Pray Heaven, the *Don* in his rambling fancy take him not for *Cacus* the Gyant, that robb'd thoſe honeſt men the *Graſiers*, and cozen'd *Polyphem*, (the *Monophthalmos*, and Gyant of the ſingle Eye) drawing politiquely his Cattle backward to his owne Cave; ſo that *Polyphem* tracking their ſteps to the denne, could find nothing but hooſes revers'd from the Cave. A hundred to one but he hits on't, and takes this long pendent on his chin, for ſome glew'd on Trophie of his beaſtly victories: If he ſhould hanck upon it, there's [illegible]e to be no quietneſſe without a Rumpe to the taile.

And through the great Fame which is ſpread over all Guinea, *of the Lords Proweſſe, this Princeſſe is come to finde them out.*] *Sancho* replyed, what that fat and plentifull Kingdome, (whence the *Guiny* Pigs come) doth this Lady with her ſelfe ſubmit to my *Don*? O *Mary Gutierez*, live and be fat! and let thy Children all be fatlings; thoſe pretty *Guiny* Pigs-nies ſhall live about thy bed-chamber, and thou ſhalt lie upon thy pallat, and call to thy cook-maid, and ſay, dreſſe me that Squeeker for my breakfaſt, I'll eat it before I riſe, and the reſt of the litter ſhall be ſmall Muſick to me, while I feed; it ſhall be ſo *Mol*, and fell a capering, as if he had one in his belly. But Mr Curate told him, theſe *Guinea* Pigs which he meant, were Shelves of gold melted, refin'd, and made into wedges, Pigs and Bars, that *Mary Gutierez* and her whole family, could not lift one from the ground. One of theſe would buy the *Manchas* Hogge-heards whole drove, Dams and all.

My maſter hath no kinde of power over Spirits.] The *Don* could never worſt any thing that had a Spirit. The Windemils had a Spirit that threw my Mr in *Confagum Lunæ*, (as they ſay) and he was never in his wits ſince. Certainly he was toſs'd or carried beyond the temperate Regiment of the aire, among the bluſt'ring, thund'ring, and fiery boyes, for ever after he deſpis'd Land encounters; he ſmelt my thought, as if he had been ſing'd at his fall, or of ſomewhat of a hot aire. So that (great Queen) for this buſineſſe of *Guinea*, if you have not a man of Spirit in it, he will make no more to conquer it, then he would to eat an Orenge, though his ſtomack is ſharp enough at preſent without any Incentives. Lady, he ſhall deſtroy all except the Pigs, with which your Dominions abound. May you, and my Lord people it from your owne Loines againe; (all but that part of the Dominion, which you beſtow upon your humble, but doughty ſervant, *Sancho Panchas* of the *Mancha*) and my Lady *Moll* ſhall ſerve your Highneſſe, (not amongſt the maides of Honour) but chiefe Princeſſes of your Kingdome, in the office of holding up your traine, or the cloofe ſtoole, wherein ſhee is very tendable, and handy. I have more of the litter, if you pleaſe to grace 'um; but when I and *Moll* ſhall come to feed on Pigs, we ſhall multiply beyond the rate of the creatures we eat, and have ſubjects of my own begetting, of my owne loines, in ſuch a number, that it will be fit for your Highneſſe to tranſplant them for Colonies, and ſend them into the wide world for a living. Thus is the fool tranſported, taking Mr Licentiat for the Queen, and out of apprehenſion of he knows not what, he talks to he knows not whom.

At laſt they diſcovered him amongſt a company of intricate Rocks, all apparell'd, but not Armed.] *Sancho* was to blame, to let his Mr be thus ſurpriz'd without his Armes on, his long pennance having withdrawn his body from the full extenſion of his clothes many a handfull, ſo that he look'd as if he had been in a ſack, or a ſcarcrow, rather then a man. So improper an overſight was never committed by a Squire of the body: Inſomuch, that the *Don* in the beginnings of his adventures, providently would not ſuffer his Armes to be all taken off, when he repos'd, but ſlept in the Helmet. To unmartiall the whole man, and leave him without ſteel or iron upon him, is, as if you ſhould pare the nailes of a Lyon, ſtrip a Beare of her skinne, rob a Fox of his taile, diſhonour a Cock of his ſpurrs: That is to *Caponize* the gallant ſpirit of the Creature, and to render him leſſe formidable to his Antagoniſts. A *Knight-Errant* without Armes on? *credentne poſteri?*

I will not anſwer you a word, nor heare a jot of your affairs, Faire Lady (*quoth* Don Quixot) *untill you ariſe from the ground.*] It is much that he is not on his Knees too; for he was ſcarce able to ſtand on his Legs, which (if his Arms had been on) had not been ſo viſibly flexible; for the *Don* through weakneſſe bow'd ever and anon, and recompens'd her kneeling, with continuall unavoydable cringes, which made him appeare the moſt courtly Knight upon the earth. The caſe was plaine, for he was not able to raiſe her up with his hands, but ſhe expected his gracious word of mouth, which was ſtronger alwaies then his Armes or Legs, and promiſed a great deale more.

I doe give and grant it, quoth Don Quixot, *ſo it be not a thing that may turn to the damage or hinderance of my King or Country*, &c.] A very loyall exception: Three obligations which he had forfeited over and over, and yet to ſee the tenderneſſe of his Conſcience in a point which he ſo often violated. This faithfull lover of his Prince, is under privy ſearch of the *Holy Brotherhood*, for the reſcue of his Majeſties ſlaves ſent to the Gallies. The Country was full of hues and cries for the adventure of the ſheep, which his *Manchegan* Farme would not ſatisfie. The Helmet of *Mambrino*, was the poor Village-Barbers goods, which he took to arreſt him for, as he paſt the Towne; the preſent ſubſiſtance, which *Sancho* (his Receiver and Treaſurer had) were the ſpoiles of *Cardenio's* Port-Mantle, beſide the ſeverall Hoſtes, (his unwilling Creditors) who intended to diſ-*Roſinante* him, and ſend him home *Knight-Errant* on foot, if he paid not, what his Squire and Himſelfe had eaten. Laſtly, for his obligation to his Lady, there was no feare, but of himſelfe: For who could damnify her, who had nothing to loſe, not ſo much as credit? and for his perſonall injury to her, he had ſufficiently done it in his Pennance, which had ſo mortified the man in him, that all the wealth he had would not repaire him into a reaſonable proportion of night-ſervice, which if he faile in, *Dulcinea* was like to *Orlando* him, though it were by his Squire *Sancho*.

And therefore hands to the worke, for (they ſay) that danger alwaies followed delay.] Concluded moſt Heroically! 'twas well to call for hands, (and more hands then thine owne) or elſe the worke would be very ill done. Yet I think in this point *Sancho's* opinion was right, (*that it was a matter of nothing*) for there being no ſuch Queen, and no ſuch Kingdome, the Squires word is here to be taken, and the *Don's* Proverbe of delay proves dangerous, is infeebled, for the leſſe ſpeed, or a *feſtina lentè* were farre more ſafe and eaſie; but hands to the work however, and at length reſtore the Queen to her legs, for ſhame that ever ſuch a decrepit Knight ſhould undertake ſo chymæricall employments, and is not able to relieve a Lady from her Knees. It was not want of humanity in him, but ſtrength, ſaith our Author. Faſting is an ill preparative for a *Ball*, and the *Don* was (notwithſtanding his ſniffeling example of *Amadis Du Gaull*, or any other puling Knight) in a wrong courſe to reconcile himſelfe by abſtinence to any diſtaſted Lady, eſpecially ſuch an hirudinous and extracting Lady, as *Dulcinea*; who would have tir'd *Hanibals* Army, after he had reſted a moneth in *Capua*, being of a larger ſize then *Meſſallina*, and vaſter deſires. This next civility will drowne all that is paſt, for he will not permit the Queen to kiſſe his hand, but keeps them in his pockets, and cannot be conſtrain'd upon thoſe termes to draw 'um forth.

But it grieved Sancho *to thinke that the Kingdome was in the Countrey of Blackamores.*] It was no juſt cauſe of griefe; (*Sancho*) for if your primogenitors be not belied, the generall ſmutch you have, was once of a deeper black, when they came from *Mauritania* into Spaine, and the protuberancies of your lips both alike: Now indeed your teeth are not ſo white, nor your faces ſo black, though the *Don* by his Pennance, had reduc'd himſelfe almoſt into a *Moore*, and to his moſt *Ill-favour'd* Face, had moſt cleane teeth. But *Sancho*, were it not a more profitable and leſſe cruell deſign, (then that of ſelling 30 or 40 thouſand in a morning into Spaine for ſlaves)

to try a piece of experience, and since every man has two coates to his back, (that is two skins *Sancho*) an upper and an under, that thicker, to keep off the injury of aire-blows, and the like, the under, finer, and lighter like a summer coat. Flay therefore (*Sancho*) the tougher upper skinn off, and send them by Ship-loads into all other Countries, (where solemnities for Funerals are used) and you may drive a mightie trade for mourning gloves, mourning saddle-clothes, and mourning buff, and Pantoffles for Ladies, after they'r covered with gold lace; (for no skinne is softer then the *Moores Sancho*) thus *Sancho* you save the subjects in a whole skin, though not two, and the second skin proving white, you will have your Country call'd *Albion*, and your people Whites, not from the colour of their Sands, but their owne strange Metamorphosis. Your selfe call'd *Blancho*, that is the *Faire*, or *Pharo*, who was an Æthiopian Prince before you, that is, King of the Whites.

Mr Curate was an ingenious and prompt plotter, and took out of his case a paire of shears, and cut off Cardenio's *Beard therewith, all in a trice.*] Sr John is turn'd John of all trades, *Clericus & Laicus*, a brace of Elders and a Presbyter, bound up in one Volume, the Tailor, Barber, and Licentiat; well (Sr) exercise your gifts; *Cardenio's* Beard is the first point to be handled, which being exorbitant and unfit for the Congregation, by the Scissars of authority, was reform'd into a more brotherly cut. *Exit* Tonsor; enter Taylor with a Capouch and a long cloake, wherein having dress't the yong Gentleman, he resembled a little Levite so handsomely, that in the ensuing passages he might hope to be Chaplaine to the Queen of *Micomicona*; Mr Licentiat is left in Querpo, as if in Zeale he had preach'd his upper garment off, or else parted with them, when *Duke D' Alva* was beaten out of the low Countries, in the heat of that Reformation.

But notwithstanding the Barber was so affrighted, as he fell to the ground with so little heed to his Beard.] By a Synecdoche of *partis pro toto*, the Oxe taile being fallen to the ground, we may say *Bos procumbit humi*, for both lay together; nay downe fell Mr Licentiat also, and so the old three may lie together, *Bos, Fur, atque Sacerdos.* 'Twas too much for a hackney to carry treble, they seldome are true to one; but Mr Curate must now shew his skill, or Mr Nicholas, for all his two handed chin-cover will be found no Squire to the Queen of *Micomicona*, and then all's discovered, for the *Don* wondring at the Squires sheere losse of his Beard, said, no Barber could have done it with so fine a slight of hand. He would profane an *Agnus* for an Oxe taile, but murmur'd some few words over the Squire; strange! the Beard came to the Face, or the Face to the Beard, none knowes which put the *Don* upon a request, that he might have that *prayer* against his evils; for no doubt if it were chin-proofe, it was tooth-proofe and limbe-proofe, and easier carriage then the *Balsamum Fierebras*.

Let me intreat you Mr Curate, the occasion which hath brought you hither to these Quarters so alone, &c. You shall understand, &c. read on, ad finem capitis.]

Here Mr Curate is put to a grand case of Conscience, whether in point of urgent necessities, as the saving of a mans life from perils of robbers, or any other accident, (legally to be permitted) or from an obstinat melancholy in a person, sworne and devoted to ruine himselfe, and Family, in such a case for a *majus beneficium* or *bonum Reipublicæ*, or to ones owne selfe, whether

ther the lips of the preacher *is alwaies to preserve truth*? If the frequency of lying might excuse it, it hath justification enough. He answers his mentall objection mentally, and saith, *In foro, coram Judice*, in *Pulpito, coram Episcopo, in rebus litem dirimentibus*, he is substantially, really, and verily to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; but in extrajudiciall cases, (not ordinarily so) but such alwaies which infer a publike or a private good end: The Licentiat was satisfied that he might transgresse the beaten path of truth, and take that way which made most expedition to his honest design in hand, and reckons those matters amongst the peccadillo's and venialia, which never come into the black book. But Mr Curat, by your leave, your slight transgression, is one of the lowdest lies, that ever I heard of; what, seventy thousand Ryals of eight sent for a token? what, Ships for a Convoy? But (cry you mercy) it may be Mr Licentiat was allyed to *Dego*, Mr *Lopez* his Sexton, whose estate was incredible, and investigable by his executor; but happily some slight moiety is discovered, which our *Indian* friend very kindly sends for a token, a small remembrance of his love to his affected, though some 106 yeares *posthumus* Kinsman Mr Licentiat of the *Mancha*. The second lie is so mixt with divinity, that with a little inlargement it might have serv'd for a homily of charity, taken in the example (in the same case) of the Traveller, who fell among Thieves; and questionlesse with the Pathetick expressions, which he was singular at, the *Manchegan* could not choose but melt into pity and reliefe, as is ordinary upon the Ladies side, and that's the moving side that carries all; but the severe rebukes end all in a generall pardon, (which though the *Don* intended not to confesse the crime) he resolv'd to make use of, and said Amen to himselfe and the prayer.

CHAP. III.

The Queen of black Micomicon *relates*
A story blacker then her present Fates;
And in such tragick words her matter dresses,
The Don *is more inrag'd then Captaine* Bessus;
Whose Diary for dinners, and for Duels,
The Don *did like, but of* Knight-Errants *few-els:*
The want of which, caught in a humming lie,
The Knight that fought byth' clock at Shrewsberry.
The Don *had kept a Register, and did set downe*
What Gyant must be fought that day; what Towne
Reliev'd; what Castle batter'd; all was there,
But that he durst not shew the Register.
They were Cardenio's *Tablets, whose good Mantell,*
Had furnisht 'um with many a savoury Cantell:
(Another Postill for the Curate.) Don
Grants all, and strait is for Micomicon.

Conquers

Conquers before he ſees: ſucceſſefull Cæſar
Did never ſuch ſtupendious acts as theſe are.
Then like a gallant Knight at the laſt cloſing,
He leaves her perſon to her own diſpoſing.
He ſcorn'd to make her prize, and give her Kingdome;
This dumpt poore Sancho, *as' had been a thing-done,*
And happy it had been, had he been mute:
For while he doth Dulcinea's *face confute,*
Inraged Quixot *at his Ladies trumps,*
Tilts Sancho *downe, and leaves him on his ſtumps.*
Untill the Queen her grace came interceding,
Sancho *for love of her lay foulely bleeding:*
All laws of Errantry forgot, his fire
Was blown ſo high, he would have kill'd his Squire.
But paciſyed by her (whoſe conquering looks,
Wins more then ſwords) they now are for the Cooks.
Yet Sancho *growl'd, untill at laſt a bleſſing*
Beyond his thoughts, makes him forget his threſhing.
Gines Paſſamont *beſmear'd with ſoot and blacking,*
with Sancho's *Aſſe unto a Fare was packing;*
The quick-eyed Bore had ſpied him, and unaſs'd-him,
And in his armes moſt kindly he compaſs'd him,
And kiſs'd his brother Animall; what paſſes
You ſhall hereafter read betwixt theſe Aſſes.

TEXT.

I Adviſed him that he ſhould ſee well what he did, and that it was a ſin to deliver them.] To what purpoſe is it for a wiſe Lord to contrive and plot well, and have trecherous ſervants, fellows that are conſcience-toucht with a Sermon? ſuch timorous Rogues are not fit for noble ingagements. The *Don* (you ſee) could heare all this learned Homily, as an unconcerned perſon, ſuch a one is right, and if need be, he could raile againſt the villanie himſelfe committed, the leſſe ſuſpected ſtill; or if big enough, owne it, juſtify it, the more feared, the more obeyed he is. But for this unſerviceable Squire, with his confeſſion, (his ſordid ſimple confeſſion) he deſerves to be requited with the Proverbs, and the *Don* for his ſtout ſilence, and politick careleſſenceſſe, in minding the ſtory of the Slaves, is fit to be a proverbe, and adage of concealement and ſecrecy for ever. *Bottle-head* was too good a word for him, unleſſe it were an Ale bottle, which had diſcharged his Corck centry, and runne all out.

Firſt of all I would have you know (good ſirs) that I am called, and here ſhe ſtood ſuſpended by reaſon ſhe, &c.]

Oportet mendacem eſſe memorem.

Sinon made not one rub in that long lie of the *Trojan* Horſe, but with a ſolemnity, commanding beliefe, laies the whole buſineſſe upon the gods, cals it their Artifice,

Divinâ Palladis Arte.

The

The memories of men and women have been very ſtrange. *Cæſars* was ſuch, as he could call his Souldiers all by their owne names; *Seneca* could remember all that ever he wrote or did, others what other men do, and nothing of their owne. Some remember more then they ſhould, and ſome not ſo much; and thoſe whoſe memories are pitched very low in the hinder part of their heads, are ſo long before they can pumpe out what they have treaſured up, that they remember not at a firſt or ſecond time, but at a third. I have heard of one of ſo ſtrong obſervance and retention, that if he ſaw a man but once, he was able to tell him a long time after, how many buttons he had on his doublet, what kinde of ſhooe-ties, band-ſtrings, and hat-band he had at their firſt meeting: The chiefe matter is conſtitution, uſe, and liking. A well tempered braine remembers conſtant, habit ſtrengthens, and perfects; and like old men, what we have a mind to and affect, will be remembred well enough. So it is with the Queen, whoſe owne fancy ſetting her upon this deſigne, (except the firſt halt) went very cleverly on with the reſt of the ſtory.

Nicomiconas Story.

Imacrio skill'd in Art, ſurnam'd the *Black*,
(Which men call (Magick) that doe wiſdome lack;)
And *Xamarilla* Queen, my parents were:
Where no iſſue Male, and therefore I am heire.
But wiſe *Imacrio* by his skill foreknew,
That *Xamarillas* death would ſoon enſue;
And his great knowledge let him underſtand,
All matters would befall himſelfe and Land:
So that his owne neer deſtinies he told,
(Though neither he nor his good Queen were old.)
And what in future would become of me,
And then he ſigh'd out this ſad Propheſie.
Thy Mothers death, nor my owne ſodaine end
So trouble me, as what doth thee attend,
(Poor ſenceleſſe Princeſſe;) When our heads are cold,
Thou and thy Kingdome by a Gyant bold
Wilt be invaded, whom his Iland write,
Pandaſilando of the dusky ſight;
Not that he ſquint-eyed is, for his eyes ſtand
Well in his head, but he can them command
To move diſtractedly, or outward ſwell,
And by diſtortion looks more terrible;
'Twere Warre enough for thee, his goggle eye,
But yet hee'l prove a fiercer enemy.
For he ſhall firſt deſire thee for his wife,
That being denied, doth make immortall ſtrife.
Strait with an Army of exceſſive courage,
He ſhall thy rich and vaſt Dominions forrage,
And put thee unto flight. Wherefore begone
Nicomicona from *Micomicon*:

Let

Let him a while uſurp thy rights, which are
To be be regain'd by a great Knight from far.
Then reaching out a book of Characters,
This book, ſaith he, directs and never errs.
Thou muſt deer ſoule (believe the myſtick ſignes,
For thy redemption coucht in theſe dark lines,)
With all the ſpeed thou canſt for *Spaine*: Once there,
Report will ring thy reſcuer to thy eare.
And as I gueſt upon a leafe, he wrote
His name *Aco-te*, ſure, or *Don Hy-bot*.
Falſe memory! A Knight of ſtature high,
By nature wrought and form'd for victory,
Of ſwarfy look, but yet condition milde,
(Except when juſt adventures make him wild.)
Moreover, my learned Father did condole
A marke the Knight had, 'twas a mighty mole;
Which had it grown above his grizly chin,
No Knight like him for Errantry had been;
But on his ſturdy ſhoulders left right ſide,
There is this mark of honour to be ſpied:
And which his ſtrength, and fortunes plaine doe ſhew,
Haires on the mole like briſtles thick doe grow.

Sancho leaped at the word (above the riſe of Jack-pudding in a Morrice dance,) and ſaid, O Queen, O King! thou art the man, thou art the man! For when you were (great Sr) in the naked part of your Pennance, I ſaw (to my great joy, I ſaw) this mole-hil and the briſtles growing on them; and being you were hog-backt, you muſt needs have more of them about you, which ſhews, that you ſhall not only fetch your enemies over the left ſhoulder, but if need be your ſelfe is able (if you ſhoot out the naturall Artillery of your body) to be as miſchievous as an Italian with his venom'd ſhaft under cloak: As you ſtood in the field naked between two trees, I took you for a turnepike; I ſaw ſo many of theſe Molehils and ſharp Speares about you, that if you had but ruſht and flurted like a Turky cocke, I ſhould have been afraid of dying no other death, then by the ſhooting of your quils through me.

Nicomicona proceeds.

Theſe things diſcovered which my Father told,
Which my abuſive braine could hardly hold,
And that your name (moſt Noble *Quixot*) hits
So neer to thoſe of my miſtaken wits;
And reading in your lookes no common matter,
(The front's a glaſſe that will not eaſily flatter)
There needs no more Certificates. I've ſeen,
Happy the houre! him, that will make me Queen.
The Knight ordain'd by ſtars for this deſign,
Methinks I doe already count all mine.

And

And that *Pandafiland* of the *dark ſight*,
Is by your valiant hand depriv'd of light;
His head cut off (the cauſe of all uproars)
And in a trophy (as was once the *Bores*
Born before *Bevis*) carried on a Pole,
Whereſoe'r *Don Quixot* moves. Thus take the whole
Of what my Father ſhew'd: Beſide he wrote
In languages, not underſtood a jot
By me, (as *Chaldee* or *Greek* Character,
As thoſe that knew the meaning did averre;)
That if the Knight of this grand Propheſy
(After the Gyant ſlaine, his Armes laid by;)
Should burne with gentle heat and ſoft deſire,
And love ſhall kindle in his bones a fire,
That could not but by me extinguiſh'd be,
I ſhould incline to's ſute, and make him King,
And with my loved ſelfe give every thing.

What thinkeſt thou of this friend Sancho?] Tranſported *Don* is rais'd a pinne or two above his judgement (and carried by ſtrong imagination, and an ambitious minde.) He ſuppoſes his worke done before it is begun; the enemy ſlaine, the Queen reſtor'd, himſelfe inaugurated and naturalliz'd on a Black, his Royall Robes on, and the glittering Enſignes of his men, State and dignity borne before him, and himſelfe to be acknowledged (by conjunction with the Queen) lawfull King of *Micomicona* during her life: nor is *Sancho* behind him for a Pigeon; both deluded commit equall errors. The *Don* is indeed a more thoughtive, inward, cloſe, and conceal'd Cockſome; *Sancho* open, and in this point irrecoverably coſen'd, untill the ſad Cataſtrophe ſhews the Play to be a jig, all mockery and mirth. In the mean time *Sancho's* a Player, and Acts a Lord.

'*Thus* Sancho *makes fine* Dorothy *a Queen*,
'*Kiſſing her hand, that untill now was cleane.*
'(*So only fit to doe him grace,*) *her word*
'*Is his Commiſſion for a future Lord.*

I will ſay no more, it is not poſſible that ever I may induce my ſelfe to marry another, though ſhee were a Phœnix.] A brave recoyle upon his Soule, and the very ſecret of it diſplaid in a ſentence. It is not beauty, proportion, gameſomeneſſe, majeſty, affability, that are the objects of every ones love. For we ſee men (as wiſe *Don Quixot* to make election) chooſe neither faire nor comely women, and yet find ſufficient ground even in their Perſons, to be taken pleas'd and contented. And there are thoſe that have the choiſeſt pieces for exquiſite feature on earth, married even to the envy and neighing of every one that ſees them, and theſe ſingular objects of Love meet not with conſtant and reciprocall heats; If the face be the firſt attractive, that like the day is eclips'd and not ſeen, not admir'd. Many *Ariadnes* (after the heyday of the blood is over) are left miſerably to the rocks and woods; their ſpouſes inveigled by ſuch droſs and dunghill Perſons that no clean thing will touch 'um. Some undergoe *Penelopes* long time of Melancholy and ſpinning, whilſt their ſeduced Husbands are fool'd into a

farre Country by some *Dalila's* (that had tryed most of her own) and there lose life, Concubine, fortunes, and all. What should any man see in a whore to affect her more then a wife? unless he suspects his own to be so, nay it hath been the captivity of some mens affection, to accept, and make their own Incumbencies tri'd and known reversions. 'Tis better to shoot at rovers, then when you have chose a standing mark, to play at random. *Dons* thoughts are fixt, and what ever it was that caught his prying and understanding heart, it could be no unworthy thing, unlesse his love was like (the others) no love in the Epigram.

Non amo te (Sabidi) nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te
è Converso.
I love Toboso, *and I know not why,*
Only I say, I love her (whimsyly.)

Text proceeds.

The refusall of the *Phœnix*, is an irrefragable signe of his constancy, which made *Sancho* chatter like a Jay.

That which Don Quixot *said disliked* Sancho *so much, as he lift up his voice with great anger.*] What, despise a *Phœnix*? O Owle! hast thou only kept company with Bats, Buzzards, Beetles, in this long retirement in the Desert? are you of a feather? It is blindnesse, obstinate blindnesse; you shut up your eyes against the *Phœnix* of the Times, (indeed made brighter by the ashes of affliction) and hunt after Mice and vermin: One glote of the Queens eye, is more pleasant, lovely, and bewitching, then if *Dulcinea* should cast her heart up, which would it were out, rather then it should disturbe us in the progresse to our honours. Sir, settle here your choyce affection, and despise for ever that Scavengers load and aneusance of *Toboso*, but that her forme and face did priviledge her, shee had gone with honest durt and dust-ho, to the Common shoare, where a Cage was a Pallace fit to entertaine her, neere those aires she best thrived in, and recruited.

Don Quixot *hearing such blasphemies spoken against his Lady* Dulcinea, *could not beare them any longer.*]

——— Manet alta mente repôstum
Judicium stolidi, spretæque injuria Doudæ.

Most quarrels are upon these occasions; Warres have been wag'd, and Nations embroyl'd in blood one against another; and

——— Belli teterrima Causa, ——&c.

Such a fowle businesse (as *Toboso's*) hath been the shamefull furzbush to set 'um all on fire. But a *Knight-Errant* of all men is Paramount, the Champion of all Ladies, in defence of their honesty and beautie; much more for his owne. And therefore his sodaine revenge upon his foule mouth'd Squire was here justifiable, and if he had strook him into, or thorough the Earth, (as it was much he had not) *Sancho* could not have return'd any just exception to it. But *Sancho* had created *Dorothæa* his Queen, and shee was prevalent with her hop'd for spouse (the flower of Spaine) in begging pardons, the *Don* was mercifull, and forgave any one he had hurt.

Run Sancho *and kisse your Lords hands.*] He went as willingly as a dog to a whip: But remembring that those hands were hereafter to weild a Scepter, and to be the long and powerfull hands of a King, in reverence to that

change

change,(for he thought at the reception of those sacred Functions there was some eminent alteration in the Person) he did come slowly to the honourable Pennance, wishing all peace for the future, and that no occasion might be given or taken, whereby the *Don* should stroke his head, or he licke his Majesties fingers.

And as they were talking, they espied a Gallant comming to them, riding on an Asse.] A Rogue had benighted himselfe in an *Ægyptian* dresse, and smooty face, and thought he rode in the dark, but he had forgot to discolor his Asse, by which his Theevery is brought to light. *Sancho* hath discovered the Asse to be his adopted Creature, naturalized into the family, and soone after the sullied Knight upon the back of it, *Gines Assamount*, whom with his loud cries he follows so close, that he makes *Gines* of an *Asinester*, *Pedester*, and himselfe *Alacer*. And now *Resinant Asinelida Sylvæ*, and *Sancho* having more feet then ordinary, yet no *Lyrick Poet* by the recovery of his Asse, broke into these raptures.

And doe I hold thee! and behold thee, too!
O let's be mutuall mirrours *at this view;*
Never were glasses truer! Thy Sweet Face
I knew as well, as any of my Race:
Our dogs doe licke our chops, why may not we,
(Two goodlier Creatures farre) joine Physnomy?
What stately eares it beares! and how upright!
Our Rosinant *doth envy at their height.*
No sly Egyptian *Thiefe, no* Gines, *no force,*
Shall ever Sancho *and his Asse divorce;*
And whersoe'r this History shall be,
When you doe see the Asse, you doe see me;
And when the Asse is of this World no more,
For Sancho *and his Asse as (One) deplore.*

CHAP. IV.

Sancho *the meanness of* Dulcinea *tels,*
How thresher-like she works, and likewise smels;
Says, that the Don *with Lances might prevaile,*
But shee would doe such wonders with a Flaile:
When that he boldly to her presence thrust,
Shee was engag'd up to the eares in dust;
But by the favour of the scattering wind,
He saw her face, exceeding woman-kinde.
Her stature mans; he fear'd, being no higher,
Shee'd take him for your Dwarfe, *and not your Squire.*
Quixot *turnes all (like men* Ideticall)
Into the colours he abounds withall,
And highly praises, what no man (but He)
Could ever to its fowlnesse vilify.
Heare how poor Andrew *magnifies the* Don,
And the same praise will serve for both as one.

TEXT.

ALL this liketh me well, ſaid Don Quixot, *therefore ſay on, thou arriveſt and what was that Queen of beauty doing then?*] This Dialogue of the *Don* and *Sancho*, concerning the high and mighty *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, may be compar'd to thoſe of *Lucian*; it being *Laus & vituperium Rei*, full of Hyperbolicall and ridiculous flatteries on the *Dons* ſide, and downe right and blunt abuſes on the Squires. I know no reaſon, but it may be in rythme; for *Knight-Errants* as they were inſpir'd with Languages, ſo they were able upon all occaſions to expreſſe themſelves in Proſe or Verſe, and their Squires alſo had a ſprinkling of this gift.—*Amant alterna Camænæ.* You ſhall have them as at the examination office, the *Don* with his Amatory interrogatories, and *Sancho* depoſing nothing to the purpoſe.

D. Quix. When at *Toboſos* Palace, (pleaſures roofe)
Thou and our *Roſinant* did reſt your hoofe;
What was *Dulcinea*, Queen of beauty, doing?
What wiſe employments keep her from fond woing?

S. Pan. Shee takes the ſafeſt courſe to turne off Courting,
Is alwaies moiling, and her ſelfe be-durting,
(Like to a Sow in ſnow-broth) ſomewhat neater
Your letters had the happy luck to greet her.
Then too, to quench deſires, in labour great
With a round ſive ſhe winnow'd chaffe from wheat.

D. Quix. Wheat? thou blind cockrel, tak'ſt thou wheat for pearls?
All thoſe rich grains thou ſaw'ſt were guifts for Earls.

S. Pan. It may be ſo; when ſhe had made it bread,
Twas fit for the beſt Prince to put in's head.

D. *Quix.* When with obeyſance juſt, (humble and low,
With all the niceneſſe of Punctilio)
Thou didſt preſent our letters to her hand,
Did ſhee not kiſſe the ſeale? and wondring ſtand
To ſee the ſignature, (this Countenance print)
And ſeem to ſee no common matter in't?

S. Pan. Your letter by a Clerk of *Sancta Fides*
Was wrote from mouth, & ſeal'd with ſome *Mervidas*;
But yet in ſign of joy her high rear'd hand
Bore up the ſive, and as I careleſſe ſtand
In the winds mouth, in mine her wheat-duſt flew,
And in my eyes, that I no Chriſtian knew;
But threw your Letters on her empty ſack,
To rub my eyes, like him o'th' *Quinborough back.*

D. *Quix.* What quæries did ſhee make, whether her *Don*
Lov'd any other Queen? or her alone?

S. Pan. She ſifted much, and try'd to get all out,
(The Divell could not cleanſe it,) 'twas all ſmoot,
Sooty, and blighted Corn. But then ſaid I,
Seeing her ſtorm and ſtamp in ſuch perplexity;

Fai-

Faireſt of fowleſt worke, your Lord, good Knight,
In fowler faſhion ſpends both day and night;
You halfe undreſs'd, in modeſt ſympathy,
The Knight all naked in the fields doth lye,
Hungry and cold, deform'd, curſing and raving,
Living with beaſts, and humane commerce waving.

D. *Quix.* Doe not her ſilver pillars raiſe her high,
That ſhee doth ſeem an Arch of Majeſty?

S. Pan. Shee and a Miller in the Pillory,
O'r-ſeers of a Market well might be.

D. *Quix.* Is not that ſpatious Palace (like the Suns)
Deckt with bright graces, and perfections?

S Pan. Her Frontiſpiece is rich, that the ſweet dimples
We would ſee in her chinne, are hid with pimples.

D. *Quix.* But *bonâ Fide* ſpeak, what a rich ſcent,
What fragrant flavour ſtrook ſhee as ſhee went?

S. Pan. If I may truſt (as to a Probe) my noſe,
Shee ſmelt, as if ſhee'd newly pluckt a Roſe.
Such odour breath'd, & ſuch ſtrong airs were hobling,
As uſe to aſcend from a new laid Tantaublin.
What ſhee evaporates from her wide Armes,
Let them relate, whom the ranck breathing warms.

D. *Quix.* But having thred the Pearle, (that thou call'ſt wheat)
And got into ſome place of cloſe retreat,
Prithee how often did ſhee read? how oft
Salute my letter for the language ſoft?

S. Pan. As children doe on writings ſometimes ſtare,
But being unskill'd, the uſeleſſe papers tare,
And tread 'um under feet, ſo ſimple ſhee
A while ſtood gazing at the Roman (D)
And (T) on the indorſement; then ſhe tri'd
Whether they would a backſide rub abide;
And after that ſhee rent in two ſmall pieces
The Letter, (not that ſhee your love deſpiſes)
But leſt the ſecrets ſhould diſcovered be
To any one that ſhould read more then ſhee.
Shee much was troubled (as I heard her ſay)
At your night pennances, and hers of day,
And doth command you from the Woods. But when
I told her that all Knights and doughty men
Gave to themſelves ſome name appellative,
And that your Fame would longer thence ſurvive;
How eager was ſhee for to heare it told?
I was as glad, and could no longer hold;
Take it, hee's Knight of the *Ill-Favour'd Face*,
Nor could ſhee hold, but ſhooke the very place
Whereon ſhee ſtood with laughing; ſhe ſo ſhook,
'Twas hard to tell which way her ſtrainings took;

Nor

Nor left shee, till I askt her if some slaves
Had come to doe her homage; but the Knaves,
She said, came not unto submission; but
An honest *Biscaine* (who was beaten to't)
Acknowledg'd her his ransome; but for her
The *Don* had slaine (he said) a *Biscainer*.

D. *Quix.* Our honour is preserv'd: But is hers too!
Sancho, what jewell did she give to you,
The guerdon of thy paines? hadst no rich gift?
I know her heart, shee'd make a scurvy shift
To show her bounty, especially to one,
Who brought such welcom'd news from her high *Don*.

S. Pan. Shee was not at her Cabinet, if so,
Shee'd much to give, but unto whom few know:
Shee's rich and covetous, and ne'r appeares
Stately, but keeps her Robes for better years;
Unguifted yet she sent me not away,
'Twas dinner with her, and a revers'd Tray
Serv'd for her Table, she her selfe did sit
So pleas'd o'th' ground, as shee were us'd to it;
Then her provision from a bag she threw
Onyons and Garlick, Bread and Cheese out flew.
She like a hungry Gos-Hawke the prey seiz'd,
Untill her wrung concavities were eas'd.

'Her Grace when she had victuall'd that grand Camp,
'Gave me a piece of Cheese tuff as a vamp,
'The grinding of it, gave my jaws the cramp.
'Out of a pot of water then shee quaff'd
To my *Ill-favour'd* Lord (said she) and laugh'd,
And spouts the pledge into my face, full draught.

It was enough, that shee would deine to send,
I mounted *Rosinant*, and ther's an end.

Seeing some wise man hath transported thee thither by stealth, and unaware of thy selfe.] *Mephistopholus* is the spirit of expedition, and consign'd to attend *Knight-Errants* and their Ladies; for the Knights ride as if the Devill were under 'um, and their Ladies as if the Divell were in 'um, or over 'um; *Pacolets* horse is for their Lords, and the Night-Mare or the *Ephialtes* for their *Virago's*. It may be *Dulcinea* (that he might digest his entertainment) committed *Sancho* to one of her familiars, which gave him the *Presto* and a *vade celeriter* through the aire, but *Sancho* came not flying, but lying all the way. By the help of these *Necromanticall Pneumatergies*, *Drake* encompass'd the World with a Ship, shot the Gulph, and was three dayes before he rose again, the *Sr Poll's* dispatch Whales for intelligence, and as if there were a Post-Office amongst the Fish, you have Letters every day

day from all parts of the world, at a great deale cheaper rate then any from the Continent.

And likewiſe I pray you not to trouble your mind, thinking to ſee my Lady Dulcinea *at this time, but travell to the place where the Gyant is and kill him, and conclude that buſineſſe firſt.*] Very well counſell'd *Sancho*, alwaies *kill the* Beare *before you divide his skinne.* There was an *Iriſh* ſouldier ſo wary, that one of his enemies being dead, he thought him not ſecure enough till he had cut off his head, and then he cried he had ſlaine him. *Sancho* is for a head in a platter, a Thiefe in chaines, a Maſtiffe in a muzzle, a Bird in the hand, a Mouſe in a trap, Fiſh in the net. Such plaine and eaſie proverbs learned in his ruſticall life, were of great uſe in his military affairs; for he was now a ſouldier of fortune, and it concern'd him (as much as an Earledome) to have the Gyants head in his Wallet, that is, to remove all difficulties and obſtructions to his owne preferment.

I have heard preach'd, ſaid Sancho, *that men ſhould love, &c. I love and ſerve him for what he is able to do.*] Here wants a *Lipſian Marginall*, a *nollem dictum mi Tacite.* In the like caſe, where the wiſe Hiſtorian makes too bold to cenſure the Actions of the gods, as he did frequently of the Emperors; ſaying, *Credo diis magis noſtram ultionem curæ eſſe quam ſecuritatem.* But *Sancho's* is a cenſure of men, or rather a cenſure upon himſelfe, why and for what reaſons he ſerv'd God, which being profane might have been ſpar'd, though tis too true, and what the *Satyriſt* long agoe obſerv'd, that our prayers were made to the gods, but the matter was all for our ſelves.

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notiſſima Templis
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut opes ut maxima toto,
——noſtra ſit Arca foro.
The ſumme of moſt mens Oraiſions is this;
Deſcend O Jove, *as once thou didſt of old*
Into thy Danaes *lap, (thy ſeat of bliſſe)*
So to our Cheſts in yellow ſhowers of gold:
Or elſe, tis like poor *John Bee*,
Who prai'd for himſelfe, his Barnes and his wife,
Ne give's ſhort commons: ne give us ſhort life.

Mr Nicholas *perceiving them drown'd thus in their diſcourſes, cried out to them to ſtay and drink of a little Fountaine that was by the way.*] *Mr Nicholas* did very well to put them in mind of water, for their diſcourſes were very dry. Water's like Butter, 'tis good for any thing, and according to the play of what is it good for, it is good for *Sancho's* foule mouth to waſh it cleane after the telling of ſo many lyes to his Maſter. It was good for his Mrs Face to cleanſe that too, if the Proverb of his *Ethiopian* ſubjects did not obſtruct it. It was good for *Cardenio*, who lookt like a *Weſtphalia* Flitch, with long watching and faſting. It was good for Mr *Licentiat*, who as a ſcholar was to taſte of the fountaine in memory of *Parnaſſus*, as a Divine in memory of his holy water. 'Twas good for the Lady *Dorothæa* to be ſtil'd the only meritorious and ſacred Nymph of that Fountaine, and it was good for Mr Barber, if his ſweet-bals had been preſent, to have waſht, ſhav'd, and made all handſome *gratis*, or *ſymbolo ſoluto*, paying nothing at the Inne for his ordinary.

Et ratâ diſcumbitur herba.

In

In the meane time the Curate (of two cures now, for here his provision is for the body) intreats her Ladyship to take a green Gowne, and all like good people of the first age, make the grasse-plat their table, and accept of Mr Curates *parabile*, and his sentences in praise of slender dyet, *as modicum non nocet*, *Natura minimo contenta*, especially to those who had so long fasted, through the eares satisfie their stomacks; and though it is a common saying, *venter caret Auribus*: Yet in case of a generall want, the belly must heare with others eares (as they say) and be rul'd by the œconomicall discipline of the whole body.

O my Lord, doe you not know me? I am the youth Andrew, *whom you unlooſed from the Oak, whereunto I was tyed.*] *Don Quixot* (seeing his freed man *Andrew*) did arrogate unto himselfe the greatest piece of Chivalry that ever was performed by *Knight-Errant*, and is so transported with the confidence of *Andrew's* magnifying his redemption, and praising his most valorous and just encounter, that he cannot forbeare to make his mouth more unsavory by his owne vaine and foolish commendations, which he hop'd would have been seconded by *Andrew*. But such was the issue, as of his dialogue betwixt *Sancho* and himselfe, concerning *Dulcinea*, and tends as much to his honour, as that to hers.

Answer me, be not asham'd, nor stagger at all, but tell what pass'd to these Gentlemen.]

Infandum (quoth Andrew) *jubes renovare dolorem.*

Sir, pluck off my doublet, and there read the bloody History of my Mr *Haldudo*, and poor *Andrew*; I am so scarified, that with a little salt, I should make an excellent Carbonado. Many a line there is in memory of your Honours interceſſion, (pox of your appearance) and the scoffs wherewith he e'r beate me, were as dolorous as the blows upon my back; in such and the like scurrilous words whispered, while he was lowder in his punishment.

Andrew, *accept this wholesome Bastinado,*
'Tis sent you from your friend, great Don Bravado;
Reliever of oppress'd servants from harsh Masters,
And then he yerkt my back with his thong-wasters:
And 'twixt his whips insults, and every stroke,
O pray for your redeemer Don *an Oake!*
And when soe'r the Knight shall passe this way,
Tell him your Master gave you royall pay.

Wherefore *Andrew* concludes all with a very plentifull curse upon *Don* to his Face, and all of his Tribe, though himselfe was newly entring into it, and wanted but a Master; *Gines Passamont* is about the wood (*Andrew*) and if you meet, you'l hardly part; you will live and dye together.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Mine Hoſt right uſe of theſe Romances got,
Reading ſuch books merrily o'r the pot
Unto his gueſts; and every Gyant ſlaine,
And Lady reſcued, (Tapſter) brought up twaine,
Not Gyants, but freſh pots; then thoſe diſpatch
In healths unto the Ladies Princely match,
And to the Knight her valiant Paramour;
Why, here's no danger now but of the ſcore:
But mine Hoſts credit upon that doth lie,
That truth be in his Ale, as Hiſtory.
Freſh Tales, freſh Taps; and thus they frolique through
The Arts of Thracian Cirongilio,
And Tope away Hercanian Fleximart;
(A ſober Knight, and us'd not to that Art)
So Don Diego Garcia *of* Par-edes,
Hath Pitcher-praiſe, and double health his meed-is.
So when our Don *at his long home is anchor'd,*
His memory in a Manchegan *Tankard:*
By the old Wives will be kept up, that's all,
Counted the merrieſt, toſſeth up the ſame.
(John Falſtaffs Windſor *Dames memorial*)
A Goddard or an Anniverſary ſpice-Bowle,
(Drank off by th' Goſſips, e'r you can have thrice told)
And a God reſt his ſoule. Our Don *is laid,*
Truce with the world; Mils be no more afraid,
And Sheep graze quietly, Coarſes *goe free,*
The Don *is laid, men may have leave to dye,*
And to be buried; Carriers *keep the rodes,*
No more doe you your ſelves rifle your loades,
And lay it on Knight-Errants *and their Squires.*
Sancho's *a man of no ſuch baſe deſires,*
An Earle in loſſes, *and hath noble thoughts;*
But when the Curate prov'd thoſe books were nought
But lies and Fabulous delights, and Errantry
A Figment! Sancho *put finger in th' eye.*

TEXT.

NOW by my bleſſed ſelfe! thou ſhalt uſe my taile no more for a beard.] *De Lanâ Caprinâ, or Aprugnâ*; contention is ridiculous; but this Oxe taile is eſteemed as her owne, I know not upon what ground, unleſſe her own had made her Husbands head ſutable to this Oxe taile, for nothing will ſerve to cleanſe his comb, (which was the cleanſer of his head, and diſplayer of his high frontiers) but this pied Oxe taile, which Mr Barber was ſo delighted with, that he preferr'd it before his Landladies, and admitted it neerer his lips,

then he would her fat maine-pillion. But at last the Barber (Mr Curate earnestly perswading) like the *Castor* pursued, parts with his taile-piece, and walks as one of the dirump'd Poultry, afraid he should catch an extreame cold in his face, and be troubled with the chin-cough.

At the Table they discoursed of Don Quixots *Strange Frenzy, and what happned betwixt him and the Carrier, &c. And the Story of* Sancho's *canvassing.*] The last guests discourses, carriages, and freenesse, is the certaine news for the next commers. If one were inquisitive to find out others mens use of their liberty, let him follow a day behind upon the rode. The sagenesse, civility, thrift, abstinence, and such like personated parts and customes at home, will be all laid aside, like Mr Curates divinity with his Capouch, when he hath a mind to make merry with the good wives of his parish. And these merry makings, mine Host is as sure to relate to the succeeding Travellers, as what robberies are committed, though he himselfe were of the company. The Hostesse hath caught poor *Sancho* in the Blankets too, and tosseth him afresh before his lovely Queen *Dorothæa*; and 'twas strange the foul Beast *Maritornes* had so much modesty to conceale her and his back hot cockles betwixt the sheets. In the mean while the *Don* sleepeth, and his Squire *Sancho* watcheth, to learne if from his dreames any thing may be gathered of his future victories o'r the Gyant.

I my selfe have two or three Books of that kinde, which doe verily keep me alive, and not only me, but many others, &c.] Mine Hosts policy for the drawing guests to his house, and keeping them when he had them, is farre more ingenious, pardonable, and profitable, then our duller wayes of Billiards, Kettle-pins, Noddy-boards, Tables, Truncks, Shovell-boards, Fox and Geese, or the like: He taught his bullies to drink (*more Romano*) according to the number of the letters in the errant Ladies name.

Clodia *sex Cyathis septem* Justina *bibatur.*

The pledge so followed in *Dulcinea del Toboso*, would make a house quickly run round.

No such Lure as drinke and sports to bring any businesse about. A Gentleman distress'd for want of labourers (it seems hir'd out before) knew not how to inne his Harvest; wherefore he sent for a couple of Beare-hoods, and proclaiming a free accesse to that sport, the worke-men from all places came thither, and by that meanes with his brewings of Beer, and *Brewin* the Bear, he got his worke done, and yet every day did play. Mine Host hath another benefit by his books, or his wife rather, for it seems he was a fiery cholerick man, and the book was her security, as long as he was reading, shee was at quiet; a very good recipe for either sex that are troubled with the Alarum of the tongue. Romances may be very well read by women in such cases, and not as *Maritornes* the fousty slattern made use of them to defile her braines with the conceit of embracing a Knight under an Orange Tree, what a Lemman should he have of her? Good Mrs *Ursula!* how sweet these things are to her! as Hony; O for the sting in the taile! to let her know that sweet meat must have sowre sauce. The Hostesses daughter is also smitten, but dislikes the blows that are given, shee cannot indure severing the head from the body. Those indeed were down-right, but shee was for a by-blow.

Peace

Peace (quoth the Hoſteſſe) for it ſeems thou knoweſt too much of thoſe matters, and it is not decent, that maidens ſhould know or ſpeak ſo much.] The daughters of thoſe mothers (who have been in the oven) are forward and underſtandable of womens matters, ſooner then other children. The egs that are hatcht in an oven, bring forth ſpirituous chickens, and they commonly prove of the game. Mine Hoſteſſe and her daughter were as like as one egg to another, and like Mrs, like maid too; *Maritornes* ſerv'd the Carriers, if they pleas'd the beſt ſort: The rebuke might very well have been ſpar'd, for in that compellation of Mayden, it concern'd not her. The old dame was fearfull ſhee ſhould too much lay open *ſecreta Domus*, eſpecially the Lady being preſent, whoſe ſuper-eminent gracious aſpects, recall'd a little modeſty into their impudent breaſts. My young inheritrix of the Inne would not have any man call her *Tigre* or *Lyon*, ſhee was gentle as a Lamb or a Cow, with ſtretcht Udders, and this pliantneſſe ſhe had partly by nature, partly by example from her mother, whom ſhe thought it religion to follow, though it were to the Devill.

Gaudeant bene nati,
Defleant male nati.

Where much ſalt is, Pigeons will frequent, and they are *Venus's* birds: Cats have hot ingendrings, and where the conceptions are fiery, the Kittens will be elemented alike. 'Tis that fire, that *ſal volatile* which makes them of ſo ſtrange agility, and in concluſion (as the Engliſh Proverbe hath it) *what is bred in the bones, will not eaſily out of the fleſh. Romulus* was cruell from the wombe, the Woolfe with her milk, conveighing her nature too. Wherefore it is not good to give female infants Goats milke, that is, not to ſuffer ranc'k, frowy and hairy nurſes to ſuckle 'um, what the mother hath conferr'd is not curable by Phyſick, the miſchiefe being ſcatter'd through the very *Principles* of Nature, and no more to be diſcovered then *Materia prima*, and as the learned *Pliny* ſaith, *Morbi ſicut alia legantur*, Dropſies, Gowts, Palſies, Epilepſies, and moſt diſeaſes are as hæreditable from our Parents, as their eſtates. So their vices alſo, eſpecially thoſe *ab utero derivata*: For *partus ſequitur ventrem*, and I never read that ever a *Meſſallina* brought into the world a *Lucreece*.

Would you quath the Hoſte burne my Books?] In good time, my wife firſt, if ſhee were in a ſcolding fit. Theſe books (Sir) they are the cæment of my company, the glew that holds them all together, they draw more then my ſigne, or any thing I have within (except the Tapſter.) Our mother the *Church* is never blemiſh'd by them, nor his *Catholike Majeſty*, nor his *Holineſſe* at *Rome*; and why ſhould any man ſeek to burne ſuch Books which keep up Society and Ladyes untill midnight (if the Gentileman read emphatically and finely to them) they inflame men and women, and put true ſpirits into us; beſides it is a great helpe to Printers and Book-ſellers, who dare venture upon nothing that is ſerious and true, theſe being innocent paſtimes, and other works dry, and fitter for the fire. Conſider alſo that they are great helpes to ſuch houſes as ours, though but few in the world beſide my ſelfe, of my function, I think can read ſuch hard names as are in theſe volumes. How Mr *Traquitantos* of the Commarke of *St Lucrees*: You muſt ſuffer me a little to digreſſe and make it known to you, that there are men of your profeſſion in other parts of the world, who have read as

good Romances as theſe, and have thence ſo furniſht themſelves with invention upon all occaſions, that they ſcorne to turne to a book when they would make their gueſts merry, but out of their owne ſparkling forges have found delight and pleaſance for the whole time of their ſtay, were it a week long. And I ſhall give you a taſt of the pregnancies of thoſe Innekeepers where I or my friends have fortun'd to travell, a little to prick the ſwelling of the bladder. In *Belloſyte* of the *Delain* are rare, acuminate, quick and phantaſticall blades of your employment, that have hundred witty Remoras for their gueſts, which they cannot eſcape for the frequency of them, nor diſlike them for the invention. One of them having ſome gueſts that lov'd Larks, ſaid, I will fit you with ſuch a ſervice of Larks as you never heard of the like before: how, Landlord, quoth the Gentlemen, what part of the skie proves your net, that you have ſuch heavenly food! The Inne-keeper ſoberly (as his cuſtome was) replied; gentlemen, The Larks come not to me by miracle, nor doe I take Quailes for Larks; But theſe birds my ſervants catch, indeed, the rarity is their taſt, as you will find at ſupper; for (marke me Gentlemen) in and neer the Fields where theſe pretty warblers reſort, I my ſelfe ſet Garlike and Onyons, which the birds feeding on, have ſuch a naturall *Hogou*, that no French Artizan is able to make a higher, but for faſhion ſake there needs no ſawce, and it is alwaies diſht ſeverall, that the Larks grand taſt may be found to be from its ſelfe, nor is this all the vertue that comes from my device, for (Gentlemen be confident tis true) I have preſerv'd of the young ones, and train'd them up to ſing, and they have learn'd inſtantly; but then by reaſon of this opening food, which I alwaies us'd them to in their Cages, O what throats they had! what melody they made! no Canary Bird hath reach'd ſo ſhril a note, the Nightingall not clearer, and that you may be confirm'd in the truth of it, you ſhall have a Cage brought in, and as they ſing, (though that aire be ſweet and deſirable) you ſhall ſmell eaſily by what arts they come to have their pretty pipes ſo cleer. This is very ſtrange replied the Gentlemen. If this be ſtrange, ſaid mine Hoſt, what think you then of my brother at the next ſigne, who hath taught foure Robin Redbreaſts of ſeverall growths, as he had choſen Muſitians, to ſing in parts, which they have done long, to the great delight of all his cuſtomers. But unhappily an envious Bard of the Towne, ſeeing the birds have more cuſtome then themſelves, gave one of them Allom inſtead of Sugar, and ſo ſpoyl'd the Conſort, ſo that now I believe my Larks will carry it for muſick, from all the birds in Town or Country.

A friend of mine was pleas'd to grace me with a few Verſes upon the raw ſubjects.

Sonnet.

1.

Ho Traveller! goe not to night,
Before thou know our Belloſite,
A thouſand rarities are here,
'Twill finde thee pleaſure for a yeare.

2.

If ſtately buildings thee delight,
Thebes *unto theſe 's a homely ſight;*
'Tis Paradiſe upon my word,
And it hath now a flaming ſword.

3.

If aire, the ſpirits ſubtile friend,
Here's aire will keep you without end,
And lend you an immortall breath,
Alle almoſt to cozen death.

4.

If Muſick or of men, or birds
Affect you, goe not to our heards:
The Muſes ſeat is here; ſome ſing,
And ſome doe raviſh on the ſtring.

5.

No where the birds ſuch Muſick make,
Taught by the men that doe them take;
A thing not heard of, by their arts
They teach the birds to ſing in parts.

6.

The feather'd conſort of the Towne
Will ſing in tune, a catch *or* round
And their great Teachers of the City
Sweare, that in time they'l ſing the dity

7.

Come Nightingale, and come you Thruſhes,
Leave the dull Woods, and verdant buſhes,
And with this Garlike cleare your throats,
Or never hope to reach theſe notes.

8.

Thou Traveller, goe not to night,
Before thou know our Belloſite,
And mayſt relate this only rare,
That birds in Innes ou:-chant the aire.

There were no living (Gentlemen) with us, unleſſe ſomething new and unvulgar be in our houſes, for every man here ſtrives to exceed another, thereby to gaine Cuſtomers; ſo that keeps our wits in action, and æmulation preſerves our trading. I had ſome gueſts that were very unapt to ſleep any where but in their own houſes, which when I once underſtood, againſt their next comming I made a pretty perfume of many odours, and amongſt them mingled Poppy leaves, and would you thinke it? the compoſition wrought ſo effectually upon their braines, that whereas they heretofore awakened all the houſe in a morning, now they would not have awaked if the houſe had faln upon their heads. When they were up, the whole diſcourſe was of the ſound ſleeps and pleaſant reſt they took; to which I replied nothing, but that I had given ſpeciall order for the making their beds. One of my neighbours carried all the ſtrangers away before him: He being famous

famous for catching a monstrous Eele with his horse hoofe; for comming through a Marsh, a loose naile stroke into the fish, and held it: Being caught, insensible to the rider, untill his horse being often vext with the fishes rigling about his heels, threw the Inne-keeper off his back, whereby he came to see what he had caught, beside his fall. The greatnesse of the fish (for he swore it was as thick as his sign-post) and the manner of taking it, attracted much people to his house, for he had stuffed the skin for a shew, and made it bigger then any Conger. This story swamme a long while, untill it was drown'd by a brother of ours, who being a great fisher, troll'd for a Jack, which he had observ'd often, and was of a wonderfull growth, wherefore furnisht with tackle accordingly to the worth of his prey, he threw in and sodainly she pouch'd his bait, and held him play for an houre before he could bring her to land, then he presently disgorg'd the fish, and upon the opening, out flew a Wild Duck, which it seems the Pike caught as it made a stoop to the water; the Duck by reason of the closeneſſe of the place it was in, and being grip'd at the catching, could not fly far, so that he came home with double prey, and justifies this to be no flying report.

These are their domestick attractives, besides that, they are full of all manner of publique newes, and let no accident slip them, that will serve to supply talke, or retard a Traveller; and as he findes your journy lie, so he findes out some cruell robbery done in the way you are to goe, or of Inns upon that rode, that are suspected to be haunted by Spirits, and then tels an artificiall tale of an Inn, in that manner frequented, whither a Gentleman comming late, the Host told him all the Chambers were taken up, except one, which he durst not commend to him, because of the Spirits that did disturbe any that lay there. The Gentleman said (mine Host) with your leave I will lie in this spirituall room, and wil venture my flesh amongst 'um. Mine Host disswaded, but could not prevaile; wherefore a good fire was made, and supper in good time brought in, the guest was instantly for bed, his Landlady and Host bidding him good-night, in as sad a tone, as if it had been his last farewell, he had not lain long after the candles were burnt out, but the Familiars were upon his bed, squeeking and running upon his pillow; for the redress whereof, he took one of the bed-staves, and as they came in his reach, he laid a Spirit sprawling, and thus plaid the Conjurer, untill they were weary of *Phairy* Dances. In the morning he lookt upon the floor, and found himselfe victor over a score of Rats, and calling for his Host, who came gladly to him, he shew'd him his Devils, that had lost him the benefit of that roome so long. Mine Host wondred with himselfe, where the Rat-haunt should be. The Gentleman looking behind a vacant place, found a tub and three quarters full of feathers, and being quick of apprehension, conceited they quarter'd in that warme corner; wherefore he desir'd a Kettle of water scolding hot might be brought in, which he sodainly poured into the tub, and immediately there was so great a cry of the scalded Vermin, as made mine Host thinke the Devils were in the feather-tub, untill the drown'd Rats, which were many, were thrown out, and the Devils appeared in their own likeneſſe, for which cleanly exorcizing of the room, the Host would take nothing for the Gentlemans entertainment, Horse or man; and which doe you think now, mine Host of *Andalusia*, is the unprobablest

bableſt of theſe inventions? truly I think that of mine Hoſts liberality, and the remiſſion of the reckoning. And now that you ſee how Hoſts in other Countries, reap great benefit by lies of their own making, we may return to Mr Curate, who is labouring to prove thoſe lies which you read and are not of your own making. But here *Sancho Pancho* interrupts us with his ſad apprehenſions, that the Licentiat ſhould ſpeak truth.

Sancho *reſted much confounded and penſative of that which he heard them ſay, that Books of Chivalry only contained follies and lies.*] But that the ſight of *Dorothæa* kept up his ſpirits, this day we had loſt a Squire, one Lecture had converted him; a place or two *ab improbabili, & impoſſibili*, being able to worke miracles in a Country Auditory. So that *Sancho* fell into ſome puſillanimous-ſelfe-diſcourſes, and was over-heard to ſay in muttering grumbling manner as followeth.

Have I for this ſold my fat Sow and Pigs,
To purchaſe lies, Romances, and falſe jigs?
If Amadis du Gaul *and* Palmerin
Be lies, what whimſey-cados are we in?
No Gyants to be ſlain, no Emperours?
No Emperour, no Sancho *Governour:*
But by the life of my Ægyptian *Queen,*
(Then whom, a fairer Lady can't be ſeen)
I doe believe in Gyants *and in* Ilands *too,*
And that the Books of Chivalry are true
As any legend, and that my Don Quizzot,
Shall get the great Nicomicon *for's lot,*
And for a Concubine in Guinea,
He may beſport it with Dulcinea:
And I contented in ſome fruitfull Iland,
Shal ſpend my daies, and neither ſell, nor buy Land.

CHAP. VI and VII.

Mine Hoſt this budget (like Pandora's *box)*
Miſchievous ſtories of all ſorts unlocks.
Here he diſplaies a ſimple Florentine,
Hatching againſt his wife a fond deſign,
Having no cauſe of any jealouſie,
But conſtant proofs of love and chaſtity.
Yet he will try the pureſt gold; the touch
Sullied his piece, and did his Ingot ſmutch:
The Cockſcomb *hires his ſhame, and gets a Creſt,*
*(*Actæon *with a fairer was not bleſt)*
His reaſons laid, that women *never tri'd,*
Are therefore chaſt; *but ſhee that hath deni'd,*

Reſiſted

Resisted bribes, and opportunity,
And a solicitour of graceſull eye,
Apt to convince; ſhe merits all the praiſe,
And thus a Trophy to his wife hee'l raiſe.
Lothario *is his engine, his beſt friend,*
(Wealthy and young, and fit for ſuch an end)
But his high amity did over-rule,
He argues and diſſwades, but the ſtiff foole
Will heare no reaſon; ſuch dangerous tryals
'Rather inſtruct to luſt, then raiſe denyals.
'Keep Virgin eares, ſuch as you found um, pure;
'Young Hawkes in time doe ſtoop unto the Lure:
'And let your Camilas *deportment be*
'A barre and check to all immodeſty.
E'n as ſhe was, (for yet he never ſaw)
A face of ſo much freeneſſe, and ſuch aw.
All this wrought nought; but loath Lothario
(Unwilling any elſe ſo much ſhould know
Of his friends follies) doth attempt the thing,
With like ſucceſſe as Gyges *to his King,*
Cozen'd Anſelmo, *like all Cockſcombs, dotes,*
And loves her better (ſo a whore beſots)
Deflour'd, then chaſt; ſuch arts thoſe gameſters have,
Their * Wittals *to their wittees to enſlave.*

* The Wittall proſtitutes his wife to be *wittee*, take poſſeſſion.

I ſhall not make any literall obſervations upon this ſtory of the curious, Impertinent, but only labour to ſatisfie Mr Curate, who having read and lik'd the penning of it, yet ſtood incredulous to the beliefe, ſuppoſing it a fiction; for as he ſaith in the eighth Chapter, being the Cataſtrophe and winding up of the whole matter.

TEXT.

I cannot imagine, that any Husband would be ſo fooliſh, as to make ſo coſtly expence, for the purchaſe of a ſtaine.] Mr Curate, to corroborate, confirm, and illuſtrate this Hiſtory by many examples, is the beſt way to reconcile the credit to it, and firſt in your own way. *Abraham* durſt not let *Sarah* paſſe for his owne wife, but agreed with her (while ſhe travell'd through a ſtrange Country) to go by the compellation of his ſiſter, whereby (had no divinity interrupted the events,) he brought his wife into great danger of her honour. But Mr Curate, I ſhall endevour to give you more pregnant proofs in the next relations. It was in the Country of the *Orientall Saxons*, where a man offended much that he had no child by his wife, took a mad courſe to obtaine his deſire, and condemning himſelfe in the caſe of inſufficiency, abſolv'd his wife, aſſuring his thoughts, that change of Perſon would remedy the buſineſſe; the chiefe matter was to affect his wife with his plot, and obtaine her conſent; which he did by often ſighing and lamenting his condition, who was bleſs'd with a fortune, but could not

tell

tell you how, or to whom to dispose of it; it was his earnest desire, that from her body, that comfort might be rais'd unto him, and he should esteem it as the fruits of his owne loynes, whosoever could give her the right contagion. The woman wearied out with such plaints and importunacies, yielded to one single tryall. Her Husband had before hired a young lusty fellow to doe this drudgery, who was so happy in his experiments, that he made himselfe a father, and got his Chapman a child. The thing done, he came for his wages, which was ten pounds promised; but the Chapman fell from his word, and would not give him but half, though he had not done his work so. In conclusion, a sute was commenc'd upon it, and 'twas brought to a Jury, where the supposed Father was cast, and censur'd to pay what was behind to the true one.

This next vindication of the possibility, and facility of such fond and unnaturall actions in some men, comes from the septentrionicall part of those *Saxons*. In the times of those wars it fell out, that a proper young *Chevalier* was taken prisoner, and upon *Parole*, dismiss'd to finde his ransome. In *Eboracum* he quarter'd sometime, where by his civill carriage, and couragious behaviour, he purchas'd esteem and honour, even in the Garrison of his enemies, who were very industrious to get a change for him, though no allurements could worke a change in him to forsake the side he had once ingag'd for. One of the wealthiest inhabitants did dote upon his person and parts, and grew so enamour'd of him, that he did invite him to all liberty of his house: He did not refuse the offer, but was an often guest at his table, but with that caution, reservednesse, and circumspection, that the more he frequented the house, the more stranger he appear'd: Insomuch that his free and open Landlord wondred at his solemn mode, fearing that his guest might not think his curtesies reall, because no greater pleasance and alacrity proceeded from him, at the reception of them. And having watch'd an opportunity, *Deere Renigard* (so was this *Chevaliers* name) saith his entertainer, I hope you have not the least suspition, that these my respects are feigned, dissembled, or politique, but are such as they seem to be. I have not yet learn'd to make my Table a snare, or to catch *regall Birds, by laying salt upon their tailes*. The freedome that I give you, is as substantiall as it is open. I account my selfe happy in the placing them on so meriting a Person; let me not be unfortunate in this only, that you cannot think so. Or prithee tell me, is there any thing wanting, that other places perchance afford you, & being the stronger recreation, with-draws your liking from our defective entertainments? I know (be not afraid to confesse) that such complexions are not only recreated with Feasts, Wine and Musick, but naturally incline to a *Lais*, or a *Corinna*, as the Complement of all joviallity and freedome. *Renigard* smil'd at his prophetique quæries, and told him, not without a blush, that he had not for a long time been acquainted with an *Utile ad purgandos Renes*. Why law you now, said he, you would conceale this that would make a horse melancholy; now I can give you *thorough cheer*. To morrow night (*Deer Renigard*) you must sup with me, and vouchsafe to take a hard bed too. It shall goe hard (friend) if your second course like you not better then the first; and so I leave you this night, that I may make you worthy entertainment for the next. Both departed very highly exalted; *Renigard* wishing it a *Barnabies* Night, or such as *Jupiter*

had with *Alcmena*, that this and that following were come together. His Landlord (carefull providore) omitted no cure to compaſſe all that might delight, and having effected that, which he counted moſt difficult, he went the cheerfuller about the culinary part. The next day ended to both their joys, and *Renigard* repair'd to his entertainments, wondring where his living banquet would be procur'd. A ſupper was provided fit for ſuch appertenancies, and every diſh had ſawce of a moſt ſtirring Nature; Inſomuch, that *Renigard* had great conflicts with his fleſh and the proviſions. His Landlord ſupplyed him with freſh provocatives, ſaying ever and anon,

ſine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.

Ha quoth *Renigard*, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* are in abundance here, but where's your *Venus*? within a ſtones caſt, ſaid the Landlord, leave you that to me; the Lady of the Table wondred at theſe looſe diſcourſes, but replied nothing, having charge from her Husband, to give no place for feare of diſcontent from her. Wherefore in a glaſſe of wine, ſhe gratified *Renigard's* mirth, and was now aſſured of his acceptance of her entertainments, by his cheerfulneſſe and merry diſcourſe. My Landlord and he had mutuall froliques at the Table, and charg'd on the other very home, untill the decaying lights admoniſhed them of the night, and forthwith he was conducted to his Chamber, a very well furniſh'd roome, where ſorts of delicacies were on a Cupboard in diſh-glaſſes, offering themſelves to his taſt or refuſall. His entertainer took ſolemn leave of him, wiſhing him the pleaſures of the night, and ſo departed, only ſaying in his eare, I have not forgot thee *Renigard*, be confident I have not, and then withdrew.

A thouſand thoughts and feares ſurpriz'd our Chevalier, he caſts in his mind, what the reaſon ſhould be that he knew not more circumſtantially and punctually of the perſon or the time he ſhould expect.

After ſuch various and delightfull food
Soft ſleep might come, and that would be as good.

Why might he not ſuborne a common Strumpet, in place of a bedfellow? who would give the reward of ſuch unjuſtifiable pleaſures? yet he recomforted himſelfe, calling to mind that the artifice was all his friends, unto which he had ſcarce concurr'd, but in a ſmile or ſhrug: ſurely the lawes of Hoſpitality would prevaile with him, not to miſchiefe him he receiv'd into his boſome with ſuch ſtrong ſignes and demonſtrations of ſincerity. In theſe varieties of diſturbances, he thought the bed would beſt compoſe him, and either remove 'um by the promis'd ſatisfaction, or allay them by a ſucceeding reſt; laid he was, and betwixt the confines of ſleep and waking, when his Chamber door gave a gentle creak, ſuch as confeſs'd the opener ſorry for the noiſe it made, and inſtantly a ſtately Lady in her night-dreſſe, made ſome frivolous ſtay about the Cupboard, entertaining her ſelfe with a large glaſſe, and after in ſome other parts of the Chamber, as if ſhe had lookt for ſomewhat left there. *Renigard* peept through the Curtaines, and to his griefe, ſpied it was the Lady of the houſe, wherefore counterfeiting a great ſnore he gave, by his loud Muſick evidenc'd that he was now *faſt*, and was not in caſe to be *looſe*; ſhee not able to endure his *drone*, left the Chamber, and *Renigard* more perplext then ever; for now he doth ſtrongly fancy, that it was all a plot upon him, a catch and ſnare.

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But he had not been long in these distractions, when *Noble Festus* came in, and rebuk'd him shrewdly for his coldness, dulness, and heaviness, telling him that *Cupid* do's not sleep though he be blind, unless pillow'd on his mothers breast; come (saith he) arise and follow me. In that amazement he was obedient, and resolv'd to goe, though he knew not whither, desiring his Landlord that he might carry his weapon with him, (not without it for the world said the other) then he usher'd him into a closer Chamber, and more private, and bid him enter the sheets, they were warm'd *sartagine vivâ*, and if he took cold, it would be his own fault.

Renigard laid, his Landlord left him to the sweets of the night, and hop'd (he told him) that the change of his lodging would not displease him, and so remov'd. He found in a short space, that his Landlord was in earnest, and that the Lady came into his chamber for the purposes presum'd, and forthwith to be put in execution. Small Courtship pass'd betwixt them now, the Castle being surrendred before capitulation, only *Renigard* embracing her very amorously, begg'd her pardon, if he made bold awhile with his Landlords Quarters: And shee to excuse her frailty, answered, you could not (worthy Sr) have *ingresse* or *egresse* here, without my Husbands permission. *Renigard* knowing *volenti non fit iniuria*, and having two to please, spent no more time in words. In the early morning his Landlord came againe, and with great signe, of inward contentment reattended him to his first Chamber, (as fond of him as he was of his wife.) Thus Mr *Curate*, you percieve that these tame tempers are in the world, & every place yields not such obdurate hearts, that desire to ingross and inclose their delights. Community (even in that particular) is allow'd by many, who rancking themselves with Beasts in their sensuall appetite, applaud the liberty of *Animals*, and without any

Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,

Account it naturall, congeniall, and proper to their constitutions to runne in common, and to lay no stricter obligations on their wives, then themselves. Singular was the answer of that Gentleman, who being question'd what store of Mistresses he had; the Pamphilus return'd this reply, more then a Towne-*Bull*, a *Cock*, a *Boare*, or a *Horse*: An excellent two-legg'd Stallion. Short of these are those soft dispositions, who have rested contented after the knowne violation of their beds, and jealous-headed, have not found out the prævarications of their spouses, until some four years practise in disloyalty; this is patience perforce, and not so punctuall, and *ad Rem*, as in the next Story shall be evidenced unto you (Mr *Curate*) wherein spleen and choler have the predominancy, yet working the same effects, as indiscretion did in others.

A *Clarissimo* of *Venice*; (a dignity not inferiour to that of the Roman *Patricii*) liv'd in a port and fashion above any of the place, being a man of vast revenews; and had in addition to all his other blessings, a Lady of incomparable beauty and chastity, in so high a degree, that though it be naturall to the soyle, the *Clarissimo* was not jealous, nor us'd those customary restraints on his wife, that others did, exposing her to publique view, and priviledging her with the liberty of entertaining his friends or her own, (as oft as they were call'd) in person, unvail'd and unsuspected, so that they were counted them iracle of *Venice*, she for her transcendent beauty, and

the old Noble man for his indulgencies and permiſſions. Her irreprovable demeanour, and diſpoſition to pleaſe him, gave him great cauſe to ſuſpect and grieve, that the default was on his part chiefly, why that faire Copy was not taken out, that *Lucina* was never yet call'd upon for helpe, and that no lovely pledges plai'd about his Hall. On the other ſide the Lady (ever honoured for ignorance; like that innocent ſoule, which was join'd to a Husband of a moſt impure and noiſome breath, never fain'd any diſlike at it, imagining all men had ſmelt alike.) The Lady I ſay knew not, but ſhe was as well ſerv'd as *Niobe*. But the old *Signior* was reſolv'd, ſince he had depriv'd her of her Virgin honour, to recompence her with the reverence and dignity of a mother. But how to effect it, was *res ardua*; how ſhould he with hopes of any ſucceſs, communicate ſo foul a deſign to her chaſt ears, with whom, even lawful delights were not admitted without a bluſh, and ſome modeſt averſeneſſe? Doubtfull, and beyond meaſure troubled, his reſt fail'd him his countenance chang'd, his ſprightfull pleaſance and galliardneſſe abated, which ſo deeply affected his pious conſort, that in ſympathy ſhee refus'd all thoſe contentments, whereof her Lord could not partake.

The Lady innocent, and aſſured that no cauſe was given by her, deported her ſelfe in ſilence, not preſuming to enquire whence theſe alterations did ariſe, but applying comfortable cordials, and what ever would cheriſh and reſtore his ſtrength, left the diſquiſition of the reaſon, untill his owne time ſhould diſcover it; ſuch ſtrugling paſſions cannot long keep within the womb that bred them, like impriſoned winds, they will endure no forcible confinement, but make their way through thoſe concaves and dens, though with the ruine of their detainers, and an Earthquake to the places adjacent. Wherefore what he had long deliberated, he is reſolv'd now to put in action; and the chiefe obſtacle being his wives inflexibility to ſuch perſwaſions, it was moſt neceſſary to accoſt her firſt, without whoſe conſent all the reſt of the project would come to nothing. Sitting together, as their cuſtome was, after dinner, and at that time free from ſtrangers, he took her by the hand, and with looks full of high deſire, ſaid thus:

Life of this little that's left me, better part of my beſt part, ſoule of my ſoule, elixer of my fainting ſpirits, bright Sun-beame, repairer and increaſſe of my decaying heat: How happy am I in thee? how above merit? what felicity can be added more unto me, only one, that thou might'ſt enjoy a reciprocall returne of joy and happineſſe from me? But then playing with his haires, ſaid, how can this be? unleſſe theſe ſilver haires were turn'd to gold. Is there no Chymiſtry can worke this change? The common Baths will alter *argent* metall into *Or*: Methinks in time a man may be made capable of ſuch transfiguration. For thy ſake (Love) I wiſh it; it grieves me for thee, who lying by ſo dull and unprofitable a lump, contracteſt nothing but deadneſſe and diſeaſe, and, I ſhame to ſpeak, barrenneſſe, the mockery of thy ſexe, that which women had rather not be, then live withall. If I had met thee in parity of years, our Gallery had been enrich'd with the ſweet Imagery of our own loines. Thou mightſt have read the Hiſtory of thy ſelfe multiplyed, to thy viſiting friends; now thou lookeſt for iſſue from a *charnell-houſe*, enduring the cruelleſt torment,

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inſtead of ſatisfaction, that can be deviſed, a *dead Corps* to be join'd to thy ſprightfull and *lively perſon*. Abandon me for ever (Deer) if I labour not that divorce, or ſuffer any longer ſo monſtrous a conjunction. I perceive thou art ſo innocent, thou knoweſt not what this meanes, nor whither my wild fancy carries me. Obedience hath been hitherto thy excellency, obedience to a *frigid plant*, *a ſhaking Aſpine leafe*, *a dogs* noſe. Yet be thou ſtill obedient, and what I now intreate thee, put in execution; I have decreed thou goe to Church to morrow to St *Marks* in all the bravery thou canſt adorne thy ſelfe, though truly thou deckeſt it, ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch, as the daz'led Auditors may loſe their eyes in thee; and ſince Ladies come thither to be ſeen as well to behold, it ſhall be by the addition of this ſparkling Diamond, thou ſhalt be only lookt upon. And therewithall he gave her a moſt radiant ſtone; amongſt that captive company, let thy eye ſingle out one, whom if I like for quality, as well as thou for perſonableſſe and ingenuous favour, I may, if we continue iſſuleſſe, adopt into my Family. Of this faile not, as thou wouldſt perpetuate the life and name of him, thou never yet in the leaſt circumſtance didſt offend. *Euphema*, ſo was this accompliſh'd Lady call'd, made no ſcrupulous demurs to her Lords deſires; and ſince the buſineſſe was to be tranſacted in the Church, ſhe was confident the ſanctity of the place, beſide the holy exercifes, would guard her from any undecent geſtures, thoughts, or carriages. Moreover ſhee knew her ſelfe a Temple, into which no prophane thoughts had ever entred unreſiſted, and unreplied; nor did ſhee (and rightly too) account thoſe thoughts her owne, which ſhe forthwith was in Armes againſt, and ſummon'd all the *ſpirituall Poſſe* of her ſoule, to expell as invaders and deadly enemies to its happineſſe and pious tranquillity. Violent intruſions upon devout and ſacred mindes, are Diabolicall ſuggeſtions, and ſuch as Crown the vanquiſhers with honour upon earth, and immortality and glory afterward.

The day came, when deckt like the Altar, ſhe went to the Church with an humility and reverence due to the place, with eyes faſtened unto the earth, ſhe knew ſhe came from, and was to returne to, then advancing to her ſeat, private ſhort devotions ended, ſhe join'd into the publique worſhip, which being begun, rais'd a condemning, but ſelfe-abſolving bluſh into her cheeks, that ſhee had loſt any part of the Oraizons, ſtaying for the other pinne, or hanging on her watch. About the middle of the Anthem, ſhe remembred her Husbands injunction, who all the while had riveted his eyes to hers (not till then removed from the Pſalter, unleſſe to Heaven; when her exalted affections mov'd by holy impulſes, and efficacy of the matter, lifted them up to the Author from whence they came.) Not *Cephalus* durſt purſue the deſtin'd object with ſuch certainty, as his eye her motions; And perceiving her twice or thrice to fix upon one perſon, it was ſufficient to confirme him, that *Padri Caſimire*, who read the Maſſe was the man; nor did ſhee upon her Lords inquiry deny, but that he was the only object of her eye, all the ſervice while, wiſely concealing the reaſon of her intentiveneſſe on him, whom ſhe knew a man of great devotion, Religious without oſtentation, and of an extraordinary ſtrict life, and cuſtomary charity to the poor, ſtrangers and priſoners. If her Husband meant well in this eye-ſervice, the good Father would incourage him in it,

but

but if he had any evill, siniſter deſignes, ſuch was the gravity of his perſon, integrity, and known auſterity againſt any wicked practiſes, that reprehenſions and admonitions, and upon an obſtinate perſeverance, canonicall charge would follow; ſo that ſecure of her marke, ſhe rejoyc'd greatly that no other object had diverted her eye. *Impotentio*, that was the old *Clariſſimo's* name, the next day diſpatches a loving letter to *Caſimire*, requeſting him to honour his houſe, and therein intimates, that he deſir'd to conferre with him, about ſome ſcruples, which did a little diſturb the quiet of his mind.

Nothing was more affable and willing, nothing more able in all manner of knowledge, but eſpecially in *practicall Divinity*, and caſes of Conſcience; ſo that the courteous invitation wrought not ſo powerfully on him, as his owne propenſity and readineſſe to give thoſe helps and ſatisfactions to any, that were deſirous of them, which by his function he was ingag'd to, and by his great knowledge and experinece he was inabled for. *Euphema* had been foure years join'd to *Impotentio* and *Caſimire* was the Prieſt that knit their hands, which caus'd *Euphema* to beſtow more then ordinary reverence on him, in reſpect of the myſticall tie wherein ſhee was bound, and according to the Tenet of the *Church*, accounting *Marriage* for a *Sacrament*, did not conceit ſo rudely and uncivilly of her conjunction, as if it were no more then ſaying, *I Jone*, &c. Looking upon the eſtate, wherein ſhe was now plac'd, and that from whence ſhee came, ſhe could find it but a remove from chaſtity to chaſtity, from *Virginall and continuall abſtinence*, to a moderated and *reſtrain'd indulgency of permitted pleaſures*. And though her Husband was a ſufficient barr to exceſſive dallyances, (yet knowing no other, then that it was ſo with every man) ſhe labour'd to leſſen his rare and ſeldome fruitions, by ſubduing her own fleſh rather then his. This day in honour to her ſpirituall Father, was an extraordinary Feaſt provided, and about the ſeaſon of the day *Caſimire* came, and was entertain'd by both of them, with reſpect, affability, and cheerfull lookes, worthy of his perſon, parts, and function. And in dinner time he took occaſion to bleſs himſelfe, and them too, who were ſo conſpicuous for their mutuall loves, that he receiv'd no ſmall reſpect among the People, becauſe by him they were united, who attributed much of the bleſſings and happineſſe of their lives to the conſecrated hands, and effectuall and intentive prayers, which flow'd from him at that ſolemnity. A matter little ſet by in other places, who care not whether their Prieſts lips preſerve knowledge, or their hands confer a bleſſing.

Dinner ended, and ſome competent time ſpent after in Table-diſcourſes, *Padri Caſimire* and Signior *Impotentio* went together into a large Gallery, where the Merchant pulling from his breaſt a paper deſir'd his Fatherhood to read thoſe heads of his troubles and diſcontents. Which being twice or thrice peruſed by *Caſimire*, at laſt with a great ſigh, taking *Impotentio* by the hand, (Sr ſaid he) and are my ſtrongly conceiv'd hopes daſh'd ſo ſodainly? know you what theſe papers containe? even a divorce to all your joyes on earth. You deſire to know firſt, whether it be lawfull for the conſervation of your name (an evident impediment being on your ſide) to find a ſupply, and Proxie of your own election, who ſhall be *Loco Patris* to the wife by making her a mother. It is as juſt a reaſon, as if a Thiefe for the preſervati-

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on of his wife and family, ſhould provide himſelfe of the next houſe he could breake open, or the next man he could rob. The conſervation of your *ſpecies*, and endeavour of continuing your name and nature upon earth, are very juſtifiable, and warrantable actions founded in Nature, and without which

Res erit unius ætatis populus virorum.

One age would be the period of man-kinde; wherefore they were not to be diſcommended, who under pretence of *Equeſtrian ſports*, made a prey of all the Virgins that came to the ſight, ſatisfying for the preſent rape with an after-marriage. Their dearth of women at home enforcing them to provide in time from their neighbours, leſt their Nation ſhould end in themſelves for want of poſterity: Yet none of theſe uſurp'd the beds of ſuch as were married amongſt them, or thought it lawfull to abuſe thoſe Husbands who were not bleſs'd with iſſue. Much leſſe doth any Hiſtory afford men of ſo ſtupid and low ſoules, who would proſtitute their wives to any other, and that they might be ſuppoſed Fathers, be known Wittals to themſelves, and panders to their own beds.

It is not with women as trees, there you may inoculate, and ſet ſtrange grafts, not ſo on them without ſpoyling the ſtick, and unbarking that body, which is vitiated and corrupted by the approach of outward air, and for want of the genuine covering and naturall ſecurity it was plac'd in. The more generous of ſenſible creatures, permit not variableneſſe in their mates, but puniſh their delinquencies with death, and the aſſaulter too, or elſe die themſelves in the revenge, abhorring ſo tame and degenerate a complyance, as to look on, or enjoyn it. The men of Primitive times, or the Golden Age (as they call'd it) in caſe of their defects, took to themſelves Concubines, and obtain'd from them, thoſe comforts which they would rather have had from their legitimate conſorts. But theſe men multiplyed themſelves, they did not hire journy-men to doe their work for them, nor rejoyce in a Changeling, as it were a child. But to all this you anſwer, that the impotency and fault being on your own ſide, your are bound in Conſcience to recompence the wives patience and defraudings with ſomething anſwerable to her expectations. If you were (Signior) *frigidus antè nuptias*, then you ſhould not have adventur'd upon Marriage, it being *nullitas fundamentalis*, and a juſt cauſe why your wife ſhould require her dowry back. Or is it any faſcination or Witchcraft, whereby you are *frigidus quoad hanc*? then you muſt uſe holy meanes, and the aſſiſtance of devout perſons and prayers to diſinchant you; the Church in ſuch caſes hath not loſt the power of Exorciſme. But the remedy you ſeek, is worſe then the diſeaſe, to give your wife to the Divell Body and Soule, becauſe a part of yours is impedited by his miniſters. Or if your frigidity be from the Winter of your age, you know, warme clothes, fires, and good Cordials, make us inſenſible of ſharp weather, and theſe naturall faylings of your years, may be happily repair'd by lawfull helps, ſtrengthening juices, fomentations, baths, and the like, and what you think impoſſible (as from your dry ſtock) being water'd, open'd at root and lopp'd, and all ſeaſonable care taken, may bloom and bring forth fruit without *inoculating*.

But ſuppoſing, not granting the difficulty of reſtoring what is decay'd, will you like an overladen Tree, be propt up with a fork? know you not the

the barren bed is better then a quiver full of ill-headed Arrows. Will you to pleaſe the *Europa*, Metamorphoze your ſelfe into a *Bull*, a very Centaure, halfe man, halfe beaſt? Such a Monſter is he made, whoſoever voluntarily, or involuntarily, hath loſt the propriety in his wife. But a reſignation is moſt unmanly and impious. How can two indiſpenſable vows and bonds be by conſent broken, unleſſe one may conſent to doe what he hath articled never to doe? how can you permit your wife to be a Whore, (unleſſe you miſplace or miſunderſtood the words, *for better for worſe?*) Againe, would you give another leave to call you what you make yourſelfe, or your wife by that title which you have impos'd upon her; or (if your ſpurious deſigne proſper not) would you try the *Piatza* over, and make your ſelfe *Notiſſima Fabula mundo.* You have vow'd to be hers, ſhe likewiſe to be yours, and what ſhall be borne of her, to be both yours and hers. A ſtranger intervening, breaks all theſe ingagements; you plainly with a *de jure cedere*, cutting off your own intaile as to your progeny, and diſpoſſeſſing your ſelfe of tenancy for life. The wife is made *juris alieni*, and the children (which of all our goods we account moſt our own) *Juris publici.* Baſtards are the Common-Wealths children, and therefore theirs, becauſe nor Father nor Mother would owne them, but expos'd them to the publike charity: And will a man of your diſcretion, a Senatour and publique Father, priviledge that at home, which you would ſeverely puniſh in ſuch incontinent perſons abroad. *Impotentio* was very much diſturb'd with theſe rebukes and reaſons: (but yet not diſſwaded) which change of looks *Caſimire* taking for a remorſe, and outward ſigne of inward compunction, did not farther nettle him; but ſaid, the conviction of your forehead puts me in hopes of the converſion of your heart, which I hope is alter'd by this diſcourſe from your firſt intentions. A bleſſing on the cure; and ſo giving him his benediction, the good Father departed full of hopes and joy for his new convert.

Impotentio waited on him, fearing his wife might be inquiſitive to learn ſome what of him; but the good Father knew that ſuch diſcoveries, though not in confeſſion, were of dangerous conſequence if reveal'd, and therefore with a look as chearfull as when he came firſt, having given a *Benediction* to his daughter, (freed from ſuſpition by his plauſible countenance) he repair'd to his Covent. *Impotentio* champt upon this bit of *Caſimires* a day or two, but with like ſucceſſe, as Mules and Horſes, who are imboſs'd, foame and chafe the more. He remembred

Quod vale'è cupiunt ſenes, meminerint bene.

That he had often commerc'd with a Merchant of *Angli-terra*, a Gentleman youthfull, handſome and ingenious, in very high credit on the *Piatza*, and on whom the *Clariſſimo's* many of them caſt an eye of more then ordinary regard, and often call'd him to their Tables. The gentleman was a ſingle man, and very rich, ſo that *Impotentio* promiſed to himſelfe ſucceſſe, if his vigilant wife were not impregnable, nor to be ſurpris'd. The next Exchange, his fortune was to meet him, and having ſaluted each the other, the *Clariſſimo* deſired him, to honour his houſe that day with his company at meale. *Sanguine Vernall*, ſuch was the Merchants name, intimating his unworthineſſe of ſo high reſpect, ſaid, he ſhould hereafter endeavour to make himſelfe capable, and for the preſent he would be indebted for the

en-

entertainment. Our Merchant was not acquainted with the *Venetian* humor, & therefore ſummon'd up all his cautionary rules, circumſtances and counſels, which either his friends, or his own obſervations had enrich'd him withall, and having heard very much of the fame of the old Signiors Lady, her beauties and accompliſhments, he reſolv'd to double arme himſelfe, and ſet a watch upon his eye and tongue, for there was ſubject enough for either to be luxurious on. From the *Piatza* they went off together to *Impotentio's* houſe, which was one of the ſtatelieſt buildings of the City, a Receipt for a Prince, but that it entertain'd a Goddeſſe; for *Euphema* comming into the dining Room, ſo tranſported our Merchant with her luſtre, that he knew not preſently, whether he ſhould ſalute or worſhip.

But preſently reſtor'd by the melting Corall of her lip, he ſate down with civill confidence, inwardly admiring the ſeverall confluences of graces, that his eye beheld, and could no where, but there behold. At dinner he durſt not let his eye beguile his mouth, nor wander on the womens ſide, which made him eat like a Mad man, not minding what he took, nor how it went downe, and *Euphema* (as ſhee was an excellent diſſecter of the Creature) carving to him ſome ſpeciall fowle, the puzled wight gave her his us'd plate inſtead of the ſervant. The *Clariſſimo* gave him the boon cheer in a luſty glaſs of Wine, which being by one of the Gentlemen preſented to him, it was his wiſh, the glaſs had been the ſpire of a Steeple, and as narrow as a pin-caſe; for all that while he might have viewed, unſuſpected, the Face which had ſet his heart on fire, not to be quench'd by ſuch a glaſs, though it had been fill'd with *Alpine* water. Wherefore imputing the ſlowneſs of his draught to the goodneſs of the Wine, which was to be drank with no haſty, but with deliberate pallat, he ſaid, *Signior*, other *Clariſſimo's* drink Wine, but you *Nectar*, and a *Philoxenus's* neck were not an ill wiſh to him, who would take a right *Guſtaw* of it. And craving another glaſs, he preſented health and happineſſe to the Lady of the place. The Table's remov'd, *Clariſſimo* and *Vernall* retir'd into a very faire Garden, and a little behind that, they enter'd a grove of Trees, and delicate walks every where betwixt 'um. The Trees were ſo plac'd, that their Armes ſhot into one another, and were ſo cloſely interwoven, that the vernant and æſtivall Sunne beames could not pierce their rare imbroydery. In this ſecret of the houſe, *Clariſſimo* will now diſcloſe his intentions. Such deſignes as theſe were *Lucifugous*, and would not endure the face of Heaven, wherefore opportunity and place adding courage to his purpoſes, apprehending *Sanguines* hand, he thus accoſted him, who wondred with himſelfe, what would be the end of ſo courteous beginnings, but *Cæſar*-like accounting his fortunes in himſelfe, he ſaid, *Sanguine, feare not:* when *Impotentio* gravely and reſolutely confeſs'd; it is not the cuſtome of this place, (friend *Vernall*) much leſſe of men of my Port to afford ſtrangers ſuch liberty, as you this day have found. But your lovely perſon and candid diſpoſition had before ſo wrought upon me, that this freedome (to our nice and ſtanch Gentry indeed, a great matter) is the meaneſt and leaſt priviledge which I inveſt you with; having reſolv'd to entertaine you into my very boſome: But before you heare any further of my Noble intentions, ſweare unto me by all that hath a tie upon your ſoule, and which invok'd, you count it Religion to violate, that you will not in the leaſt ſcruple re-

veale it either by signes, writing or talke, no not (if we are both of an opinion) to the Priest. *Sanguine* call'd to minde the *Venetian* absolution after *renunciation of the faith*, and with these ensuing cautions to be *præmitted*, he promised secrecy and assistance. *Signior*, said he, if so be the secret be not against the *present State*, which I have promised during the time of my abode to be true to, nor my owne Country, whose weale I have sacramentally vow'd, nor any thing against your selfe, whom by the Laws of hospitality, I am commanded to secure; 'tis ratified, and confirm'd, and upon my oath of secrecy (in attestation whereof I kisse your hand) no screws, arts, racks nor allurements of any sexe, shall be able to disclose what you have lockt up into my breast. No, *Sanguine*, against none of these can you offend, nay two of them you shall abundantly oblige, that is (said *Impotentio*) the Common-Wealth of *Venice* and my selfe; both which at once you shall gratifie, at once make *Venice* happy in a *Publicke sonne*, and your old friend with a brave *heire*. For marke me, (*Sanguine*) I am childlesse, (and ever like to be so) unlesse this stratagem prevent it. My younger Brother like a Vulture, waits for my Carcass: Not a Bell tols but he thinks or wisheth it were mine: His *how d' you* man comes every day to know how I slept last night, when indeed, his errand is, to enquire whether I had slept my last: He seemingly laments my want of pledges, which if he should see; O the *Basiliske*! what poysonous vapours would his eyes discharge, more dangerous then a menstruous Organ to our purest mirrours? I once desired *Euphema* to cozen him with some supposititious trick, the very cheat reviv'd me, and sent him home to bed sicke of a taffety Embryo. To defraud this ravenous expectant of his hopes, and to disherison his malignant issue, is my main design, and I have in a most happy hour, chosen thee (*Sanguine*) to be my instrument: *Proxies* are allow'd in al Courts, even in our Supream, the *Senate* house; Inferiour powers are regulated by them, and why not our Domestick? Adoption it is true, in these cases of sterility, hath made up the want, and Emperors have with great contentment created successors, when they could not generate; that common way doth not affect me. I am for *the child*, which though it be not of my blood, it ought to be, and since my impotency denies that happiness to me, my justice to my bed shall be preserv'd in a substitute. All things conspire in thee, to effect my wishes, youth, strength, and lovelinesse. This night *Euphema* sleeps within thy Armes; doe not suspect my promises, this night, *Sanguine*, I'll reckon as my wedding night, and what hath been these foure years due unto *Euphema*, shall with large interest be satisfied. Be confident I am serious, and let this chaine of Pearle confirme thee, untill I bring thee to a Jewell of a Price unvaluable. Sir, said our confounded Merchant, my life is in your hands, either by my consent or refusall. If you are only tentative and supplant my frailty, my consent is mortall; if it be true, and that you have design'd this stratagem against your brothers off-spring, though with the tainctúre of your owne, tis death to know so much and not consent. If then on both sides my ruine is certaine, let me dye on the best choice, for gratifying you in what you wish, and I am sure I am able to perform, then by a sullen negative, call an unprofitable ruine on my selfe: *Impotentio* kiss'd him, desiring his patience, but to while it selfe in those walks, and he would returne with news should joy them both. *Sanguine*, left alone, fell into these raptures.

Kindle

Kindle you ſummon'd Spirits, and unite
Your ſcatter'd Atomes, in this amorous fight:
More Innocent then thoſe of hers, whoſe Troy
Was made a Bone-fire by her Firebrand boy.
But ſuch an influence dart, that every eye
May ſweare the Boy's o'th' Flavian *Family,*
And borne for Empire; for the times to come,
Will judge the mother to have been at Rome.
Then looking on his chaine of Pearle, ſaith,
A way fond Merchandiſe, I will no more
Worſhip the East, *and the rich Coaſt adore,*
Adventure men, and lives at coſtly rates;
Euphema's *are more ſafe, and gainfull* Straights.
Shoot this Venetian Gulph, and ſay be rich,
Sanguine, *above a Miſers covetous itch!*
He that by ſuch rare copeage Mounts, is ſure
To break his neck, or live for e'r ſecure.
Not ſhee ſo rich, whom tracking Jove *of old*
Bought by converſion of himſelfe to Gold:
Could I deſcend like him in a bright Flame,
In harmleſſe fires I'd warme this Virgin Dame.
Was ever man ſo fortunate as I,
To be inchain'd thus to felicity?
Mother of Pearle, and Pearle, methinks we float,
Like Venus *and* Adonis *in her boat*
Of glittering ſhels: Euphema *is alone,*
(Daughter of Pirra*) ſtill the richeſt ſtone.*

By this time *Impotentio* is return'd, who having fully acquainted his wife with his unnaturall deſires, and the ſodainneſſe of the performance, thought ſhe durſt not trifle with his fury, or at leaſtwiſe would be unable to fruſtrate the yong Merchants importunity. *Euphema* gave him no anſwer at all, but ſtupified with the ſenceleſſeneſſe of his device, reſted ſilent, and amaz'd. He left her mixing threats with entreaties, and gave her ſome ſmall time to conſider in a back Chamber next to her Bed-Chamber, which he vow'd was to be her Death-Bed, if ſhee refuſed. In this great conflict was the diſconſolate *Lady* full of fears and teares, and amidſt thoſe paſſions, ſhe thus diſputed with her ſelfe:

What are my Crimes, juſt Heavens? or wherein
Have I given cauſe to my wild Husbands ſinne?
Have I in thought abus'd his bed, or e'r
Admitted Luſt, but kept this Conclave cleer,
Unravell me yee Powers; and let him ſee
The Reſidentials Court *of* Chaſtity.
A heart as pure, as when in ſacrifice,
The pleaſing incenſe calm'd the Deities:
From thence as from an Altar of pure ſnow,
Fervent deſires for Sacred life did flow.
He tels me he is Impotent and cold,
What difference? he is, I will be old.

His youthfull daies are past, wish'd back againe,
And mine are bridled, govern'd by a reine;
His fire is out, and mine is well suppreſt,
Prayers and teares will quench a ſmoaking neſt.
He hath no power to act, I have no minde;
A fitter match where could an old man finde?
He grieves my wants of due benevolence,
when it is ask'd, then let him take offence.
Theſe two years day, (I'll put it to my ſins)
If e'r I did ſollicite at his ſhins.
I never went to Church, (ſome doe they ſay)
To get them ſervants, rather then to pray,
Nor to my confeſſour could ever tell,
(And I told all) this day I did not well;
Unleſſe it were Omiſſion, *when the time*
Shortned my duty, and was part o'th' crime.
I came abſolv'd from him; good man hee'd weep,
And wiſh his ſoule with mine did commerce keep.
If it be from above, my ſoule to try,
And be aſſured of my conſtancy,
Then give ſupplies, Thou that haſt made me chaſt,
Nor let fowle Batteries my firmneſſe waſt;
Let no inſultings force me to a fact,
Thy Sacred Laws hath made it death to act.
Shall I for fear of death doe that, which done,
Brings double death, twiſted deſtruction?
Shall I, to get him glory o'r his Kinne,
Loſe mine owne honour in a naſty ſinne?
Away thou whiſpering Fiend! what's privacy?
Shall th' All-ſeer only this crime not ſee?
'Conceal'd and ſmother'd ſinns have never end,
'Shame and deprênſion is a better friend,
'And wholeſome chaſtiſements cut off that vice,
'To which a hid ſucceſſe doth more entice;
Propt by thoſe Sacred helpes, I now defy
The worſt of humane rage or Policy.
Eares be you deafe to charmes, keep clos'd chaſt Womb,
Rather then be Luſts Bed, be his Swords Tombe.

Alas, alas! her time grew ſhort, and the howre glaſs was almoſt runne, which is the utmoſt limit of deliberation; wherefore recollecting all her beſt ſpirits, and calling up her Phancy to a ſodaine aſſiſtance, (not knowing what her Husbands fury might provoke him to, upon a peremptory refuſal) ſhee wiſely contrives to elude him and his Stallion by quaint devices, hoping in good time to attemper her Husbands mind to more reaſon and Manhood, and let his Merchant know, that he was not bound for that *Port*. Shee call'd unto her inſtantly a ſtately *Moor*, nam'd *Fuſcilla*, which the *Clariſſimo* among other guifts, preſented her with on the day of marriage; the *Moore* could underſtand no language but her owne,

owne, yet being as docile as an *Elephant*, and of as precious Teeth, by often teaching and practising, her Lady had so instructed her, that upon the motion of her fingers, eyes and head, nothing was unperform'd, that *Euphema* commanded. By these signes shee took instant notice of her Ladies intentions, and the *night-Piece* provided to put them with all hast in execution.

By this time the two transported persons were at the chamber door, which unwillingly open'd, as sensible of the ensuing mischiefe, and abhorring to give quiet entrance to such wicked visitors. *Impotentio* kept up his cheerfull looks, and said, Deareſt, thou art still the same *Euphema*; but yet remember, unto what *Planet* more then any you are subject; she who rules and predominates over the sexe, permits a monethly change, thou onely in this one request dost imitate thy *Cynthia*. Suspect not any shadow of dislike, because of this friendly interposition betwixt us for a while, thou wilt appeare more glorious after a small *Eclipse*. Two *Moons* shine not at once, nor two *Sunns*, suffer me (best of women) to be in the waine at present, while I leave with thee *solem & hominem*.

Then whispering a short word to *Sanguine*, said, doe you look to make good the promise, and generate another. Her Husband gone, with a majestick look and full of modesty, *Euphema* fixing her eyes upon him, so aw'd the Sutor, that if *Impotentio* had not shut the doores upon 'um, he had Fac'd about, and never made stand againe; But as the Devill would have it, Rats, Cats and Dogs will make head, if they cannot fly any farther, so *Sanguine* lockt in his Armour, charges boldlier: Madam, said he, were not the way made by my loving friend your Husband, many preambles, much Oratory, and a great deale of Court-ship were requisite to a worke of this nature. Besides, my stint of time abridges all thought of Ceremony and complement, which I am not wanting in to Ladies of your quality; but what is defective in language, shall be made up in performance, that you shall (I hope to the honour of *Angliterr*) prove the least *Talkers to be the best Doers*.

Wherefore, most succinct Lady, (but otherwise now wish'd) remember that time is precious, and not to be plai'd withall. Let no scruples seize you, Madam, concerning my ability or wholesomnesse; my looks speak me sound, ther's no *Compurgators* like the complexion. Your *Curtezan's* (unlesse by name) are unknowne to me, nor came I from my own Country, after the chargeable experience of the *Bath*, *Guiacum*, or the *Tub*. I will not make apologies, hoping I shall cleare my selfe (Lady) in your judgement, and to your great satisfaction, and your Husbands joy, when by your owne confession he shall know, he did not delegate to his servico one unworthy, or unfit for the deputation. I stand upon my credit with the *Clarissimo*, to keep my reputation, and with your Ladiship, to beget it. Madam, speed to the tryall, wherein, such is the confidence of your new servant, that he shall thinke himselfe most happy, in having the beautifull *Euphema*, Judge, witnesse, and party in the businesse. Sir said the Lady, you are in place of my Husband, and your commands are his, give me the civility of withdrawing, and you shall not long be unprovided.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Come see the Don *with dismall dreames o'retaken,*
(Yet in his sleep more valiant, then he's waking)
Gyant * Borachio *for* Pandafiland
Fals by his heavy and dead-doing hand.
This Sancho *tels to's Queen* Nicomicon,
But knew not whether's head be off or on.
Then with a Candle searcheth under's bed,
And all the bloody Roome for the Hogs-head:
But when Borachio's *Second's understood*
(Mine Host and's Wife) their wine-bags ran this blood;
The clutch-fist villaine scor'd in black and blew
On our Don's *Face the Arreerages were due;*
And as he gave him, what he wanted, souse,
Sleeper, said he, you're sure unto the house.
The Barber spoiled the Proverbe, for soone after
He wak'd the sleepy Knight with paile of water:
Thrown on those parts his halfe-shirt would not cover,
O're which a Kite would scorne, in hopes to hover.
Oh what a deepe confusion Sancho's *in,*
To find blood, wine, and Gyants-flesh hogs-skin!
But Don *awak'd (yet dreaming more than ever)*
Blesseth the sword that did the Gyant sever
Body from head; then makes the Curate Queen
(Himselfe, and that, both sights were never seen)
Once more to bed with him, hee's laid, and Fast,
Or sober rise, great Don, *or sleep thy last.*
In this same hush Anselmo's *stories read,*
In place of which we Sanguine *bring to bed.*

* A wine vessell made of a hogs skin.

TEXT.

ARt thou in thy wits Sancho! *What a Devill man! how can that be, seeing the Gyant lives two thousand leagues off.]*

Nunquam quicquam verius dixit Licentiatus.

This truth might be justified without Text, or Quotations. But the most plaine truths will not be acknowledged by præpossessed minds. *Sancho's* head run all Gyant, and the Roome Gyants blood, and the Giants head was a running head, and made an escape, or else *Sancho* with the story had presented it to *Dorothea.*

By this they heard a marvelous great noise within the Chamber, and the Don *cried out aloud, stay Thiefe, Robber,* &c.]

Harke, *Jeronymo* is at it in his own person.

Who cals *Jeronymo* from his naked bed?

Strong fancies, Whimsies, and Imaginations; A Wall-eyed Gyant appeares to him, whether with a head, or without a head is very much suspected; but this Apparition, or Phantasme, workes such reall effects, that he forsake

forsakes his bed, takes his sword, and so slashes the doores and walls, that it shew'd more like a bawdy house than any thing else. So the great *Jugurth*, the night before the battell with the *Romans*, imagined they had taken the field, himselfe unhors'd, and ran out from his Couch, crying:

A horse, a horse, a Kingdome for a horse;
Fetch me my brave Getulian *horse,*
That stands on end and fights.

Men of great atchievements have great disturbations, their spirits all ascending upward in such crowds, that the vapours and dew of the braine is unable to allay them.

Alexander, after the murther of *Hephestion* his trustiest friend, rose often in the night, thinking that he called out for revenge, and could by no means be brought to sleep againe, untill he had drowned his braines in *Grecian* VVine.

Achilles was so troubled with the thought of his *undipped heele*, and the sudden drawing on of the *Trojan* Battell, that he assayed many nights to fight with both his heeles together, which made him ever after splay-footed.

Hector's unquiet spirit, (whether for want of solemne interring or no is doubtfull) kept on this side the *Elysian* shore, and shewed his wounds to many trusty *Trojans*, but especially to *Æneas*, who was ready to fly without his warning of

I, fuge nate Deâ, &c.

Brutus, *Cassius*, *Marke Antony*, all these, and *Cæsar's* selfe before his Assasination, and all active spirits are troubled with the rising in the nights, *Mars* himselfe not exempted; for though those Deities are said to be *Insomnes*, yet after a good rouze, or good dose of *Nepenthe*, they are in a trance, which is as good to them as our dull rest. For if they were alwaies waking, how could *Vulcan* so oft have taken *Mars* at a nap with *Venus*, that it was once his intention to have made a paire of Fetters, wherein he should have stood, and done pennance at his Forge. Nay, one of their Gods is *Morpheus*, an heavy-headed *Numen*, who indeed sleeps not all night, but at Cock-crowing he takes his bed, and there nuzzles till *Hesperus* cramps him by the toes.

Impute all these obambulations, and night-walkes, to the quick and fiery Atomes which did abound in our *Don*, as in all his brother *Heroes* that went before him; And how can it be attributed to any thing else, for it was as visible (as the Nose in the Face) that the Element of Fire did most predominate in him, choler licking up all the rest of the humours, and converting them into it selfe; his dyet below *Lescius's* would scarce make an excrement, that he might compare with a Mouse for the rarity of it; his parched body, black and withered flesh, and rusty haire, shewed that the fire was great within which made such a Chimney-piece. Lastly, His cloaths consumed by the fiery evaporations of his body, and nearer his (*alter caloris fons*) *Testicles*, no Linnen but perished like tinder at the touch, as will be made appeare in the next note.

He was in a shirt which was not long enough before to cover his thighs, and it was fixe fingers shorter behind.] A Semi-Adamite, but to be dipt in a red sea of good Claret, with Confirmation to ensue; yet though these accoutre-

accoutrements seeme so ridiculous to us now, they were in those daies the most proper and appointed fashions, and as well liked of as the steeple-crown'd hat, piccadillo, Corslet doublet, the Trunke hose, and Codpiece. *Umbonically* prominent, and significant as a *Digitus Mercurialis*, these were dresses not disproved by our *Fore-Mothers*; though if one should now appeare so, what twittering and peeping through the Fingers we should have? Well fare the *Don*, who keeping to the Customes of the old *Heroes*, will be known by his habits, as well as valour, to be one of them. *Hercules* Lyons skin (which was the pattern of most of these short robes) came not so low as his knees, and had the same disproportion with the *Dons* behind. His *Oripygium* was open to discovery; how was it possible else that the *Græcian* Dames should call him *Melampyges*, that is to say in our Mother Tongue, *Black-dock*, unlesse they had been peeping under the scantinesse of his yellow Coat of victory.

The Father of their Order, Great *Alcides*, receiving his death by a whole shirt dipped in the bloud of the Centaure *Nessus*: in detestation of the length of the shirt, and shortning of his daies, the Fraternity ever wore halfe shirts. All heroick persons are pictured in *Bases* and *Buskins*, or else starke naked (as the *Don* in *Sierra Morena*) to shew the immensity of their parts, the bigneſse of their Muscles, the largeneſse of their veines, the toughneſse of their nerves and sinews, which evidently shewed, that men of such proportion and naturall sufficiencies were purposely framed and intended for the destruction of Monsters, Men, or Beasts, and for the captivating all handsome Ladies, and the relieſe of all distressed.

He wreathed on his Armes the Coverlid of the bed.] An usuall piece of Armour in times of War betwixt the Gyants and the Gods; for the Gyants being by the advance of hils (which they heap'd together) raised to the middle Region of the Aire (which is the coldest) thought Rugs and Blankets the best Armory, left they should perish more by encountring the place, than their enemies, and politiquely likewise surprised the Magazine and Artillery of the Gods. The *Dons* greasie night-cap (or rather mine Hoasts) was very considerable in a fight of swords, whose edges will yield and turne against pickled murrions, sweat and Ale being the only *Muria*, that will blunt the blow of any sharp weapon. Feather-beds breake Flints, soft and downy beds weaken the strongest bodies.

Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requiret?

If our *Don* was so politique in his sleep-Combates, what other stratagems do you thinke he had waking? Or if he could do so in a halfe shirt, what mad pranks would he play in a shirt and halfe?

The Hoste, all inflamed with rage, set upon Don Quixot *with dry fists, and gave unto him so many blowes.*] O indignity! dry-baste a *Knight-Errant*! and double *dubb* him of the *Ill-favoured Face*! A *Knight Dormant, Ambulant, Combatant*! Would no good hand direct our *Blindman Buffe* to forsake the wine bags and tap a fresh Vessell, the hogshead, the Hoste.

Poets will write whole Volumes of this scarre. How happily would a well driven blow been placed betwixt his neck and shoulders, who durst lay barbarous hands, (Fists, Gols, Beetles) and leave the slouches impressions upon the expresse of valour? Thus the sleeping Lyon is worried by a Curre. A Jack an Apes doth ride the generous horse! But oh the security of presumed

ſumed victory! Chevaliers are inſenſible in a purſuit, and the ſucceſſefull *Don* drencht in the Gyants blood, and trampling in it, (as the belly of an Oxe for the Gout) heeds not cuffs nor boxes of the eare, kicks in *Ano*, tweaks *ad Naſum*. But

Vino tortus & Irâ,

Emboſs'd and chaf'd like a hunted Boare, eſteems nothing but ſpeares, two-handed Swords, Polaxes, Cymitars, Javelins, and the like Engines of juſt and Noble War; as for buffets at this preſent, they are like Flea-bitings to a *Leopard*, not felt nor regarded.

Yet with all this did not the Poor Knight awake, untill the Barber brought a Kettle full of cold water from the Well, &c.]

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. Water is good for any thing: It will part dogs, it will make Pottage, and howſoe'r and whereſoe'r the Barber found out this recipe for a dead ſleep, it was no dry device, *Veritatem è puteo hauriunt tantam*, the truth of it is, the very Probatum for a *Lethargy*, and drawn out of a deep well cures a deep ſleep. The Moon was alwaies beholding to the Pleiades, for waking of *Endymion*. I doe believe the Barber learned it of a Mountebanck, and 'twas firſt taught him to awaken drunken cuſtomers, who fell aſleep in trimming-while, and with the ſprinkling of this *Frigida*, were reſtor'd to their ſenſes againe, and paid for the nap, as well as the ſnip. But the circumforaneous *Emperick* rais'd his Fame, in uſing this admirable Element upon any other diſeaſe. An honeſt Farmer in ſome of the Townes, (where the Inhabitants at their proper coſts and charges paid for being cheated every Market day) was a long time vext with a *Priapiſmus*, which is *tentigo ſine voluptate in inſtrumento generationis*. To this Mountebanck he repaires, who having remedies for all diſeaſes, could not be ignorant in this; and having told his tale, O ſaith he! *gravis morbus, acutus, pernicioſus*; but that you may ſee that I love your Perſon more then your Purſe, I will preſently ſend home, and prepare a remedy for you, come an houre hence to my houſe, at the ſigne of the Cat and Fiddle, and you ſhall not faile of eaſe. About the time the patient came, and being brought into a private room, the Mountebanck ſaid, (Sir) here is a Bath made with the cooleſt herbs that can be got in this place, and the moſt ſoverain Spring-water; for in your caſe, every ordinary water will not ſerve; therefore be confident, that after halfe an houres plounſing in this Bathing-tub, you will be eas'd of your paine. The ſilly Farmer followed his advice, and the effects prov'd anſwerable to his expectation, wherefore well ſous'd and duckt he came forth, the Mountebanck demanding of him, how it wrought with him, and whether the tumour were not allayed, and his paine vaniſht? The fellow anſwered with chattering teeth, (but not where they did) that it was pacified, and giving him a Fee, departed. The Mountebanck could not conteine, but acquaints his wife with the ſimplicity of his new Patient, and his diſeaſe, and inſtructed her, that his ſervant ſhould prepare the ſame doſe for him every morning; the Mountebanck being one day abroad, the Farmer came for his Cure, which his wife then, having opportunity, provided, and chang'd his cold Bath into a hot, but a very croſſe Bath to the Mountebanck, and a horſe-Bath to her ſelfe.

He was preparing double Fees for her, but ſhe ſaid, I am contented, ſatisfied, and paid, and told him, if this Bath lik'd him better, he ſhould with

convenience uſe it oftner. But the ſimple fellow not uſing to the Bath, ſo oft as he did before, one day the Mountebanck ſpying him, call'd him, and ſmiling, ſaid, well friend, I hope you are perfectly cur'd now, farre better then before, for you put me not into the beſt Bath which your wife hath, and the vertue of it yet remaines, whereas your cold Bath cool'd for a day, and the next morning all was as it was before. The Mountebanck ſhak'd his ears, (as if he drank baſe wine) and giving the fellow back his firſt Fees, and curſing him for his ſecond, deſir'd him ſilence, and not let any man know, or of the cold or hot Bath.

He laid himſelfe on his knees before the Curate, and ſaid; well may your greatneſs, &c.] A juſt contrary *error perſonæ* was committed at a play in *Belloſite*, where the Epilogue was to be addreſs'd to the Emperor, but the ignorant Actor, who was to deliver his ſpeech upon the knee, lookt about for the greateſt Perſon among the Auditors, which prov'd to be the Hoſteſſe of the Inne where it was Acted, ſhee was ſet upon the Table in a great Chair, unto whom with genuflexion, he ſpoke theſe lines:

With bended knees (great Cæſar*) we*
Addreſſe our Epilogue to thee,
Who hither in great State art come,
To ſee the Comædy of Jack Drumme.
Our knees doe render thee obeyſance,
For deigning us thy dreadfull preſence;
Maiſt thou grow greater ſtill, and thrive,
Till thou art greateſt thing alive.
O let thy loines ſo fruitfull be,
To ſociate all Monarchy;
And may your next ſtupendious birth
Be the Leviathan *o'th' earth.*

The Hoſteſſe extreamly netled, left her chaire of State, and ran after the Epilogue-ſpeaker, and gave him a very great and ſound *Plaudit* about the Eares.

The Barber, *the* Curate, *and* Cardenio, *got* Don Quixot *to bed againe, not without much adoe, who preſently fell aſleep.*] *Three to one is odds*, yield ſtout heart, and thinke it no ſhame to be overcome by multitudes, and all of them either Inchanters, or inchanted; the *Barber* transform'd into an Ox backward, (as *homo eſt arbos reverſa*) ſo was *Tonſor* (*Bos reverſus:*) *Cardenio* a ſcape Goat, newly transform'd into a man againe; and the *Curate* the *Inchanter*, as will appeare very well to all the world, by theſe verſes found in *Cyd Hameti Benengeli*, and by a Moderne Poet tranſlated, whereby the *Don* was like *Circes Captives*, charm'd into a ſleep, deep as his high thoughts.

Quixots *Philtrum ad ſomnum*, or *Lullaby*
to a Mad man.

Deep ſleep arreſt thy troubled ſoule:
No Bird of night (*enough's one* Owle)

Diſturbe

Disturbe thy Quiet, Gnat nor Flea,
Approach this rare spred Canopy;
Under whose Cob-web Arches lies
The Knight that fights with fast shut eyes:
Nor of his valour meaner think;
Cowards they are that fight and wink.
Wave thrice thy Wand about his head,
Morpheus; *and it shall be as lead.*
Thy sleepy Tribes attend our Don,
And charme him like Endymion.
On this side thousand Dormice sleep,
As many Beetles that side keep;
Millions of winter Flies *fast stick*
Close to his night Cap, as a Tick:
And lest his Nose should wake the * Growt,
Fasten these Poppies *to his snout;*
Tie both his feet together well,
In this benumm'd Torpedos *shell:*
And to secure the * Ephialtes,
Turne him from's back, for there the fault is.
Annoint his Thighs and Calfelesse Legs
With oyles of foolish Dottrels *Eggs.*
Nothing that eates i'th Night be neer,
Remove lanck Rosinant *from his eare.*
Clense not the Wine-bedaubed room,
It is a strong Narcotick *Fume:*
And that no dreames nor thoughts of fights
With Gyants, Ladies, or their Knights
Unlock his Fancy or his Tongue,
Stop up his mouth with soft Mouse dung:
His head thus clos'd, (like to an Oven)
His tongue cann't walk, though it were cloven.
And in his eare (somewhat profuse)
Infuse this dull Lethæan *juice.*
Which taken from that stupid Lake,
Will never let this prisoner wake,
Vntill this Philtrum *backward read,*
Doe Un-Gorgonify *his head.*

* *Growt* for great, especially now under a swarme of Flyes. *Ephialtes* is the Night-Mare, but he was more troubled with his horse by the Night.

And he desiring to delight them all herein, and recreate himselfe, did prosecute the tale in this manner.] In this calme, if ever it is possible to compleate our parallel story of *Anselmo*, and as Mr Curate is ready to satisfie his inclinable Auditors with the Lecture of the *Curious Impertinent*, so it is my endeavour to convince Mr *Curates* opinion of the impossibility of his well contriv'd, though suspected narrative, by a simile of an *Incurious Malecontent.*

Euphema left *Sanguine* exalted in his thoughts, above an ordinary transportation; his imagination working beyond the delights of dull fruition: whereby he took the very Pictures in the room for Ladies, and sorry to

ſee them no farther drawne, curs'd the ſcanty Painter, who had not finiſht them at full length. In an eminent part of the Chamber, was one large piece with a Curtaine ſpred before it, which tempted him to diſplay it; which being raſhly unveil'd, ſtartled the bold diſcoverer, ſo that he ſtood extatiz'd at that Picture, whoſe perſon and ſubſtance his ſoule thirſted for. It was *Euphema* in her haire, at full proportion, in a blew rich embroyder'd Mantle, preparing for bed (as the fond *Clariſſimo*, the firſt night he met her, would have it pourtraicted) in golden letters; on the top of the piece was ſet *Ætatis* 16. and in as rich Characters underneath, *redde ſimilem ſi poſſis*. The lively appearance operates ſo ſtrongly on our Merchant, that he broke into many wild conceits, and amongſt them theſe are remembred.

which is Euphema? *or* Euphema *gone?*
Or this i'th' frame? or are you both but one?
Speake, and thou art the Antitype; if ſhee
Is ſilent, ſhee muſt needs the Picture be.
Deſcend faire piece, or let me climbe; I'll do't,
He that won't climbe the tree, deſerves no fruit.
Proſper me Venus, *as the Mantle fals*
Double away: Theſe are ſufficient cals.
* *Loquere, ut te videam; ſi vox poſſit eſſe perſpicax Oculi ſint vocales.*
**Look if her eyes don't ſpeak! what doth it ſay?*
Trifle no longer (Sanguine) *come away.*
O coward Heart! how baſely wilt thou faint,
To draw neer her, who trembleſt at her Paint?
Go hang together, Pictures both; may I
Have not ſuch life, as the rare Imag'ry.
The purple blood in Azure channell glides,
That you may ſee the Harveian *ebs and tides.*
I am a piece of Arras, *only fit*
To be diſcours'd on, where the Lady ſits,
And to make ugly legs, as you may ſee,
The cringing wights in mouldy Tapeſtry.

In theſe dumps, exaltations, fals and riſes, a Sonnet did relieve him, contriv'd by *Impotentio*, who like a *Swanne* before the death of his departing honour, ſung ſweetly theſe lines, which by the ſodaine ruſhing open of *Euphema's* Chamber door, was clearly heard and underſtood by *Sanguine*.

A Sonnet.

Come to thy Danae, *come,*
The treaſure of this Roome;
Care for no ſhowres of pelfe,
Only ſhowre down thy ſelfe.
Come, my Alcmena *waits,*
Wrought by my ſubtle baits:
And both expect thy love
As fortunate as Joves.

Crowne

Crown me but Father *then,*
And who ſo proud of men
As I? who joyfull know,
I am Amphitruo.

Sanguine was ſingularly well pleaſed with the excellency of the Tune, but more really heightned with the matter of the ditty, which aſſur'd him of the neer approach of his deſires; and forthwith a gentleman lighted him into a Chamber of much rich furniture, and in it a ſtately bed, and not far from that place a ſide-Table rich, and deckt like an Altar, he follow'd his courteous conduct, who opened one of the Curtaines of the bed, where he diſcovered his *Euphema* lay. The convoy preſently departed, leaving him to his privacy, with a Virgin-waxe-light, in a golden Candleſtick, ſupported by a brace of *Cupids*. Every thing was admirable, but the *Venetian* Paradiſe, which he was ſtraight to enter, would not permit him to fixe upon any ſubject but its owne ſelfe; wherefore with Pigeon ſpeed he flew into his *Venus*, whom he found laid averſe, and with her face from him. To whom he ſoftly, ſaid, Madam, 'tis improper now to be coy, and therewithall he inſinuated his warme hands into her Boſome, which was as ſoft as ſilke, or the choice Downe of *Swanns*, and with all gentleneſſe turn'd her about, her face being cover'd with double Tiſſues, he coveted to behold, and labouring to unveile her, Madam (ſaid he) theſe Chriſomes remov'd, your ſweet innocency will appeare more ſingular and raviſhing; whereat *Fuſcilla* in a language as hard as her favour, ſcreem'd out;

Haw Taxpo Ireſavoy?

Which in the Antient *Ægyptian* Characters ſignifies, what a *Pox ailes you*? But he buſtling ſtill to unſcreen her fully, ſhee then ſhreekt out, crying,

O veldi voy Thi wog.

Which amounts to in the Primitive *Welſh*, the *Divell goe with you*. Her prayer was heard, for he no ſooner ſaw the face, but he leap'd from the bed, as if the Devill had drove him, repeating a ſhort piece of new *Letany*.

Sancti, Sancti omnes, liberate me
A Plutonis *horrendâ conjuge.*

After him the *night-piece* ran, made more terrible by her gay and precious outſide, the ſtrange gogling and moving her eyes, ſhaking her extuberant and reverſt lips, gnaſhing her Ivory Teeth, the menacing and clutching her ſooty fiſts, did ſo affright and terrify the poor naked gentleman, that he wiſh'd himſelfe transform'd into any thing, but of a Hog, for feare of being poſſeſt. Theſe Clamors brought back *Impotentio*, jealous that his deſigne was interrupted by ſome ſcurvy accident or other, and entring into a *Patritian* night-Gowne, and rich waſt-Coate, with his ſword in one hand, and in the other a Piſtoll prim'd, finding *Sanguine* in a diſtraction, and the cauſe of it at his heels, apprehending the deluſion, *O ſperma Diabli*, are you an Actor with your *Weſtphalia* Armour, I'll try if it be proofe (ſaid he) and immediately diſcharg'd a Piſtoll at her, which lighting on her ſhoulder plate, bruis'd and wounded the poor *Moor*, that ſhee roar'd out ſo hideouſly, as if ſhee were going to her winter quarters, and falling

to

to the ground, with her hand pointed up to Heaven, and then downe to the Earth, intimated that the Powers above would send 'um both to answer it below.

Euphema hearing the Pistoll goe off, came into the room in her Night-dresse, and a black Velvet Mantle over her, with a Book in her hand, but beholding the sad mishap of her bleeding servant, shee ranne in to her succour. *Impotentio* was directing his Rapier unto her Breast, when *Sanguine* (untill then melancholy) interpos'd himselfe betwixt her and the imminent danger, beseeching the *Clarissimo* to abandon such a mischiefe, which though it happily befell that Hell-Cat, yet this act would never be forgiven above, or find pardon amongst men. But *Impotentio* raging with revenge, and with eyes and hands, menacing, that what was now intercepted, should not long be deferr'd, spurning at her, with language sharper then his Rapiers point, and more wounding; said, Whore! have you us'd me thus? Shee turn'd her head about from the *Negro*, and only replyed; my Lord, that word is not yet my due, and I have done all this that it may never be, and that your name may not be read in the vaine Register of easie natur'd men, or mine amongst that of over-kinde Ladies. Then turning on her knees to *Sanguine*, said, Sir, you that have been so Noble as to save my life by a hazardous interposition of your person, proceed to higher vertue, and save, protect, and vindicate that, which unto me is dearer, (and ought to be so to every generous soule) a fame unspotted, a chast Breast, and the honour of a yet undefiled bed. Here are but two of you, and three Thieves and Murderers. My Husband (and then shee wept abundantly, will posterity believe it of a Husband?) seeks to kill me for that he should wish me a thousand lives: And both of you, (the worst of Robbers) have conspir'd to deprive me of a Jewell the Heavens bestow'd on me, and I have vow'd to keep. Have you not read (Sir) turning to her Husband, you may not kill? Look on this fainting Maid, whose intentions to preserve chastity, argues her soule not of the same hue with her course outside, and proves you foule within, and the worse *Negro*.

Have you not read, young Gentleman, (sure did you goe further then the sixth Commandement) a prohibition against this very sinne? will you turne journey-man to the Divell? take heed: Shee would have said more, but *Impotentio* heated with rage, (unhand me friend I pray you but a moment) and with looks full of *Italian* malice, said, are you preaching Mistresse *Knipper-Dolin*? yet heare me, and obey me too, or *take this Gentleman, or death*: Then looking toward the bed, nodded, and said, *that or the grave*, and so biting his thumbes, a sign of fixt and determin'd cruelty, he left her, calling for a servant to draw off the *Moor*, and conveigh her to a lodging, where for want of timely dressing, shee almost expir'd. All but *Sanguine* and *Euphema* were remov'd, who took her gently from her knees, weeping, and imploring Heaven for protection. In pure desire Lady of saving Christian blood (for *Pagan* is already spilt) I prosecute (said he) your Husbands will.

Be not, O be not your selfe-Murderer,
In your refusall life and honour's lost:

Think

Think you your Husband will preſerve your Fame?
Who would not ſpare your life? will he not ſay
To vindicate himſelfe, you did that thing,
Which you abhorr'd life for? ſo kills you twice,
For not doing that, which done, you'r ſure to live.
Who ſhall, who can reveale your forc'd complyance?
Whom doe you wrong? your Husband is moſt willing;
How many doe the ſame without conſent?
Only for itch of change, for no good end,
As this of yours; yours is another caſe,
To proſecute the end of Marriage,
Barr'd in your Husbands confeſs'd impotence;
If I ſhould faile, ten thouſand ſinns are in't.
But Lady be as ſure of that ſucceſſe,
As if you felt the glorious Embryon *ſwell*
In your increaſed Orb.—*Thoſe are no Whores,*
Whoſe Husbands hire ſupplies, and hold the doors.

Euphema hearing his blaſphemies, and Hell-borne *Rhetorick*, fell againe on her knees, and deſir'd his pardon, that ſhee had given him leave to ſuſpect her Faith and chaſtity, by giving eare to his looſe and impious diſcourſe; then calling Heaven to witneſſe, and aſſiſt her conſtancy, ſhee drew from that part, where her buske was us'd to be plac'd, a Ponyard, and turning the point upon her ſelfe, ſhee ſpoke theſe, as ſhee thought her laſt lines:

That in my ſoule I may n't dye Negro-*like,*
When I command thee, truſty Ponyard ſtrike.
And tremble not pure hands; your cure is good,
To let, before it be corrupted, blood:
How oft have I you two, to Heaven up-lift,
That thither you lift mee's my only drift.
Open the way, that my impriſon'd ſoule,
Returne as it came thence, a ſpotleſſe ſcrowle.
I gave you once into anothers power,
Now I reſume you to my owne devoyr.
As nature made me my defence and Guard,
Giving one blow, a hundred worſe you ward.
Commanded men their Captaine muſt obey;
Then ſtrike, the word is given: Euphema *ſtay.*

At which words *Sanguine* was bloodleſſe, and kneeling to her, ſaid, Madam, if you perſiſt in this deſperate reſolution, I will not live a minute after you, and will dye by the ſame Ponyard, mixing at leaſt, our bloods thus, which might have been done another way to more content on both ſides. Then with eyes full of Majeſtick horror, and lovely deſperateneſſe, ſhee ſaid, I have a word or two to ſpeak, and then farewell.

I gueſſe you are a ſingle man, whoſe ſports
Are, the baſe boaſted vanquiſhing thoſe Forts

That

That yield to your assaults; those that repell
Your lustfull stormes, bely'd, you take as well;
So that all Ladies Credits you abuse,
The honest by your slander, those you use
After, and in the Fact: your obscæne Tongue
Spreading abroad the home-made nasty dung,
Delighting in your shame: I shall take care
To keep our bodies cleane, and your tongue faire.
But tell me (Sir) it is my last request,
Are you with Mother, or a Sister blest?

With both, (best Lady) replied *Sanguine*, and both are in the holy state of Matrimony, (but biting his lips, said privately, that word, *holy*, might have been well omitted,) she proceeded thus:

And dost thou love and honour them? you do.
But wouldst thou count them worth it, if you knew
The one had wrong'd thy Fathers bed? or she
(who doubtlesse hath her graces, if of thee
She hath as much as face) were at this time
Doing what I do deprecate? This Crime.
Me thinks I see a noble fire arise,
And glorious sparkes in thy incensed eyes
'Gainst them, and their deflourers.——

Sanguine was somewhat startled at her quæries, yet as for his mother he was secure, being on the worst side of fifty. But his Sister was very young, and deare to him, and at that time about his breast hung her Picture, set in a rich Ovall, which recalled her to his memory fresh as if she had been present, which he was willing to divert, and therefore he desired her Ladyship to presse these points no farther, unlesse in bed, where, being matters of the sheets, they are most properly treated of. Then *Euphema*, quite out of hopes to convert him, or make him any way sensible of his errour, resolved to try one weapon more (and if he persisted) after that to end her life upon the Ponyard.

Thou hast a Mistris sure, (one of thy Love,
Not Lust) were that reputed spotlesse Dove,
(I deeme her so, may she so for ever.)
Such as thou wouldst make me, though thou canst never,
A whore, a perjured wife, a bosome-thiefe,
A nest of Snakes? for such is the reliefe
Of bastard issue, which thou boasts to lena's,
Like the foule gelly from falne stars descends.
Couldst thou with patience cherish her?
Reward the goatish, ranck Adulterer?
And kisse those Babies as thine own, and blesse
The spurious spawne of an Adultresse?

Madam,

Madam, ſaid *Sanguine*, I ſhould kick her, her Barnes, her Stallion into the aire unto the Prince of it, (their *Ghoſtly Father*) but innocent Lady, though it be true, every one ſhould do as he would be done by, and harme watch harme catch are good rules, yet at this time they are miſapplied, and quite beſide the purpoſe. And to be true to you (Lady) I have no Miſtris of that nature; then ſtraight *Euphema* rejoyn'd:

Suppoſe that I were ſhe, as who can gueſſe
How ſoone my husbands low-run glaſſe may ceaſe?
Couldſt thou accept me for a wife, who have
Wrong'd my repute before he's laid i'th' grave?
Sure a pure Chryſtall would more pleaſant be
Than a Speckt glaſſe tainted by venemous eye.
O change thy mind, thy hopes may not be far,
Preferre no Falling to a Fixed ſtar.

At theſe words *Sanguine*, brought lower than his knees, fell proſtrate, and beſeeched her Ladiſhip that ſhe would pardon his bold ſolicitation. And calling Heaven and Earth, Angels and Men to witneſſe, All that he feared hereafter, or deſired, if, Madam, (ſaid he) you and the Fates decree me to that happineſſe, and at once provide to bleſſe me both in ſoule and body, it is not ſeven yeares expectation can weary out my patience; nay, thoſe yeares (though I wiſh not the prolongation of my felicity) repeated would make me value my purchaſe the more by the gratefull ſtay before fruition. And I ſhall wiſh to periſh to eternity rather than adde a thought more to this loathſome ſute. I hate my ſelfe now for it, (I cannot ſay more than I love you) but I hate my ſelfe perfectly, villaine, moniſter of my Sexe, that came to ſpoile the miracle of hers; unleſſe your clemency raiſe me from this place (Madam) I will grow to it, and not looke to heaven (that is, not you in the face) untill I find your ſerenity in aſſured forgetfulneſſe of what is paſt. *Euphema*, confident that theſe expreſſions were not feigned, ſaid, Sir, Your repentance doth oblige me to remiſſion of paſt follies; and your proteſtations of fidelity are ſo high, that I will not queſtion the faith of the ſpeaker, or have the leaſt ſcruple of doubt about it. Abſolved, and credited, (my truſty and well accounted ſervant) let us in a noble and juſt conſpiracy joine to elude my husbands fury and ſuſpition both together, which cannot be but by a ſeeming loſſe of that chaſtity, preſervable in being ſuppoſed loſt. I have heard much of Platonick love, now I will make experience of it, and in that height that *Impotentio* ſhall be ſatisfied in my obedience (as he calls it) if the dutifull ſubmiſſion to ſo baſe an Act can pleaſe any long. And as for you friend (when the juſt time for ſuch a motion ſhall permit) I am to be challenged upon the promiſe, which I ſhall not recede from, you uſing the modeſty and reverence of a Suter. *Sanguine*, upon theſe words, religiouſly kiſſed her, and confirmed his perſeverance in all chaſte and civill deportments to her for ever. There hung by the bed-ſide a rich and glorious Cymitar, and they entring together the ſame ſheets, it was laid betwixt them emblematically, deſigning the danger of violated oaths, or elſe as a Ceremony preceding (after the manner of eſpouſed Queens) and ratifying the Contract. *Sanguine*, (no doubt) wiſhed the

crooked weapon edgewaies upon *Impotentios* last thread of life, that it might prove his *Atropos*, and make a short cut to their desires. But checking his recoyling thoughts, he asked the Ladies leave to charme her eyes asleep with this ensuing Song.

1.

Sublimed Love, Calcin'd desires,
Thoughts rarified to harmelesse fires,
And muzled Flesh with blood refin'd,
Attend my new Platonick mind.

2.

Eyes that have ta'ne the Covenant,
And lift up hands with pulses faint,
Stopp'd eares, tied tongue, dead taste and touch,
Will help the new Platonick much.

3.

Thus tam'd, thus rein'd, thus mortified,
Approach the chasteſt Ladies side:
Rebated ſenſes only prove
Me fit for the Platonick Love.

4.

But let our ſoules emigrate *meet,*
And in Abſtract *embraces greet,*
(Till that the Fates permit) let's live
Intranc'd, *by Love* Intuitive.

Impotentio, greedy to know the newes of his own dishonour, posted so soone to his wives Chamber, that *Sanguine* had scarce time to returne the Cymitar to its place, and himselfe to his drawers; but finding his Merchant in that posture, he saluted him as newly arrived from *Cape Bonæ Speranzæ*. And so it is Sir, said *Sanguine*, to you *Impotentio* a night of hopes, but to me a *Labour in vaine*. You need not now feare your brothers intrusion on your Estate, here is (noble *Clarissimo*) pointing to the most delicate *Euphema*. * *Intus existens alienum prohibens*. Then ran the imaginary Wittall to *Euphema*, and joyed her by the name of *Mother*; kissed her, and bid her love his friend, who had done more far for her than her husband could. It was my griefe (said she) to find it so, though he hath proved himselfe a man of honour, reputation, and ability, and hath laid the seeds of a long trust in me. It should be so (said *Impotentio*) but let us thinke what Gossips we shall have; The Duke will not deny me I am sure, and the great Monsieur *Le Spraſſe*, *Leiger from France*. *Sanguine* replied, nay Sir, thinke me not so able (though 'tis pretty well with me) to get Children o'r night, to be borne men the next morning; we are sure of our Workmanship according to the naturall way in due time, but for miracles you must not look. While they were in these discourses, in came an old maid-servant very ghastly with watching all night, wringing her hands, and crying, Oh my Lord, Oh my good Madam, what shall betide me! the *Moore* is dead, and in the piousest manner, as we could guesse, as any Christian could dye; her hands often lift up to heaven, sighing and making signes as if she cared not for her own death if her Ladies were secure, and for want of timely salves expired in my Armes. Woe is me that she died in my Armes! I shall never thinke well of my selfe for it; I have lived these fifty yeares with

Meaning, a Lady in the bed, that would not suffer any strange Section.

with my old Lord, and truly no body ever died in my armes before but your Lordſhips gibb'd Cat (reſt his ſoule) that died of a bone croſſe his throat, and I kept my bed a month upon it, and what will follow after this who can tell? The fooliſh ſtory of the old nurſe-woman troubled *Impotentio*, who loved *Fuſcilla* (though his ſlave) for the love of his wife to her, and it inwardly grieved him that by his raſhneſſe ſhe was deſtroyed. It was not long after that he ſickned himſelfe, reflecting deeply upon the murder of the *Moore*, (which was openly bewailed) but the deepe touch of Conſcience for the abuſe of his moſt conſtant wife was the maine ſtab; it was never well with the poore creature after that libbing fellow was in the houſe.

Hoc tibi Penelope!

What be as bad and worſe than her luxurious Sutors! and now that his fooliſh brutiſh humour was fulfilled, the inhumanity and barbariſme of the Fact ſtung him worſe than *Cleopatra's* Vipers, hearing the fall of her Amours to *Marke Antonie*. Little *Aſcanius* too muſt play in his Hall, the long brand of his dishonour; and he reputed his, though no man could believe it; wherefore diſturbed in mind, and every day decaying in ſtrength, he intended to make a quiet end, though he lived, ſince the time of marriage very pettishly: Conſidering alſo that the abuſe of his wife was his own invention, nothing was more worthy in his imagination then to hate her for obeying his will, and ſubmitting upon force and execrable threats; and below his anger it ſeemed to maligne the fruit which he himſelfe inoculated; wherefore he ſent for his brother, and reconciled the differences betwixt their Families, and ſatisfied his expectations, confirming his eldeſt ſon in a faire eſtate; then, ſending for *Euphema*, ſaid, we are now private, and you ſee how faſt I decline, there is no dallying, nor hypocriſie to be uſed, a ſmall moment being betwixt me and my account; wherefore as I deſire it whither I am going, ſo I heartily beg your pardon for my rash and ridiculous rape upon your Chaſtity. Conceale my folly, (faithfulleſt of wives) though what I have done cannot long be kept cloſe. Let his name be (if a Male) *Potentio*, and do thou endowe him as his manners ſhall hereafter deſerve. The Child is innocent, (pointing to her riſing mount) and fruits of this nature, though they grow wildings, prove rarely off the tree, and become Queene *Apples*, the delight of their Princeſſes, and ſervants of great truſt; a more generous *flavour*, and vigorous *contagion* giving influence at thoſe ſtolne and illegitimate births than when legall duties are performed. 'Tis not therefore that you ſhould be aſhamed of him, nor diſcourage his active ſpirits, which that I may improve unto him, the executrixſhip of all is thine, and thou canſt not hate what with ſuch paines and dolours thou muſt dearely buy; the Quarrels betwixt my Brother and my ſelfe compoſed, thou wilt have no trouble but this ſtripling, and then he ſigh'd and wept bitterly, being almoſt at his laſt gaſpe; which *Euphema* perceiving by his ſhort breathings, inſtantly fell down on her knees. 'Tis pity (worthy ſoule) to let thee go out of this world deceived, in that thing too which you do moſt repent of, and in whom you think the grand blemish of your houſe will for ever ſurvive; Depart, Sir, as to that matter, ſatisfied in this diſcovery. Here is *Aſcanius* and *Aſtyanax* the hopefull iſſue of my impurity, and drawing from underneath a fine wrought ſilken

rowle absolv'd him of the jealousie. This is your *Angliterra*-man, which according to the times of growth, hath been lesse or bigger, pardon my imposturage, not long durable; for I was resolv'd to free you of suspition, *Sanguine* is as innocent as this rowle for any act with me, nay more innocent, for Heavens forbid, he should ever have come so neer me. *Impotentio* made a spring up in his bed, and kiss'd her, and forthwith dyed, having confirm'd her in a vast estate, and left her Convert to be her comforter, those dayes of publike sorrow over, they married without the intervening of a Cymitar.

CHAP. IX.

Mine Host is wild: Here comes a Caravan,
Sing, Gaudeamus gaudia Magna, *man!*
What fangle now, thy thronged guests to winne,
To get more Roome, faith goe to Inne *and* Inne.
Leave off Romances, and thy lies in Print,
Thy house hath nought but Current *Stories in't.*
Things now in action, and the George *must be*
The Scene, and perfect the Catastrophe.
Ferdinando *thinking to make sure* Luscind,
Is outed there, where he had thought to have Inn'd.
And sad Cardenio, *who fear'd all was nought,*
Is from his Spouse Heroicke stoutnesse taught.
Fair Dorothæa, (*high* Nicomicon)
Leaves all her Kingdome to her Champion,
(*Drowsie* Don Quixot) *and prefers the embrace*
Of Ferd'nand *'fore the title of her* Grace.
Thus Chast Luscinda *scaped her pursuer,*
And Dorothæa *met with her undoer.*
Relations passe of severall misfortunes,
And all offence is pardon'd 'twixt the Curteines.
Tope it about mine Host; the wine bags now
Had been as good, as milke of the red Cow.
But O what Cordiall for poor Sancho's *got,*
Sad beyond all refreshments of the pot!
Ungovern'd, Uncardinall'd, Unlorded,
Outed of all his hopes, but not Unworded;
He sees and weeps, and with unfeigned teares,
Curses Knight-Errants, *and the* Fools *their* Squires,
Resolving to returne unto the Mancha
As he went forth, an Asse, and Sancho Pancha.

TEXT.

THE *Inne-keeper ſaid, here comes a faire Troupe of Gueſts, and if they will here alight, we may ſing* Gaudeamus.] Such indeed are true Saints dayes to the Hoſts, and here two or more are met together; *Sancta Dorothæa*, an authentick Saint; *Luſcinda*, a Virgin Martyr; *Cardenio*, a devout Pilgrim; And *Don Ferdinand* after his pennance, join'd with *Sancta Clara* of *Viedma*, (who will crowd in anon for a lodging) may very well make holiday and a halfe. 'Twas very proper for theſe Saints to alight at the ſign of Saint *George*, who ſlew the *Dragon* which was to prey upon the Virgin: The truth of which ſtory hath been abus'd by his own Country-men, who almoſt deny all the particulars of it, as I have read in a ſcurrilous *Epigram*, very much impairing the credit and Legend of St *George*; As followeth.

They ſay there is no Dragon,
Nor no Saint George *'tis ſaid.*
Saint George *and* Dragon *loſt,*
Pray Heaven there be a Maid!

But it was ſmartly return'd to, in this manner.

Saint George *indeed is dead,*
And the fell Dragon *ſlaine;*
The Maid liv'd ſo and dyed,
Shee'll ne'r doe ſo againe.

Here Virginity is highly juſtified, not ſo much in *Luſcinda* chaſt in the Nunnery, but chas'd out of it by the luſtfull *Ferdinand*. Indeed *Dorothæa* is a pregnant proofe of conſtancy, and diſproves that vulgar error, that a *blowne* Roſe is not ſo ſweet as a *clos'd*, when 'tis well knowne, that a little aire or vent diſperſes their Odours. How much of her worth had been hidden, if her gentlewoman had not been educated and inſtructed, at what times to ſtay, at what times to retire from her Ladies Chamber, which is as neceſſary a skill, as to pinne, lace, combe, order a Beauty-ſpeck, or make a Caudle, and eat halfe on't.

I ſhall give you a ſhort account of this ſucceſſefull meeting, as it was tranſlated out of the *Arabian* Writer into Latine, and found in his Copy, who render'd it into Spaniſh.

Happy Receipt of wandring wights,
In which at once doe meet
As in a Cave, after affrights,
Of ſtormy wind and ſleet,
Æneas *and the* Carthage *Queen;*
And what they did i'th' denn,
As theſe i'th' houſe (got to a ſcreen)
Is gueſs'd both now and then.
Don Ferdinand *reſignes his laſſe*
Unto Cardenio *ragged,*

Or

Or else his dayes he means to passe
Upon the mountaine cragged.
Luscinda *double honour merits,*
For playing of her game,
who would not let his Lordships ferrets
Usurpe on Rabbits tame.
But Dorothæas *nimble wits*
On Ferdinand *prevailes,*
And makes him vow, as it befits,
They never would turne tailes.
The blushing Rivals then salute,
But Ferdinand *more shamed,*
Desir'd the money, for the Brutes
Might never more be named.
The gentle Knight Cardenio,
Gave pardon and did crave,
For praysing his beloved so,
Before shee was i'th' grave.
Commend their beauties when they're gone,
when death hath barr'd accesse,
Then you may safely trust a Don,
With any cold Countesse.
Luscinda *then, and* Dorothy *kisse,*
The Nunne, and the young wife;
Who, if her Lord had done amisse,
Must ever been at strife.
Luscinda *said, that slight was it,*
That sav'd her from that Lure,
But Dorothy *said, shee did submit,*
And made the Thing Cock-sure.
Thus Lords and Knights were all appeas'd,
The Lady and the Nunne,
Her stealing from the Cloyster pleas'd
On this condition.

Let us now try whether we can finde you with variety, and present a company at an Inne as merry as these, where the guests and the Host are all jocund; and it may chance those that hear it or read it may be as blithe as the persons in it.

It was in that Country, which is faire for its *Lands*, commodious for *Havens*, and famous for *Innes*, and at an Inne in that Country, which hath one Roome, and one Bed in that Roome of more receipt then the Host of *Andalusia's* whole house: Hither it was, where a *Quaternion* of Knights and Ladies resolv'd to take their recreation; they were very richly set forth, both men and women; yet the unusualnesse of such apparell, and their ill management, and odd carriage in their bravery, made them suspected to the Inn-keeper, that they were not what they would be reputed, or else (if he was deceived in that conjecture) he tooke them for some new-fledg'd gentry,

gentry, lately hatch'd in that warme Oven, the grand *Metropolis*, and had made this the first flight to aire their fine, but tender feathers, and try their wings. But the variety of their habits distracted him more then all, whichmade them appear like persons of several Countries, yet their tongue was all one, and their faces (not indeed so like, as *Hertford* shire sheep) but such as might discover them to be of one Nation. A Caroch of a substantiall Axletree, brought six of them, and *Monsieur Suteur*, and *Signior Clippochope* rode before to provide the entertainment, which Bill of fare the Inn-keeper (after perfect disquisition, which he partly conjectur'd, and partly dranke the Caroch-man into confession of) his ingenuity put into a short Canto, in memory of his guests and their provisions.

A Sonnet.

1.

A goodly Rumbouze of Canary,
A lusty dish of egs and Clar-ee ;
Botergo *and the stirring* Collups
Make ready for my bouncing Trollups:
Mounsieur Suteur *will have it be*
For his Madama Da-plusee.

2.

A grand Sallad with oyle D' Zant,
Mustrumps Muriat, *(the Gods Provant)*
Frogs order'd, All a Mode de France,
A larded Venisons ample Hanch ;
Capon with Links and Oysters bigg,
Are for Madona Perivigg.

3.

An Hotch-potch, and Olla-Podridas,
Some rost, some sod, a meat for high daies.
An All to Mall *of all the* Creature,
Great dishes, like the spreading Eater;
Bread, Broder, Bacon, Boutter salten,
Provided be for steepen Malten.

4.

A dish of Olives Genoise,
A Sheeps shoulder of the largest size,
Breast with Anchovaes sawce and Claret,
(They shall be sure to pay me soundly for it.)
Crabs, Lobsters, and the Trout of Trent,
Were drest for Madam Corpulent.

As much of these dainties as could be, were provided, and the Innekeeper Marshall'd the dishes, being *Sewer* and gentleman of the Ceremonies himselfe; at a round Table they sate, and intermix'd, a Knight and a Lady were very handsomely checquer'd; and *Dapluse* and *Periwiga*, were the best train'd paire there, and had seen fashions abroad, and were now trickt up in two great Ladies new Gownes, which was a customary ser-

vice

vice the *Mounſieur* ow'd his wife, and at this time his wives friend, before the Sutes were carried home: Inſomuch, that his *Dapluſee* was the moſt noted for new Dreſſes and ſhifts of Apparell of any where ſhee liv'd; but the *Protean Tayloreſſe*, nor her Husband *Akillouſe*, could never be found in the ſame ſhape above once, that their neighbours wondred where ſhe had ſupplies for their various Wardrobe. Shee undertook the carving, and handſomely diſpens'd the cheer about; but not with ſo good grace did the men carry it out, who, ſome ſlovens, and ſome penurious, very much diſparag'd their apparell and their Ladies. For *Mounſieur Suteur* was eſpied by his wife, ſcoring the reckoning of Jugs, and quarts of Wine, by the loſing a button on his doublet for the one, and his ſleeves for the other. Inſomuch, that had not *Dapluſee* taken him a Button lower, his whole ſet would not have ſerv'd the turne for Supper-account in liquor, for his neighbour *Gallinego* the Vintner, and *Flounderferkin* the Brewer did ſo ply his little body, and his Brothers *Clippochopo* ſo hard, that they were not able to endure the narrow precincts of their new clothes; but unbutton'd all, and loſt at once, wits and reckoning. Their Ladies are very joyfull to ſee them ſo cheerfull, for they were never fit for Ladies indeed, but when they were a little *Monkey*, then they are all Love; the prettieſt Cubs to play withall, that *Paris Garden* affords, then you may command all, that is, their purſes, which nothing will open, but the diſcloſing juice of the grape. Dame *Corpulent* accoſted their ſlender ſiſters, and told them, lacing ſo cloſe ſpoil'd their breaths, and did very much infringe the liberty of their bodies, and for example ſake, ſhewed them by what meanes themſelves came to the full extent and wideneſſe of their skins; which was expreſs'd by diſpatching a luſty Rummer of Rheniſh to little *Periwig*, who paſs'd it inſtantly to *ſteepen Malten*, and ſhee conveigh'd with much agility to *Dapluſee*, who made bold to ſtretch the Counteſſes Gowne into a pledge, and *Cover* and *Come*, which was the only plauſible *Mode* of drinking, they delighted in: This was preciſely obſerv'd by the other three, that their moiſtned braines gave leave for their glibb'd tongues to chat liberally, then every ones Sute, Gorgets, and attire were cenſur'd, their fancies compar'd, every one undervaluing the others, and highly praiſing their Husbands liberality, when perchance they were the preſents that ſome welcome ſervant had gratified them with. From themſelves they proceed to deſcant on their neighbours; and (good lack) what faults they found every where. Mrs *Almond* the Confectioners wife is much ſet behind, becauſe ſhee wanted a good Dreſſer, and never was pinn'd handſomely, but her things ſtood awry. Mrs *Figg* the Grocers wife as much condemn'd, that ſhe had not yet left off her Hat, and put her ſelfe into a Bag; and ſuch a one had ſpoil'd all her teeth before ſhee was eighteen with Sweet meats, that ſhee never durſt laugh without her handkerchieffe, otherwiſe the woman was a feat one. And Mrs ſuch a one never came abroad powder'd enough to take away the ſcent of her body; which was the cauſe ſhee never came neer the fire. But above all they admired Mrs *Spruce* the Parſons wife, who though ſhee were crump'd-ſhoulder'd; and had other imperfections, yet her cloths were ſo neatly contriv'd, that being dreſt, ſhee ſeem'd as ſtraight as an Arrow. A good ſoule that, and never miſs'd the good wives *Club*, though ſhee were tyed to religious performances very much at home. Shee

was

was an example to the reſt, and carried the buſineſſe ſo quickly, that after a good rowze or two, no more ſignes appear'd, then if ſhee had been with her Good man at the Exerciſe: Others of their ſiſternity (very weak headed women, frail veſſels) carried not matters ſo well for want of uſe and experience, which in a ſhort time would be perfected. Then from that to childbearing, and what eaſy labour Mrs *Touch* had, and how pretty a boy, and how kind a man Mr *Touch* was, who let her have her will in every thing, which no doubt is a great helpe toward the facilitating thoſe matters. It is ſo tender a ſoul, that if ſhe ſhould but look awry, 'twould make her miſcarry; for ſhe is true Touch, and never miſſes. And then to the differences of Midwives, how comfortable *Dame Short* would ſpeak concerning patience and ſtoutneſſe in thoſe caſes, before ſhee had drank Sack and Sugar, and after it how fluently her tongue walk'd untill the time came to ſhew her skill, which ſhee alwaies perform'd with ſuch ſucceſſe, and was ſo skilfull in *Phiſnomy*, that thoſe ſignes and reſemblances (which we poor women could never diſcerne) were made ſo apparent to our Husbands, that they found the child to be their own by the countenances, and thoſe marks which *Dame Short* gave them to take notice of: It hath been fifty pieces in her way at times from the good men; thoſe diſcoveries which are great ſatisfactions and moſt ſure reſtrainers of jealouſie: Other Dames on the contrary, are heavy and dull, without this ſecret too, which is all in all, and want ſpeech and incouragement fit for women in thoſe plights, they are harſh and imperious alſo, enough to ſcare them more, then the buſineſſe it ſelfe. From ſuch Midwives good Lord deliver me, and when the time ſhall come againe (ſaith Mrs *Clippochopo*.) Let Mrs *Short* be for my labour; I love a ſhort cut of it: It will not be long firſt, (ſaith *Corpulent*) Mr *Clippochopo* do's it to a haire, and to that good houre, or whoſoe'r it ſhall be next; we fat women are not ſo good breeders, 'tis true, but we envy not your forwardneſſe, as ſhall appeare by this full Carowſe, and to you *Steepen Malten*, to the next riſe amongſt us, be it right or wrong. Softly that, ſaid *Dame Suteur*. All this time the Knights play'd it at *Dutch Gleek*, and had ſo vied it, and revied it, that they were all *Honours* in their faces, and *Toms* by their ſtradling, and now they are for their *Tibs*, who had plaid faire, and made never a *Reneg* all the time. The Knights went every one firſt to his owne Lady, and then his friends, and did ſo ſmouch them, that the lippe-frolicks were heard into the Kitchin, which fetch'd up mine Hoſt, who very much welcom'd his Noble Gueſts, and joy'd to ſee the ſtrong affections they bore to one another. He ask'd their Ladiſhips, what refection they would have before bed-time. All were for a Sack Poſſet, you ſhall have one, you may ſwimme in, (ſaid mine Hoſt) Quickly then (ſaid the Ladies) with expedition Madam, and with ſpice enough. In this ſpace, they agree to ly in the grand bed, and to avoid errors, they diſpos'd of themſelves, for the firſt paire, female on the out ſide of Male, Male next to that Male, then two females, next two Males, and a Female utmoſt. Thus they made all ſecure, by the contrivance of their wives, whoſe judgements at the inſtant were the quicker. Freſh lights brought up, came a Cauldron of *Poſſet*, which the Hoſt (fully ſatisfied of their quality) had beſprinkled with ſome *Pulvis Crepitorius*, the Inne-keeper ſtaid and ſaw ſuch mannerly feeding, that he bleſs'd himſelfe, and thankt Hea-

ven that poſſet was no meat that he lik'd, much good doe you Gallants ſaid he, this is luſty ſtuffe, warme, and wholeſome. True *Myn-here* (quoth *Steepen Malten*) we ſhall not heare of this againe; But for your goods, quoth mine Hoſt, and wiſhing them good reſt, he ſent his maids to attend them to bed.

Foure handſome Girles preſently appeared and proffered their ſervice, but the Ladies deſired only to know the places of conveniencies, and ſo diſmiſſed them. And with good ſpeed they did *Abigail* it each to others, untill all being ready for bed, they had very much ado to make the Knights (laden with poſſet and Canary) to obſerve the order of their bed-poſtures as was preſcribed. After a ſmall reſt, the Poſſet work'd with a powder, and from the north ſide of the bed *Steepen Malten* gave ſuch a warning piece, that alarum'd all the quarters neare her, and *Corpulenta* (being her ſelfe a petty garriſon) returned two guns for one; *Dapluſee* and *Clippochopo* laughing ſo violently at it, broke into conſent with them, and did peale it about, and ſometimes ring the Changes ſo merrily, that the continuall noiſe wak'd the dull Knights, who no ſooner ſtirred, but *Flounder Ferkin* gave a broad ſide, which almoſt ſpoiled all the tackling of the bed, and now the other three upon the report of the laſt, like *Block-houſes*, did ſo play their great Guns, that there was nought but ſmoke and ſtench, the Wind being in every ones Face. It was a night of high ſervice, and great action, but the wind a little appeaſed, a ſtorme came ſuddenly, the men running to the Cloſe-ſtooles, the women to the Looking, or Leaking-glaſſes, (where they ſate not ſo ſweet as Roſes and Flowers in a garden-pot) but wondring at the miſchances, each complained, and heard one anothers tailes very dolefully, crying, It was never ſo with me before; O, I have plaid the beaſt, ſaith another; *Dapluſee* could not hold, but went to it without meaſure; and Dame *Clipp.* wiſhed for her husbands Baſon, theſe utenſils would not conteine; Inſomuch that they were enforced to the Chimneys, where like Hawkes on a perch they *ſlic'd* it, while their Males were for *caſting* and *muting* together. It began now to be day-light, and by the waggery of the Hoſte the Muſitians were tuning, but alas their Cats guts were inſtantly out-ſounded by the loud muſick within, which ſo confounded them, that they could not heare themſelves; wherefore they ſent for their *Hoboyes*, *Cornets*, *Sackbuts*, and other great Inſtruments, and then the aires within were higher and hotter than thoſe without, which put the Muſick to a retreat from the doores. But they knock'd at length, and ſent the Muſick a reward by a maid-ſervant, which was of a good ſmell enough, though the Bringer very nicely held her noſe whiles ſhe gave it; The Maid call'd for more help, and forthwith the foure girles, whoſe hands they refuſed over-night, were ſcarce ſufficient for their night-worke; But *Dapluſee* had ſo ſweetned the maids in the Palme, that they began ſilencing without miſſing, and mine Hoſte, underſtanding the lanck ſtate they were in, provided very comfortable Caudles for my Dames, and a Gallon of burnt Clarret for the Knights, which (with the reckoning) went down very current and glib. Their ſtomacks at eaſe, they reſolved to dine nearer to the *Metropolis*, aſhamed to ſtay any longer at that Foule neſt; ſo they called for the Coachman, who put the horſes in readineſſe, and received them againe, a great deale more comfortable carriage than they were before. And now we

muſt

must returne to *Andaluzia*, where by this time the *Don* is unenchanted from sleep, and no sooner awakened, but his Squire *Sancho* brings new feares upon him, and destroyes all the Designe of the Kingdome, the Government, and his hopes of the Princess of *Nicomicon*, which puts the *Don* upon fresh actions, as you may hereafter read.

CHAP. X.

Quixot *will not be undeceiv'd, and finds*
No pleasure like the errour of craz'd minds.
Sancho *and all his visions are confuted,*
And will againe be Squire of Armes reputed.
The hopes of th' Island buzz'd into his noddle
Hath fill'd it up with a strange scheme and modell
Of Future Government; now Ferdinand
His Dorothy *may kisse, or lead in hand;*
Sancho *unmov'd, who will make good his part,*
And laid his errours on the Magick Art;
Which well the Squire in ignorance might keep,
When that the Knight inchanted was so deep.
But when the Captive Turke *and* stately Moore
Came to the Inne (as he thought to implore
The Queen to speed away) his heart was full,
And lifted up as high as the Mogull.
No less the Don *doth burgeon, and once*
Againe comes on Mambrino's *batter'd sconce.*
Looke to't you blacks, our Knight secured o'th' score,
With's Bason comes to wash a Black-a-moore.

TEXT.

SAncho *as we have said was only sorrowfull, and thus he entred with melancholy semblance to his Lord,* &c.] *Sancho* gives the *Don* a good day after an evill night, in as bad an houre, and as mad a tune, and as sad a tone.

I'll come, I'll come againe to thy wits,
We'll make it working day.
O donne thy cloths, and doff thy Dons *fits,*
The fool in armes no longer play;
We never shall take Castles more,
Nor Queens thy non-sence aide implore.
No live-Gyants shall fall,
Nor bor'd wine bags at all,
But the World shall see
What very very Cockscombs we be.

Yes indeed (Sr) so it is, we be *Three* may be inscrib'd over our heads, and no injury to the Reader, for we are no small fooles. The Queen of *Micomicona* is turn'd to *Dolla Roba Bona*, wife to the Duke of *Andalusia's* second sonne, you lost your opportunity. At these words *Don Quixot* very much wroth, said;

Is not the Gyant slaine? is not his head
Presented to the Queen, in triumph lead?
Is not this Ocean in the Room, the Sea,
The red Sea of his foule Phlebotomy?

I (Sr) said *Sancho*, when his head was struck off, then these Rivers of blood flow'd from him, and in the tide his head also ran from us. Mr *Quesada*, I intreat you act not beyond the play. Al's done, the Knights done, the Squires done, the Ladies done, and we are undone; good Sir, retire into your selfe againe, for you have been *Errant* too long; have you no conceal'd Royals, Dolars, or old Gold quilted in your doublet or wast-band? This blood cals with a vengeance, mine Host cals, his wife bals, 'tis not the blankets, a tosse or two into the aire will satisfie; The Asse (my Lord) will be laid by the eares for it. Pray look about you, doe you not smell the Fe Fa Fum of the Gyants blood? Here is the Gyants skin, this wine-bag pierc'd indeed by your *Killsa-hog*, poor *Borachios*, would they had been in your belly, (not for my part) then my Asse had gone for somewhat, but to part with it for a dry reckoning, and with dry basting too, for that will be the end of it; Sir, can you heare it and not weep, not for the Asse Sir?

If thou dost well remember, I told thee when we were last here, how all that succeeded here was done by Inchantments.] Sir, said *Sancho*, were the hoysts in the Blanket an Inchantment? is mine Host (the same foule beast now and then) an appearance? a Vision with all that load of flesh upon his back? 'Tis true, he hath prov'd a Devill incarnate, Wife, Daughter, and Maid to me, and your turne is next, for you have a very ill-favour'd score at the letter *Q*. which stands for your whole name. Give me my clothes quoth *Don*, will you search your pockets (good Sir,) or feel about the stiffnings where your hoard lies? what dost tell me of scores (quoth *Quixot*) think'st thou I'll take chalk for cheese, were they hundred of *Scores*, am not I able to sweep 'um off with a wet finger? *Sancho* sigh'd at his high phrensie, and weeping for fear of the losse of his companion, the Asse, well Sir said he, shew your selfe a man of your hands then this time, and deliver us from this chalky way: I tell thee *Sancho*, I will not leave thee, till thou hast seen the *Milky way*, and I have made thee and thy Asse a *Constellation*, *Dyonagri* I'll have you call'd. This Milky way is even home againe (thought *Sancho*) to the Dairy at the Mancha, and my poor Asse must be a Stallion.

I am inform'd (beautifull Lady) that your greatness is annihilated, and your Being destroy'd, for of a Queen, you are become a particular, &c.] The *Don* would have said (if he had consider'd the condition shee was in) that her Greatnesse was augmented by the proliferous *Contagion* of *Don Ferdinand*, a brother *Don*, and untill this instant *Errant*; the Magicall Father *Don* is at hand to justifie his worke, which though it were a deed of darkenesse, yet it will come to light, without your man Midwifry; nor was it in his thoughts to diminish your abilities at the acting of it, or require them, the busi-

nesse

neſſe being a ſingle Duell without partners or Chirurgions : And as for the Gyant ſo lately beheaded by you, the witneſſes are alive that ſaw your valour. The Hoſt here made a ſerious interruption, and told him to his teeth, that the Gyant was two wine bags; Foole ſaid the *Don*, they were the Gyants two wine-pipes, for he had every thing double, but his head, and that doubled with us two : But the Hoſt commanded ſilence, the *Don* proceeded, and embold'ned the Lady to ſlight her *Negromancing* Father, and rely upon his armes for reſtitution;

Si Pergama dextrâ
defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

The Queen anſwered with a very good grace and countenance, on this manner.]

Coram quam ſuſpicis adſum.

Who hath endeavoured (Heroick Sir) to rob me of my perſon, my State, mine Honour, and what is moſt tender to me, your good opinion of me? I am all the ſame, (except this miſconſtruction) and my expectancies as high of your performances as ever. Drive home, Sir, your great deſigne and mine, and I ſhall accompany you unto the journies end. To you I attribute theſe beginnings of my joy, theſe Noble friends, who never had ſet eye on me, but that your name, like a Land-Mark, guided them to this Inne. Give leave moſt ſufficient Knight, that theſe may be joy'd witneſſes of your great actions, they ſhall not need to lend a hand to your aſſiſtance ; the fame of your motion, and approaches to the place, will be a terrour to your enemies, and halfe the Victory, the reſt ſubmiſſion ; only ſome few excepted Perſons, who will ſtick to the Gyant in that memorable battle, wherein you are to gain me what I long deſir'd, and your ſelfe eternall fame, which you deſerve.

Don Quixot *having heard her, turn'd him to* Sancho, *with very manifeſt tokens of indignation.*] O unpoliſht Knight ; not ſo much as an obeiſance or the bend of *Mambrino's* Helmet to the Queen, after her ſo eminent and clawing Oration ! But fury doth tranſport him, and choler againſt his Squire hath wholly invenom'd his ſpirits, which are as fiery now, as they were daſht before. Now he will vanquiſh all Gyants, Knights, Monſters and Squires, in the perſon of *Sancho* in *ſæcula ſæculorum*. One *emanative* blow, ſhall transfuſe it ſelfe *vigore & impulſu agentis*, unto the right eares of all lying Squires in the world, who being call'd to the proofe of the ſence, not reaſon of this chaſtiſement, ſhall find for the *Don*, that they had *aſtation* on the right cheek, and juſtifie themſelves worthy of Cuffs a piece for their paines.

Good my Lord replyed Don Quixot, *I doe highly gratifie the honour that is done me.*] Marke now, who is more Courtier then the *Don* ? who fairer or more mealy-mouth'd then the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd face* ? words I'll promiſe you very ſhrewdly plac'd, and to good advantage (for the trepidations about the reſcue of the ſlaves, were not off the *Don* nor *Sancho* neither) and a friend in Court is better then money in Purſe. This was a ſure Proverb with the *Don*, and much of his direction. Now thoughts of action are laid aſide, and the *Don* too for a while. Roome for freſh Gameſters, here is a Cheſſe-board to my Hoſts Noddy-board, *Moores* and *Xtians*.

A pure white and a black,
Knight and Lady that lack
A Lodging for a night a,
E'n shuffle together,
A Ewe and a weather,
And have the same delight-a.
Don *himselfe he will watch,*
That no harme doe you catch,
what ever him betides-a-.
But O the mischance,
The sluts force him to prance,
And on his feet to ride-a-.
O behold how he hangs,
In most pittifull pangs
A sullen Ladies Martyr,
Yet grinning honour wins,
And drops downe from his ginns,
Knight *of the hempen Garter.*
Our Great Don's *in a noose,*
Who will the Knight loose?
The Wenches have no mercy.
Upon Hecate call,
To night-Mare, and Hag, all,
Or make 'um Son's O Circe.

The Stories of the *Moor* and Captive, (as that of the *curious Impertinent*) I shall strive to equall by the like, where a Christian Lady fals in Love with a handsome youth, and follows him, through many dangers, being enforc'd to try her womans wits to compasse him: But the *Don* a while will deprive you of the tale, being very highly taken up with a discourse of Learning, most unhappily seizing his head, when he should have put bread into it, in collation Time; A thing very few Scholars or Souldiers are guilty of. So that by the practise of those Professours, the *Don* should have little correspondence or interest in either, yet in his owne person he seem'd to be compacted of both. His Man-like, dreadfull and *Ill-favour'd* Face, render him a sonne of *Bellona*; his lank Barebone sides, a sonne of *Minerva*, wherefore he undertakes both parties, though with a resolution to vilify and undervalue Learning. Behold the wise, politick, and Learned *Ulysses*, and the rash, stout and magnanimous *Ajax*, bound up in one *Don Quixot*, and a Theatre of Knights, Lords and Ladies, with a crowd of Clownes, Cockscombs, and other Auditors all assembled to heare who shall winne *Achilles* Armour. It had been very well for the *Don* (if that such a prize had been at stake) for his owne Armes were most pittifully batter'd, antique, and rusty. But here was no reward for his Oratory, go it how it would, only empty praise, yet successe in Armes, as he promised to himselfe, in the design for the Kingdome of *Micomicona*, might raise him to a fortune few Souldiers of Fortune arrive unto. But I feare this wit-Combate, will prove a drawne battell, and neither Scholar nor Souldier get any thing by the contention: However the *Don's* Rhetorick,

tor ick, *Pro* and *Con* will delight you, to whom ſpeculations of this nature, were meat, drinke, and cloth.

Surgit ad hos Dominus *male fraẽâ Caſſide* Quixot.

Chap. XI.

Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou goe?
Thy Brother wanderer is turn'd thy foe.
O ſimple Knight, O Dulman Ignoramus!
Wer't not for Scholars, how came you ſo Famous.
What are your Caſtles, Ladies, and your fightings,
Inventions only, and the ſpawne of writings.
Search all the Mancha, all the World o'r look,
No Quixot *will be found, but what's i'th' book.*
Quixot *Contra Artes.*

Proh Jupiter *inquit,*
Ante rates *Cauſam, & mecum confertur* Ulyſſes?
O Jove! *what have I liv'd to ſee,*
Any wiſe thing compar'd to me?

THey ſeem not to underſtand well, (great confluence of Queens, Princes, Peeres, Knights, Squires, Ladies, Clergy and Commons, who knew not that *Minerva* or the great Goddeſſe *Pallas* is equall Goddeſſe of Arts and Arms, and that the Purple of the Field as well as the ſchooles, the green Lawrell of the Barre, and the gilded Lawrell of the Standard, are both her *Donatives*, Largeſſes, and rewards, and though ſhee appeare as often Armed, as in her Candid, and pure Robe, yet theſe men of the Quill very much ingroſs her to themſelves, and will allow us men of the blade, a very ſmall or no ſhare in her. Something indeed it is they ſay, that *Shee* her ſelfe being the off-ſpring of *Jupiters* braine, *Sine Matre Filia*, they may lay greater claime to her, becauſe all their labour is *opus Cerebri*, the ſweat of the *Pericranium*; a little noddle intention, or head-ache perchance, which when they have hammer'd it out, they call it *Sapientia*; and by this meanes would ſhuffle us from *Joves* Head to his Thighes, where he preſerv'd a young plumpe Godling call'd *Bacchus*, after the death of his Mother *Semela*; from him they ſay we have an intereſt in *Jove*, but remov'd, and by that meanes, have cozen'd us of a yard of *Jupiter* at leaſt, and having procur'd a *Numen* for us, ſay from *Bacchus* the God of Wine, and conſequently of quarrels, our profeſſion at firſt ſprung. 'Tis true, that the Cradle of our *Deity* (they will allow us) was the ſtrength of his Father, but what, will they make only foot-ball players of us? they ſhall finde it contrary; or if it be ſo, that the ball is the world, and we carry it upon our Toes before us. Another argument they have from the nine Muſes, who

all

all of them seem (except some one pittifull whiner *Melpomene*) to be their Patroneſſe, and that *Apollo*, when he is an *Archer*, is not Preſident of the Company. O Generations of fictitious mynters! who knows not that *Apollo* is a Deity *Errant*, and runs o'r the World once in 24 houres, ſlew the great Dragon *Python*, which was the leading adventure to all ours, and would have relieved the Lady *Daphne*, but that he was inchanted into a Bay Tree; yet though he could not winne her, he doth weare her in ſigne of his true affection about his browes for ever. Out of the number of the *nine Muſes* they have excluded our Goddeſſe *Indignation* and *Eris*, which themſelves ſay are Poeticall, *Facit Indignatio verſum*. Theſe are verſes now with ſtings in their tailes. *Lycambæan* Poetry, lines will make their ſubject hang themſelves; And, they have thus cheated the world with the height and antiquity of their originall, they thinke to o'rcome us with numbers too, laying clayme to all Merchants, Pylots, Sea-men, Architectours, Maſons, Carpenters, Shipwrights, as their *alumni*; things that live out of the *Mathematicks*. Then they bring Fidlers, Barbers, Harpers, Dancing Mrs, Singing men, Choriſters, Ballad ſingers, Coblars, and Plowmen, the heires of Muſick; and then a Regiment of Factors, Scriveners, Uſurers, Vintners, Tapſters, Cookes, Writing-Maſters, Almanack-makers, Fortune-tellers, Surveyours, Brewers Clerks, Bakers, and all Tally-men, marching under the account of Arithmetick. To theſe they joyne Hiſtorians, Poets, School-Maſters, Divines, Advocates, Attourneys, and Solicitours, Book-ſellers, Printers, all of them are moſt dependant upon *Grammer*, *Rhetorick* and *Logick*, ſo that by their good wils, they will not leave a man for Armes, unleſſe he be a Porter, a Vagrant, or a decaid Gentleman, Bankrupt, a Waterman, or journy men Taylors; who yet contend mightily to be under ſome of the ſeven *Sciences*, though not as they are *liberall*: Shoomakers pretend to a *Gentle Craft* too, but honeſt *kill-Cow*, he is ours: The Butchers are not deny'd us, though they are not allow'd to be *de Jure Pacis*, they are *de Jure Belli*. This one profeſſion is enough for our worke, to cleave ſuch a company of Calves-heads, as they have muſter'd up together. Another thing they object, that their paines exceed thoſe of the Souldier; by how much ſpirituall or mentall paines tranſcend corporall. Indeed the School-Maſters paines is ſomewhat, and the ſcholars under him more, but that is all corporall.

Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

A very faire invitation to a poor Commons, which ends moſt commonly in *lachrymæ*; or a

Parce precor, Poſt hâc æternùm verſificabor.

Is that *animo concipere?* Truly the School-Maſters and Tutors (whether at the Univerſities or at home) are moſt neceſſary inſtruments in a Common wealth; for without the ſeeds of knowledge, reading and writing, underſtanding the principles of learning, the rule and direction to higher matters, (whether in Armes, Law, Phyſick, or Divinity) no man could ſerve his Prince, or be uſefull to the places where he was bred. Theſe men that thus diſcipline, and traine up our youth in civill behaviour, decency, good manners and knowledge, are men worthy of double honours, that is, ſtipend and reward, yet you need not be at two charges for it, of a *Ruling* School-Maſter, and a *Teaching* School-Maſter, it all being the excellency

of

of one man. The Government and discipline of the School, instils as much as the Masters presence and instruction: And it were to be wish'd, that Parents, Guardians, and others whom it concernes, would reflect upon the men of this condition, with as good an eye of favour, as on those especiall Officers of the Hawkes and Hounds, which appurtenances to great Families, commonly are gratified in a better sort, *per annum*, for the training of a whelpe, or making a Hawke, then the other professours are for educating a son, and fitting him for the World. A decrepit Huntsman or Falconer may have a *quietus*, and goe with a Coppy-hold, or some small annuity, when after the polishing and preferring of a hundred Scholars successively, a School-Master shall have only his punctuall *Minervall*, and so leave him to his *Mill*, to weary out his life like a Horse with continuall exercise, forgot alike, by Parents and Scholars, unlesse it be a *Seneca* or an *Aristotle*, whose scholars were very able men and Souldiers, *Alexander* and *Nero*: Yet this latter wish'd a *Nescisset Literas*, the knowledge of Armes being more sutable to a Prince then books. And *Alexander* lov'd *Aristotle*, and admir'd him, but followed the Camp, and left him to his *Parva naturalia*. *Cæsar* also was a great Souldier and Scholar, and I only wish my selfe more learned then I am, for the commendations given of him; *he wrote with the same Genius that he fought*. Now were *Don Quixot* so inabled, what Comments would the World have of his adventures, and how plausible? The *Arcadia* would be laid by, *Polexander* set aside, and only *Don Quixot* would be the studdy and delight, and taking Legend, with all that love Armes, or to Arme Ladies. And for this very end only, I can admit of some small familiarity with learning, for it did highly inflame me to read, well worded, and in expressions answerable to their actions, the Famous Wars of *King Pippin*, the *Gyants*, and the *Gods*, and *Hercules*, besides *Fleximart*, *Don Gateer* and *D'Amadis*, which I have at my fingers ends. But otherwise for Learning, it is a meer cheat, and the grand Professours like Sooth-sayers, laugh one at another. The *Grand Signior* and *Souldier* of the World, allows of no Learning. *Plato* banish'd Poets out of his Common-Wealth; and how many now adaies run up and downe the World, having all things in their heads, but bread. It had been better to know nothing, then to know want; yet they will answer him in some stoicall sentence, 'tis better to know how to want, then want knowledge. Enjoy the Paradox good Pincht-Belly, while I shew the men of the times, men of the first times in these last; men of gold, who came not into the World to be serv'd last, or starv'd at last.

Arma tenenti
Omnia dat, qui justa negat.
He that a sword hath got,
Commands the Pottage pot.
Vivitur ex rapto.
He that can catch and hold,
He is the man of Gold.

And so I leave the Scholar, rather pittying, then triumphing over him.

Of Armes.

Most illustrious Queen, and by your residence, glories, presence, and derivative rayes, eminent and conspicuous Confessours. I know full well, that the Tree of Knowledge, was the most glorious pleasant stock of *Paradice*, but yet forbidden, the bold attempting to know above what they should, dispossest the aspirers of that beautifull Garden, and gave the first occasion for Armes in the world; a Flaming sword being set for an eternall barre upon the passe, that they should not re-enter. A long time it was before warrs came in, (though a fourth part of the world was murder'd by his brother) as the generations of men multiplyed, then societies, Kingdomes and Governments were erected in severall places, and good and wholesome Lawes invented for the security of *Meum* and *Tuum*, every man's right; the Vindex of which lawes, (if they were infring'd) was the publick Magistrate; but sometimes the multitude offending, the Delegated Power could not restraine 'um; wherefore he was enforc'd to call in help, and friends, to set all right at home. And to prevent future insurrections, they rais'd a Military Power, which stood for the defence of the Magistrate, against contempt and violence, so that the same strength serv'd against civill Commotions, and forraign invasions. At home the souldiers life was easie and gratefull; But when he was commanded to draw forth, to avenge the injuries offered to the Prince, then his life is worth taking notice of; what long Marches? what tedious Sieges? what short allowance? what thin accoutrements? what dangerous duties? and what gallant ends? VVell said our Poet,

Multum ille, & terris jactatus & alto.

There's tossing for you, Scholars, a little more troublesome then ratling chaines in a Library, and tumbling old musty Authors from morning till night, not a line there hurts you, but from one of our *Lines*, perchance a hundred commanded men, may have their *ultima linea rerum*. This is our *Rubrick*, (the Scholars) the letter which doth immortalize, or rather *Canonize* us. A vengeance take all Gunnes, Bullets, Powder, and the Authors of them. Printing and they were about an age, and the Devill knows which is the worst. They were made for dispatches, very right, the one makes the quarrell, and the other defends it, and both sides rue it. And yet you Scholars say, that the Sword was more destructive then the Ordnance, Herquebuzze, or any Powder Engine. The noise forsooth, the terrour, the suddaine dispatch of a party, saves the rest of an Army sometimes, and induces a summons to a Treaty; as King *Henry* with his letherne guns obtain'd it before *Bulloigne*, whereas, when the matter was disputed by the Sword and Javelin, a major part must be slaine, before the Generals could tell which side had the better: No, Sophister, no such matter, the businesse was effected with lesse blood, or at least, blood of lesse moment. In the antient wars, before these Bombards, Blunderbusses, Petars, or salt Peter, (the Devils Ale-Tubs were ever tapt.) The very name of *Cæsar*, *Hector*, or any famous Officer, routed a wing, a Legion, as soon as it was heard they were in the Field: And therefore contend no more for your two black coats, the *Monke* and the *Devill*, who were the contrivers of

these

theſe murderous Engines, whereby an *Alexander*, an *Achilles*, a *Solyman* or a *Solomon* either; the wiſe man and the valiant fall undiſtinguiſh'd without knowing their enemy, or ſhewing any experiment of their undoubted ſtrength, or ſubtle ſtratagems in war; ſo it may befall our ſelfe (*dread Queen*,) at the ſiege of the chiefe Caſtle, that ſome miſguiſed Bullet (which Heaven forefend) may deprive you of the man, who ſlew indeed the *Gyant*, and laid all waſt before him, conquering by his high fame, as much as his known proweſſe, and yet behold the Heros, how he lyes, the Triumph, and the ſpoile of a piece of Lead!

I have a whole Field to expatiate in the praiſe of this Antient and Honourable profeſſion, which throughout the world is formidable; what Land can you come into, but you ſhall finde the Monuments of ſome great Battels ſurviving in Stones, Cuts, and works in the ground, Pillars, Coynes, Inſcriptions, Arms with Bodies, of an incredible weight and ſtature buried, and commonly found? What hath ſet your braines on worke more, then the Hiſtories of fighting Princes, the Greeks and Trojan war, the Field of *Pharſalia*, enobled by our Country man *Lucan*, and the like; when all the ſtock of wit was vented, in flattering the victorious ſide, although in your affections, you were for the beaten party. *Pro Verre*, or *contra Verrem*; 'tis all alike to you, you turne as round as a Pigg, in all diſturbances for the ſucceſſe: We fight it, you enjoy the profits of it. It were good policy, in my Imagination, to change and ſhift callings, and ſometimes the Souldier ſhould ſpend a yeare or two in a Gowne, enjoy a Government, a fellowſhip, and others, while the Scholar doth lead a Company, traile a Pike, that they may experimentally and judiciouſly diſcourſe of the ſeverall excellencies, paines, and labours of both theſe profeſſions. How many bloody rounds are there to be clim'd in the ſcale of military honour, before you are at the top of preferment? and how many brave ſoules periſh in the getting up, every ſtep being under-watch'd with Dragons, Lyons, Tygers and old *Mors* himſelfe. If a Scholar obtain not his deſires, it is his own fault, very few miſcarry, if they will make themſelves able, and apply to the right way; ſtudy, and be thrifty, take heed of *Alla: To*: and eſpecially have a care, when they are young ſtudents, not to intoxicate their noddles with hot loaves and butter, pudding Pies, and penny Cuſtards, which make dunces, and clotpates. And thus I have diſcharg'd this undertaking of the preeminency of Arts and Armes, which later doth as much exceed the other, as a ſword doth a Penne knife, or a Campania, a Brown ſtuddy.

Dixit;

Quid vocis precium? ſiccus petaſunculus, aut vas Pelamidum?

A diſh of *Plaiſe*, or *Spaniſh* Bacon, had been meat for a better Rhetorician, but it fals out otherwiſe.

Armes great Defender, and of Truncheons,
Prates himſelfe out of's after-noons Luncheons.

The Curate applauded his diſcourſe, affirming, that he had very good reaſon for what he ſpoke in favour of Armes, and that he himſelfe was of his opinion.] An applauſe obtained like that of a Play, moſt ridiculouſly penn'd and acted, where the Auditors (who notwithſtanding, convinced in judgement to the contrary) durſt diſlike nothing, but gave great Plaudits to moſt things that were to be hiſs'd off the Stage with the Speakers; but the exhibitors of

that shew politiquely had plac'd Whiflers arm'd and link'd through the Hall, that it was the spoyl of a Beaver hat, the firing a Gown, beside many a shrewd Bastinado, to looke with a condemning face upon any solæcisme, either in action or language. Mr Curate was therefore well advis'd, who allayed his spirit of contradiction, and submitted to the Whifling *Knight-Errant*, with the *Ill-favour'd face*.

Don Ferdinand *intreated the* Captive, *to recount unto him the History of his life.*] And here indeed follows a story, will captivate the hearer, it being full of fine changes of misfortunes, and as sweet and pleasing conclusion; for *Phillida* hath her *Corydon*, and *Corydon* hath his *Phillida*. It is (*præter institutum*) not my intention to undertake these serious stories, but as before, with an exchange, which will be no robbery; only the Argument I shall present unto you, of the 12 13 and 14 Chapters, and so proceed to the Barter; like some simple *Concionator*, who naming his Text in a Country Auditory, shut the book, and took leave of it, for the whole houre, as if it had been a dangerous thing, and not to be handled.

CHAP. XII, XIII, XIIII.

Old Perez *of* Viedma, *out of* Lyon,
Sent forth three sonnes, which the whole world had eye on;
The Father squar'd his state quadri-partite,
And left himselfe, but a childs portion right.
Three way's his old Mercuriall *fingers show'd,*
And each one was to honor'd ends a rode;
The Church, *the Seas, the* Court; *high waies all three,*
By three made good, Wit, Valour, Industry.
Each sonne took's severall track: But Ruy Perez,
The craggy path, where Honour linck'd with feare is.
Our Captiv's for the Wars, and his first tryall
Was fiery, but of engagement royall.
Have you not heard of that great Navall fight,
Sped fore Lepanto? *when the Turks* Moon light
Was so eclips'd, that the proud * Ottoman
Resign'd his title to the Ocean:
Thinking his Prophet false, and Christs *command*
Was o'r the Seas, but Mahomets *on the Land.*
But the next yeare, Don John *of* Austria
Prov'd Mahomet *a Lyar every way;*
And by the losse of Tunez *the* Turks *found,*
Their Prophet could secure, nor Seas nor ground.
In those brave services our Captiv's lot
Was to be ta'n, while others Lawrell got.
Not basely ta'n, for John Andræas *Gally,*
Sail'd to the succour ('*gainst the proud* * Uchally)

The halfe moon is the grand Signior's Ensign and Badge.

* Selim. Emperour of the Turks.

* King of Argiers, & afterwards made admiral of the Turks whole Fleet by *Selimus*.

Of

Of Malta's *Admirall diſtreſs'd; there he*
Was Captaine, there he ſhew'd his company
A piece of Valour; and alone did leap
Unſeconded, upon a Barbarous heap
Of Turks, who fearing our ſupplies, away
Sail'd from the aſſault, proud of this ſingle prey.
Honour'd Viedma *(glorious in thy chaines,*
Tugging at the Oare, a moſt ignoble paines!)
Doth not diſturbe thy worthy ſoule, prepar'd
For any thing, that's high and alſo hard.
But the Goleta, *and the Fort,* * Don John
Built for a ſtop toth' Turks ambition,
Loſt in thy ſight, and Chriſtian blood
Flowing about the Trenches where it ſtood.
Thy Countrymen like dogs interr'd, and thoſe
Hardy Commanders did their lives expoſe;
Don Pedro De Puerto Generall,
And learn'd and ſtout Don Pedro o' Argivall:
Both taken, both the glory of thy Spaine,
Thy heart broke then, to ſee thoſe in a chaine.
Then ſlavery was ſlaviſh, and their Oares
More wound thee, then the ſtrokes of Turks and Moors.
Uchali Fertax *the* ſcall'd Runnagate,
(So was he nick-nam'd by the Turkiſh ſtate)
Dy'd after this defeat, and a third part
Of all his wealth and ſlaves, (*an* Ottoman *Art*
Practis'd along byth' Roman Emperors)
Went to the Turk, his ſure inheritour.
In that diviſion * Azanaga *got*
A thouſand ſlaves, and he was of his lot.
The Kingdome of Argiers *the Turk beſtow'd*
Vpon this runnagat; thus honours flow'd
Vpon a Catamite, Porus *to his Prince,*
A Ship-boy *firſt, and now his* Eminence.
In our new chaines and caps, Him *and his* Peeres
We row'd with merry looks unto Argeirs;
Not for his greatneſſe joy'd, but 'cauſe that Spaine
Was neer, and might once more be ſeen again.
Which Heaven procur'd, for unſucceſſefull we,
'Said often to eſcape, but 'twould not be.
But this was providence indeed; a Moor
Of great account, and of exceſſive ſtore,
Liv'd next the Baths, *a place for their beſt ſlaves,*
Where hopes of ranſome, the poor captive ſaves
Amidſt theſe Baths, *as at* Bethesdas *Pool,*
An Angell did refreſh our fainting ſoule.
Vpon the Priſon Battlements, we us'd
To walk, and thence our ſighs and Prayers tranſfus'd

* *Don Iohn of Auſtria* King *Philips* Brother built it.

* *Azanaga* was a Runnagate from *Venice*, taken priſoner by *Vealli*, then Pyrat, was after his death made King of *Argiers*.

Toth' Powers above, observ'd it seems we were
From the Moores *windowes, whence there did appear*
A Cane *with something to't. The Cane did play*
Full upon us, and pointed to our way:
One of our company did step aside,
And to our waving Meteor neer applied;
At his approach the blest Phænomenon
Drew in its selfe, as if it would be gone.
As he retreated, it again shot forth;
Then went a Gentleman of noble worth,
With like successe; and so the third; the Cane
Wav'd off, and made their hopes and prosers vaine.
Our Captive was the last; who knows (said he)
whether this Omen *be reserv'd for me?*
Or whether fortune hath a proud intent,
To play upon us by some instrument?
He tri'd his luck, and the descending Lint
Fell from the Cave, with ten Zianiys *in't.*
A crosse *of Canes was then put out; which sign*
Made us of Christian Captive there divine;
Who pitying our estate, lent these supplies,
Wishing her selfe and us quick liberties;
And after it a glorious hand appeares
So white, that it dismiss'd all jealous feares.
Then in the Turkish manner we inclin'd
Our heads, in token of a thankfull minde.
This for a time cheer'd up our hearts, and we
Nothing omitted of discovery,
To know the place, from whence our Golden *shower*
Descended, but alas it rain'd no more!
A noble Moor Arguimorato *call'd,*
(And Constable of Pata *late install'd)*
Liv'd there, and that was all which we could learn,
Nor hand, nor Cane, nor Crosse could long discerne.
At last our Phosphorus *restor'd the day,*
And chas'd dull thoughts from our sad hearts away;
The Cane *like to a blazing Starre* Crinite
Greater appear'd, (but yet did not affright)
We try'd, as once before, whose it might be,
But it prov'd only falling starre to me.
I gather'd up the Deodate *good Gold,*
And a white paper did our blisse infold,
Wrote in Arabian *tongue, (not understood*
By any of us) so we only shew'd
Signes that wee'd read it, and the Crosse was kiss'd
Before her eyes, and that the hand dismiss'd.
O now for a secure Interpreter,
Who might our mystick happinesse transferre!

* Certain pieces of base gold us'd among the *Moors*, and are worth each of them ten Rials of Spanish money.

A Murcian *Runnagate, one of ſure truſt,*
And long experience, this unravell muſt:
The fellow vow'd all faith and ſecrecy,
And render'd it in Spaniſh preſently.
The joy'd contents declar'd that the white hand
A Chriſtians was, and long'd for Chriſtian land.
Daughter unto the Moor, train'd up by one
(A Chriſtian Captive) in Religion;
And ſince her death (for twice ſhee had appear'd)
Shee charg'd me be by Lela-Marien *ſteer'd,*
And ſhee would bring me to her ſonne, the God
That came from Heaven, and there makes his abode.
Shee would direct me, ſhe a Husband give,
With whom I ſhould in ſhining Goſhen *live:*
And thou brave Chriſtian, above all the reſt,
Haſt made a Conqueſt of my Virgin *breaſt;*
Thy manly gate, thy preſence in thy chaines,
Shunning the blaſhing ſhackles and the traines
Of Captive gallants pacing in thy tread,
Shews thee a Leader, *and no common head;*
Beſides thy high erected looks and eyes
Lift up ſo oft to Lela Mariens *skies,*
Render thee ſprung from thence, no humane race;
Blame me not (Sir) to covet ſo much grace.
If thou be free, I like thee of all men,
Take me, and bleſſe us Lela Marien:
And for thy chaines, and fellows, ſoon as they
Can know the ranſome, ready is the Pay:
Be wiſe and ſecret (Dear) contrive it ſo,
No Creatures but our ſelves the plot may know.
Aguimorato, *if he ſhould deſcry,*
(As he is made of nought but jealouſie)
Wee'r ruin'd all; be valiant, cloſe and bold,
I'll worke thy way, though ſtep by ſtep in gold.
Ala *defend thee, and this Holy Croſſe*
Keep us, our friends, and our good Ship from loſſe.
All fortun'd well, but 'till the very day,
When they prepar'd to ſteale Zoraida.
(So was this glorious Convert call'd) the Moor
Came to the God-ſpeed, ere they'd had ſhipp'd her o'r;
VVho crying in moſt hideous manner Thieves,
They gagg'd him ſtrait, and hinder'd his relieves.
Father and Daughter now on ſhip-board are,
And he unbound and free, did ſtrangely ſtare,
Demanding of Zoraida, *what this me'nt,*
VVhether the Ship, theſe men, and ſhe were lent?
The Lady ſaid (Sir) I am Chriſtian turn'd,
'Twere better farre, thou wert here preſent burn'd,

(Re-

(Replied the Pagan) and o'th' sudden leaps
Into the sea, bulg'd o'r in wat'ry deeps.
At her request, they haile him up who wou'd
Have rather perisht in the briny floud.
Not cleaner for his washing, his black skinn
Chang'd not the hue, nor his foule heart within;
But on himselfe, his daughter, and us all,
A thousand curses plenteously let fall:
And did attempt againe the sea; then shee
Desir'd us, (for shee thought it impiety
To see his ruine) and did all implore,
To land him on the next convenient shoar.
We did so, and he blest our Ship with gales,
Like witches, hir'd to furle up flying sailes:
A thousand Garbs he us'd, to Heaven to Hell,
And tore his haire, and on the earth then fell;
Then rose, and raging, threw into the aire
Curses and stones, and his torne grizly haire.
It prov'd unlucky to our Barke; for straight,
A Pyrate of the French surpriz'd our fraight,
And robb'd us all; my bright Zoraida
Lost all her Jewels, yet was then most gay:
We fear'd our lives, for which there's no man car'd,
If that Zoraidas *might be but spar'd.*
Now more remisse, a Cockboat they will give,
And charge us straight for Spaine, *if we will live;*
For the rich booty made them feare; but we
Had wealth enough in our gain'd libertie,
And the faire purchaser: Who smiling, said,
(Love) Lela Marien *still protects a Maid;*
And holy men, that goe on honest ends,
Ala, *and all the power above defends.*
Th' Interpreter made known her mind, which struck
Such courage in the men, they stoutly pluck
Their beaten Hoy, and in an happy houre
They all enjoy the long long wish'd for shoar.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

So many Ladies, and ſo many Chances,
Blow up our Don, *and fortifie his fancies.*
Gyant Borachio *(or the ſlaine wine bags*
Not paid for yet) augment Don Quixot's *brags;*
No longer is mine Hoſt mine Hoſt; he's paid
In titles, and with offices defraid.
The houſe is chang'd, the Inne a Caſtle is,
Mine Hoſt is Conſtable, and takes no fees:
The Don's *Controuler of the place; but here*
He deignes to play the ruſty Harbinger,
And entertaines a Juſtice of grave carriage,
(But not advanc'd unto the power of marriage)
Perſwading the Long-Robe-Man, and his daughter,
(whom in a Lackeys habit followed after
Enamour'd Lewis) *how the Inne was chang'd,*
And nothing there but Courtly perſons rang'd.
Had he been abſent with his face uncouth,
The Iuſtice might have well thought it a truth:
For the grand beauties which at that time met,
Might with the glories of Madrid *beſet,*
And farre out-ſhine; But all to Donna Clara
The judges daughter yield, ſhee's Avis rara.
But theſe great perſons and their ladies faire,
Were not unto the Iuſtice things ſo rare
As Mr Curats *ſtory; which diſcovers*
Two Brothers to each other, greater lovers
Then thoſe o'th' place: What joy? what hugs? what teares,
When that the Captive to be ſuch appears?
A happy ſight! rarely doe buffe *and* budge
Embrace, as doe our Souldier *and the* Judge.

TEXT.



ET muſt there be a place found for Mr Iuſtice, who comes in his Coach, &c.] The Spaniſh Juſtices were not ſo far as *Matho*, who was himſelfe a Coach-full; *Donna Clara* his daughter might ſit with him and room enough beſide, although riding in his long Gowne, and his wide ſleeves, he might burniſh and ſwell out beyond the dimenſions of a ſingle man. Theſe are the formalities and habits, which gaine credit to the perſons that weare them, terrify the Country people, and wring out Reverence, Legs, Caps and Capons from them: Take away theſe embelliſhments, accoutrements, and inveſtitures,

ſtitures, from any order of men, and you leave them as contemptible, poor and naked, as the Crow, or Chaugh deſpoil'd of his borrowed Feathers.

Ex humeris Aulæa Togæ.

Keep the cloth, your Liveries, and your Ceremonies, and they will keep you from vulgar inſolencies; Round Caps, and obedience to maſters went out about a time. *Square* Caps and *Logick*, *Wigs* and *Law*, wing'd *Gownes* and *good Divinity*, like *Aſtræa*, (Mr Juſtices pretended miſtreſſe) flew away together. Worthy was the Policy of the *Roman Senators*, who being vanquiſh'd by the *Galli Senones*, fled to the Capitol, and there ſate in their *Patrician* Robes, full of gravity and majeſty, which ſtruck more awe into the Barbarous Souldiers, then their Enſignes, or their Engines: Inſomuch, that they took them for gods at firſt, untill their officers made them plunder them like men. What regard would be given to a *Prætor* without his trapping'd horſe, the Gold Chain, and the Cap of maintenance? Even the Bedel of the beggars without his blew Jump, and ſilver head tipſtaffe, loſes reputation among the boyes and vagrants. Upon this very reaſon it was, that *Philoſophers* of old, and our *Moderne* Divines nouriſh'd Beards, (like wandring Greeks or Jews) not that they were a jot the wiſer for the Buſh, but it gain'd an eſtimate and reverence. The *Spaniards* depart not from diſtinctions of Orders, Garbs, Habits, Punctilios, Ceremonies, Circumſtances, and have the reputation of the wiſeſt men in the world. If Mr Juſtice had come in *Querpo*, mine Hoſteſſe would ne'r have left her lodging for his ſake; but now ſhee doth Idolize his broad ſleeves; and reſigns her owne chamber to the long robe, which had not been ſo well ſwept in a yeare as it was with the trailing of his Worſhips train.

To all which the Iudge was ſo attentive, as in all his life, he never liſtned to any cauſe ſo attentively as then.] What, not at the Aſſize Sermon? from which moſt commonly your Spaniſh Judges take moſt of their *Charge*, and are as much beholding to Mr Curates adviſo's from the Pulpit, as he was before to *Fonſecas Poſtils*; but here Mr Licentiat ſhewed his art: and hath ſo curtly, ſuccinctly, and conciſely *Anacephalyz'd*, Analyz'd and Epitomiz'd the long ſtory of the Captive, that if his afternoone Repetitions were with halfe that paines and method ſumm'd up *ad populum*, they would keep waking the beſt part of his Auditory after a full meale. 'Tis a good character of a Judge to be attentive to heare *ambabus auribus*, on both ſides, and both ſides, (as they ſay) without interpoſing or troubling witneſſes, or ſuffering the Councill to doe it, and ſo in his inſtructions to the Jury, to lay open the Law, not his *affections* to them, which is the cauſe many times, that thoſe honeſt men and true, ſwai'd by hints and girds to the part that his Lordſhip is offended at, often brings very falſe and partiall verdicts, for which they ought to incurre the penalty of faſting, after their delivery up of their opinions, rather then before.

The Curate took him faſt by the other hand, and marched over with both them unto the Iuſtice.] Had this been in *England* now, it had been a wedding; but the Spaniſh Curates will not eaſily part with ſo beneficiall a *Sacrament*, as Matrimony to Lay-Huckſters; Marriage and fleſh (being Quadrageſimall prohibitions, and forbidden in the time of Lent) *cum diſpenſatione, & licentiâ*, were very gratefull acceſſaries to a ſlender Vicaridge. Double fees, beſides eggs and Alicant, with many a Joviall entertainment, are more

more considerable then petty Tithes, and made the Curate more blith and bonny, then an Arch-Deacons visitation, where beside the danger of information, he paid for his owne dinner, and his visitors. If all hits right, and that this learned contrivance of Mr Curates could worke in *Zoraidas Inchristianation*, with the solemnity and rights belonging to it; and the *gaudia magna* of her after-marriage with the Captive, to be the reward of this service, (as it deserv'd it) how soone might he expect a change of his small Vicaridge, for *uberius beneficium*? and admire himselfe in his long Cassock, broad Hat, and divinity Belt, the advanc'd creature of the times; nothing being a surer step to preferment, then the joyning great persons together in Matrimony, or the *Nulling*:

Don Quixot *offer'd himselfe to watch and guard the Castle, while they slept.*] How proper physick he finds out for a mad man? watching, being the only meanes to tame frenzy, had it been confin'd to a close room; but this new humor of being *grand round* to the Castle, makes him more wild then before, and subjects him totally to the cold influences of the Moon, which was the Predominant *Planet* in his *Pericranium*. Could he not remember what befell him, when upon the entrance of his adventures this *vertigo* of *noctivagation*, and watching his Armes, seizd him: How dismall was that nights Guardian-ship, wherein was more want of discretion, then sleep, when the Carriers had almost laid him stone dead? and yet the bold and hardy Knight, alone, not as in other adventures attended by *Sancho Pancha*, (witnesse and partner of his sufferings) he will react this solitary incounter. Having nothing but the spangled Coverlid of Heaven over him, and poor *Rosinant* under, whose paines and *Tantalizations* in this nights round, were more irksome to the beast, then all his other out-ridings, which were ever (though somewhat long first) gratified with the welcome rest of an Inne; but now he is dizzed with the continuall circuits of the Stables, which are ever approached, and never enter'd, beside the unsupportable torment of feeding horses, the noise of grinding the beloved Corne, the smell of hay and litter, (and nothing but the smell and noise of it) which made *Rosinant* thinke (if ever his imagination was discovered) that he was in *Limbo Equorum*, and condemnn'd with *Tantalus* Horses to the same flying Provender, and deluding dainties, which should never come nerer then his ears, or eyes.

CHAP. XVI.

Darke night invades the Inne, and pleasing sleep,
With woollen feet on every head doth creep;
Only our vigilant Don, *and young* Don Lewis,
Yield not to Morpheus *wand, that braines bedewes;*
Transform'd into a Lackey, by loves powers,
Like a wing'd Cupid, *(hid in various flowers.*
His particolour'd sute) he silent flutters
About his Claras *Coach; i'th' night he utters*

His sad complaints in songs and piteous aires
And tels how love no sexe, no person spares,
Whilest other musick (not so soft nor sweet)
Don Quixot *raiseth, playing on his feet,*
Strung up too high; but yet the cord won't break,
Which puts the screech-Owle *to a dismall skreak.*
Come see the Don *of more then common hope,*
Not Errant *now, but pendent in a rope.*

TEXT.

I *Am a Mariner to love.*]

Don Lewis *first Sonnet.*

1.

Runne nimble tongue by night,
And fill her with delight;
That her deceived eares,
May think th' obsequious spheares,
And sweet intelligences,
Striving to court her senses.

2.

Raise thy cleer notes so high,
That labouring birds may die,
And vanquish'd *Philomel*,
Warble her owne last knell;
Whilest their vaine *Thrillos* hope,
With my love-tunes to cope.

3.

If that my *Clara* sleep,
A pretty murmuring keep,
In low and solemn straines
So lullaby her braines,
That shee may trembling dreame,
Her head's in some soft streame.

4.

But when shee wakes, and findes
The error of her mind,
Let such an eccho strike
Her eare, that it may like
The rows'd Tarantula,
Take life from the high key.

5.

Having got audience,
Monopolize her sence;
And let thy ditties be
In praise of her and me.
Untill (poor soule) shee long,
To yield up for a song.

He is no Horſe-boy (*quoth* Clara) *but a Lord of many Townes.* Here were a note now to enlarge upon the power of love; but we have had many examples already, and *unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus.* In any transformation feigned or true, more could not be ſeen, then in this gentlemans metamorphoſis; who for pure love, was a *Spaniell* by day, and a *Nightingall* by night. That his feet run was no ſmall pain to him, but the running of his tongue was no ſmall pleaſure to thoſe that heard it, as will appeare in his ſecond Sonnet.

Don Lewis ſecond Sonnet.

1.

Though that thy Coach out-runne
The ſtages of the *Sunne*,
And through more dreadfull ſignes,
Thy Charioter inclines:
I follow will alone,
Through cold and torrid Zone.

2.

It is no ſhame for me,
Thy lackey for to be;
The *Sunne* himſelfe did run,
A miſtreſſe to have won.
To runne, and ſpeed is praiſe,
He loſt, yet got the Bayes.

3.

But if like *Daphne* thou
Of changes doſt allow,
Let me transformed be,
Into thy Axle-tree,
Thy Charret I will runne,
So thou be in't my *Sunne*

4.

He doth but lackey it too,
Who in a Coach doth wooe;
And muſt bare-headed ride
By his proud Ladies ſide;
His paines is not ſo great,
Only he waits in ſtate.

5.

Thoſe, who upon command
Of Ladies, leave the land,
And doe ſtrange ſervices
Their ſcornefull dames to pleaſe,
Doe runne leſſe pleas'd then I,
They from the mark, I by.

6.

Some thinke the Starres ſtand ſtill,
And that the earth doth wheel:

Others,

Others, th'Heavens run round,
And fixed is the ground.
If the world paſſant be,
It is no ſhame for me.

7.

Copernicus come try,
And learned *Ptolomy*,
Me and my *Clara* view,
And you will prove both true:
Shee like the ſphears and ſtarres,
I runne like Mines, and Quarres.

For I know not whence with a vengeance, or by what way this affection which I bear him, got into me.] What the originals of love are, is a hard matter to finde, that which firſt makes impreſſion in the heart or fancy, that's the puzling quære: Whether it be the eye, the noſe, the ſpeech, the wit, the common voice, or report, that is the firſt mover? For ſome love by the eare, and affect by ſtory, others by the eye--

viſamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ.

See and like, like and lig: ſome complaine (deceived in their augury) of the noſe, as the maiden in the ſong, others of the eyes; *neſcio quis teneros oculus*, &c. I would I had never ſeen the face of him! thoſe eyes, thoſe amatory muſcles; *there's the vengeance on't.* O his hearrt-beakers cries another! O that tongue, that beguiling, deluding, inchanting tongue! O that maske! it was there I firſt fancied his high capering, his nimble footing it, his amorous motions; *there was the vengeance on't.*

In ſhort, as matter is inclin'd to receive formes, wax impreſſion, the aire, the light, ſo naturally, doth the fæminine appetite require the *Male*: But how the —*ſolus hic inflexit ſenſus.*

How with a vengeance, one particular perſon more then any other, amongſt choice and variety, ſhould only wound and ſubdue affections, and *Dido* too; there is the ſcruple ſtill; *there's the vengeance on't.* Goe to *Lilly*, and he will tell you, 'tis in your ſtars, *there's the vengeance on't.* But he doth not prove ſo true in heats, as colds; and is as much out in the Eclipſes venereall, as that of the Sunne; and though it be poſſible, he may prove a ſure Directory to a Husband, yet not the ſtars, but her perſwaſion in his ſtars, was the cauſe of it. Another will have it in the Amatory *Atomes*, and *there's the vengeance on't.* The little tiny fiery rarities, when they ſympathize in two diſtinct perſons, there's the conjunction; *there's the vengeance on't.* But the truth is—*hæremus ſicut ille ad reſtuxum maris.*

The true cauſe of the ebbs and tides of our affections are not known to our ſelves, and we find out falſe cauſes, and attribute to them, what is not theirs, *and that's the vengeance on't*

To this point arrived Don Quixot, *when the Innekepers daughter began to call him ſoftly unto her, and ſaid, Sr Knight, &c.*] Our *Don* is now at the *hole* in the *wall*; one of the moſt unfortunate adventures, that ever he undertook upon ſuch preſumptious hopes; where his miſcarriage is the more infamous and ſcandalous; inſomuch, as that he is chiaus'd by two ſpicket-wenches.

Dux fœmina facti.

Maritornes and her young Miſtreſſe, the matts of the houſe, and laine upon by all commers, are ſuppoſed Ladies of the Caſtle, and play upon our tranſported *Don*; who inchanted with his owne fancies, is brought into ſuch a nooze, that never Knight was, to be hung out againſt a wall, (not in *effigie*, which had been diſgrace enough) but in *perſona*, corporally expos'd to the view of all people. *Tom Coriat* upon the barrell at *Hiddleberg*, with his Rummer in his hand was a glorious ſight to this, and no way tending to his diſhonour; who ever beholding this figure, will not call to mind the ſtory of the abuſed Judge, whoſe patient Mule was better then his book to him, and ſav'd him from hanging, by not ſtirring from the Gallows.

In the mean time it happened, that one of the Horſes whereon they rode drew neer to ſmell Roſinante, *&c. and ſcarce had he ſtirred but a thought from thence, when* Don Quixot's *feet ſlipt aſunder.*] The Inchantment's over, and the dreame of remaining manicled to the window, vaniſhed into a hideous ſwing, (upon the motions of *Roſinante*) and new torment. Poor Knight unhors'd, but not alighted, how he hangs, paine and torture, as from *Phalaris* Bull! Expreſſe noiſe and out-cries from him, more then humane; his voice is all he can truſt to now; if his Lungs faile him, the rope will not, which he hop'd would ſooner break then his voice: had he been rotten, it had been but an arme loſt; but fighting hardened his fleſh, and kept his parts compact together; ſo that this firmneſſe of body was the increaſe of his torment. How happy might he have now been, if he had any the leaſt skill in dancing of the ropes, or could have throwne himſelfe heels over head, or caſt himſelfe into a hoope, or into the hole whence his Ladiſhips bracelet, and the glorious chaine was beſtowed upon him? But he cannot vault nor skip, nor mount, nor doe any thing but raiſe a note or two higher, which wak'd the Dogs, which wak'd the Maids, who ſenſible of their roguiſh cruelty, relent, and at laſt relaxe the rope, whereby the *Don* is once more a Knight of this world; into which he is no ſooner dropt, but freſh adventures bury the remembrance of the old ones, and remounted upon *Roſinante*, he defies all dangers; which were as ſure to ſeize him, as he was ſure to provoke them.

Nothing can hold him, now the rope is broke,
He will ſubdue, who late was under yoake.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII

The disguis'd lackey is found out a Don,
And by foure servants is attended on:
Discover'd, he discovers to his love,
Unto the judge, and doth so strongly move
With importunacy and teares, that he
(Though his deserts plead high) could not deny
His daughter to his sute, whiles these in love
Make up the scene; the Don *doth tragick prove,*
And Sancho *untill now not understood*
To be so valiant, bath'd the teeth in's blood
Of sawcy Barber, *who with head full addle,*
Would unconvert his Pannell from a saddle,
And with a face most impudent and brazen
Will sweare Mambrinos *Helmet is his Bason;*
And all before the Iudge in his great sleeves,
Vs if that Sancho *and the* Don *were Theeves;*
But they doe prove them prize, (the matter scann'd)
Taken by strength, and not by slight of hand.

TEXT.

Whosoever shall dare to affirme that I have not been with just title inchanted, I say that he lyes.] A bold provocation to four men; and 'twas foure to one but he had paid for his challenge, but the men were in pursuit of another *Don Errant*, which made them not heed his extravagant words. 'Tis some mens only security, that their tongues are counted no slander. Fooles and Mad men, and male-contents, are priviledged talkers, and the worst of their language, is either pittyed or laughed at. At this time our Knight under one of those notions, gives the lye (which in *Spaine*, is the word of death) without any check or controule; which was a great adventure, and it is therefore noted, that of all his adventures, he came safest off in this, without any reply made, or the words beaten downe his throat again.

Don Quixot *was ready to burst with wrath, &c.*] *Iô* triumphs in this bloodlesse victory, over a *Quadrivirate* of *Mummers*, (as he takes them to be) is not concluded with any *Epithalamiums*, or songs of joy, but contrary, his Bonefires are within, and his bels ring backward; the *Don* is inflam'd, that he can shew no spoiles, no luggage for *Sancho*, not a Wallet nor a Pannell to be seen, whereby the monumentall Ensignes of so great a daring, (for it cannot well be called a defeat) should be published to the world. In strange disputes with himselfe our Knight was; what should be done to an enemy that would doe nothing? what said to a silent foe? language was unfit for mutes, and action for men of no spirit: Never was *Heros* so becalm'd. The businesse (the challenge once over) was a dumbe shew,

where

where the *Don* ſwels, looks big, menaces with hand and ſhaken Javelin, diſdaines ſides noſes, claps his owne hands, and bounds with *Roſinante*; the other part ſhrug, ſneeze and blurt, neglect, make mouths, and flout in Spaniſh poſtures, and ſo *exeunt*.

The man drew him by the arme and ſaid: Truly Don Lewis, *the habit that you were in, anſwers very well your calling.*] It had been more modeſt (Signior *Servitore*) to have drawn off your young *Don's* undecent Habits, and accoutred him with better; but you cannot ſee the Lord for the Lackey. Great Perſonages loſe their reverence with their apparell amongſt thoſe, who only eſteem their Maſters by their ambitious outſides. The Yeoman of the Bottles turnes privy counſeller, and is as ſage as *Seneca* adviſeth, beyond any *Savill*, and will turne Maſter of the Horſe, (if the young Lord doe not returne to himſelfe) and carry him home like a Cloakbag. But his inſolence is ſuddenly check'd, and the ſlave ſubmits at the ſight of the brandiſht whippe; one authoritative word ſtopes him into the ſellar, (the Alembick of his ſpirits) where he only properly commands and draws.

To this Don Quixot *anſwered very leiſurely, and with great gravity. Beautifull Damzell, your Petition cannot prevaile at this time.*] What, in the negative to a quarrell? the Adventure-ſeeker refuſe adventures, and incited to it by a Lady, for her Fathers reſcue, the Conſtable of the Caſtle! oppreſs'd by number two; and in a juſt cauſe, the maintenance of his Caſtle! O *Jupiter Hoſpitalis!* can this apology of the *Dons*, ſmell of leſſe then Puſillanimity? is our *Hercules*, that juſt now aſſaulted foure, not able *contra duos*? or what is the cauſe? doth Valour ebb and flow in valiant breaſts? and are they more daring at the ebullition of the blood, or at the circular refluxion? or doth the laſt cowardize react upon the Challenger? will he be ſullen, and not fight the humorous Lievtenant? Is it a drinking day, or a Courting day, and no day of Turnament? none of theſe; it cannot be. He is ingag'd, not in *actuall* combat, but *potentiall*. His word is his blow; no enemy (till the Gyant of *Micomicona* be incountred) muſt be admitted; and ſo mine Hoſt is like to be paid, and have his ſcores in *Capite*.

The Princeſſe did grant him leave very willingly.] Now he is once more *licentiatus ad preliandum & vapulandum per totam Hiſpaniam*. What's the matter now? he hath a quarrell, but it is, that they are not Knights, for whom this uproar is, and ſo intailes the adventure upon his Squire, *pares cum paribus*. O *Don*! how might'ſt thou by this *effugium* have ſav'd all thy misfortunes? The *Tanqueſian* Carriers, the Goat-heards were no Knights, the Windmill and the fulling-mils were not dubb'd, and yet thou didſt condeſcend to a beating with ſome, or all of theſe: Eare-beaten by the Fulling maces, beaten out of wind by the Windmills, beaten and re-beaten by the Carriers; and why now ſo ſtanch? To what purpoſe didſt thou kneel for a Licence, if thou wilt not take the liberty to fight? Certeinly (though *Cyd Hameti Benengeli* doth not diſcover the reaſon of this *Micropſeachy* of the *Don*) it is eaſily to be conjectur'd; for the cauſe of quarrelling, was non payment of the reckoning; a thing which the *Don* ſtood to maintaine, and ſo could not without wounding his owne Conſcience, and breach of practiſe, be of mine Hoſts part; ſo he prudently ſtood *a neuter*, and would have ſhifted off the buſineſſe to *Sancho Pancha*, who for feare of the blanket-encounter,

counter, perchance might have ingag'd as farre as a douze or two in the busi neſſe.

The Barber preſently ſet upon Sancho, *ſaying, ah ſir Thiefe, have I found you there, with all the furniture, &c.*] Theſe are ſcurvy ſalutes (*Sancho,*) and inconſiſtent with the man, that was in more then hopes of the government of an Iſland; but *Sancho* out of hand confutes him, and makes him waſh his mouth in blood for his foule aſperſions; wiſhing him hereafter to keep his chops as cleane as his fingers, and ſave him the labour of opening a veine for the matter. *Sancho* hop'd by this meanes, to have traverſs'd an inditement, with an action of battery; but the Barber being blooded in the mouth, was freed from the ſtaggers, and ſtood ſtoutly to the claime of the Pannell, and makes bloody hue and cry after him. Inſomuch, that *Sancho* is forc'd to appeal to the *Don*; who, finding that his Squire had plaid the man ſo notoriouſly, was more ready to make a Knight of him, then an honeſt man, and dignifie him more then juſtifie him; Which both were equally in his power.

The very day they robb'd me of a new Baſon, which was never us'd, which coſt me a crowne. Here Don Quixot *could not containe.*] Like maſter, like man; the Barber charges both, and now the Court is ſate; what will be ſaid in the buſineſſe, (for Councill there is none allow'd in point of Felony) was the expectation of every one. Here is *evidentia facti*, the very Pannell and the Baſon, *Coram judice.* The Barber (*pro rege*) ſweares, they were his, and now the two at the Barre will ſpeake for themſelves.

Don Quixot for the Helmet.

Thou ſimple animall, thou Iobbernole;
Thy Baſons, when that once they hang on Pole,
Are Helmets ſtrait; true, under chinne they are
Baſons indeed, and ſerve to waſh us faire;
But to the Pole annex your Braſen Baſon,
'Tis not to ſmug one then, but to amaze one.
The property is chang'd; and this brave cover
No longer is to ſnap your fingers over.
For though like Braſſe it look, 'tis true as Steel;
Things are not as they ſeem, but as they feel.
Didſt thou not loſe it fairly in the Field?
When did Campania *e'r a Baſon yield?*
But 'cauſe thou wert ignoble, (as I ſpie now,)
I did create it Helmet of Mambrino.

Sancho for the Pannell.

If e'r I joy'd my wife in ſmock of Flannell,
Then this a Saddle is, and not a Pannell.
Have Pannels any pummels? when you came
To challenge 't, you were pummel'd for the ſame.
Twice won; by my Lord once, and once by me,
(Had it been ſo,) it cann't a Pannell be.

Appeale

Appeale unto the Iudges, let 't be tri'd here,
If it a Pannell be, 'twill ſhame the Rider;
Nay when a Jury ſhall empanell'd be,
Both Iudge and Iury 'l give it unto me.

CHAP. XVIII.

'Tis put to votes, and as they uſe to goe,
Saddle and Pannell have both I *and* No.
The major part for Saddle did appeare,
And Helmet contra *Baſon got it cleer.*
Whereat a Souldier (though it were the ſence
O'th' houſe, not his) took villanous offence,
To ſee men judge ſo ſtrangely: But Don Quizzot
Flew on the man, and ſoundly curried his coat.
Then unto ſides they fell, in this curſt riot,
Untill the Don *that made the warr, made quiet.*
By a pretended fight of Agramants,
Tranſlated to the Inne, he diſ-inchants
The preſent tumult; his feigned relation
Of higher madneſſe, allaies true paſſion.
But when the Trooper ſerv'd him with his Writ,
For reſcuing ſlaves, it was not then his wit
Would ſerve the turne; alas in ſober ſadneſſe,
His plea unto the ſcroll was reall madneſſe.

TEXT.

OUR Barber ſpeaking to the other Barber; ſaid, Sr Barber, &c. It is not only not a Barbers Baſon, but ſo farre from being one, as white from black.] How eaſily doth a brother rooke a brother, I mean the craftie brother the weaker? it is poſſible to perſwade a credulous cockſcombe (having an opinion firſt of the brothers fidelity) out of his very faith, ſence and reaſon, and create a beliefe in him, that black is white, and white black; all his underſtanding being reſign'd to his opinion and conceit of his confident, he ſees with his eyes, heares with his eares, and ſpeaks with his tongue: what blowes, arguments, convictions cannot doe, that captivated affection preſently yields to, and a ſtrong preſumption, that ſuch and ſuch were no cheats, hath cozened all that preſum'd them ſo. *Aruſpex aruſpicem, dum videt ridet*, is true of ſubtle firs, long practiſers in the art, who make themſelves ſport at others follies and their own deluſions: But our Barber on the place is chiauz'd, a very *Pigeon*, a younger brother, and is caughd like a young Jack Daw, which way ſoever his Senior in the profeſſion led him.

Fratrum quoque gratia rara est.
One Barber wipes anothers nose,
'Tis true, let it be rime or prose.

All of them laugh'd very heartily, to see Don Ferdinand *goe up and downe gathering of suffrages.*] It seems the votes were not *vivâ voce*, but in *aurem*; so that the Collector not being sworne, it was possible, the matter went as it pleas'd his Lordship. And in most popular assemblies, the businesse is much carryed on, like this of the Pannell and the Bason; where the most potent and affected persons, whisper their owne votes into others eares, rather then take or aske theirs. So that the proposition is not at a *placet*, doth it seem good so? but *Placet it*, it shall be so.

Get thee a gratious and a popular man,
Thy cause shall prosper, let it what it can.

Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven (quoth the Barber.] The Barbers protestation will not be receiv'd, though he desires the forfeiture of Heaven, (a small matter in comparison of a Pannell) upon the failer of it. But certainly he would not have made such an imprecation, if he beleeved there were any other Poles, then those his Basons hung on, or that the teeth on his strings should ever returne to the heads againe, from whence he pull'd them. But his protestation is plaine in *Foro soli*, that he is cozen'd of his Bason, which will never come to his *Forum Poli*; whereby he gives a *vale* to the Law, as if the Law were in fault, when he should have been angry with the suffragants, or at least hired them each man a dog and a bell to lead 'um home, whose eyes were so bad, they could not distinguish a Bason from a Helmet, or a Pannell from a Saddle.

Don Quixot *spoke in this manner. Here is now no more to be done; let every one take up his owne goods, &c.*] Those he meanes, which his friends had voted him, and so *omnia benè*: He is satisfied, they are his own, though he knew he stole them. How gratefull, and how pious, and above all, how carefull he is, against any review of the verdict, desiring *Peters* blessing, though he had but newly robb'd *Paul*. So cunningly, or prophanely rather, he attributes all his successes to Heaven, though he went to the Devill for the purchase. On the other side, the male-content Barber, goes grumbling away, with his Might overcomes Right, cries out of bribery, partiality, and friends in Court. Both calling upon *Peter*, the one for a vengeance, the other for a benediction.

In the midst of this Chaos and confusion of things Don Quixot *began to imagine that he was plunged in the discord of Knight* Agramants *Campe.*]

Facilus extinguis faces.

He holds the Sunne to the Candle, cries fire, fire, and fetches all the company from a Bonefire; sounds a Trumpet, and brings all the people out of the Church. Some new, high, and unheard of lye, presently silenceth a known truth, as a Romance a true story. The news of a great Gyant, the talk of Taxes, a report of forreign warre, all differences at home. The trick of amuzing, is none of the worst in the pack: The *Don's* Policy is not to be slighted, who to avoid his owne, and his friends instant confusion, proclaimes a worse comming; which while every one desires to heare, and feares will ensue, the private constellation fals, and every one is providing against the publick; not a Cobler nor a weaver, but upon such an alarum, shall be as wise as *Agramant* and *Sobrino*.

But

But the enemy of concord, and adversary of peace, &c.] Here the *Don* is worse put to it, (who may justifie his suppos'd Inchantments to be true) if the Devill were his enemy, as the Text hints. But as our english Proverbe hath it, *the Devill on'd him a shame*, and though his *Ill-favour'd face* was not easily to be intincted with a blush, whereby the Officer might have discovered his guilt, yet the description in his paper agreeing to those of his favour, brought him very neer within the compasse of another English Proverbe. What evasion will he find against this warrant, for rescuing the slaves? This is the worst inchantment that came yet.

For the King and the holy Brotherhood, They two together are too strong for a *Knight-Errant* I fear.

Don Quixot *laug'd to hear them speak so idle, &c.*]

servetur ad Imum

Quod pede processit. It was high time to speak idler then they, or they had done their businesse. He doth now'more then act *Jeronymo*; 'tis the best way to be out of his wits, stark mad, be a Bedlam, rather then a Bandetti, be above or below the Law, that he may not come under the lash. He tels them therefore, their Writ is false, 'tis *error personæ*, not directed to attach a *Knight-Errant*, or had it been so, 'twas *error Legis* or *Judicis*, who knew not that *generalia non includunt privilegiatos*. Warrants for Vagrants are not extendable to *Knight-Errants*, who ever demand an *exeat Regno*; but have and hold by *de forresta Charta*, of their own; doe as they list, live as they list, pay what they list, and say what they list: They are only men of the Lists. By these and other evident demonstrations, the Officer was satisfied of his frenzy, which was a *supersedeas* to the Writ, and a discharge for his fees.

CHAP. XIX.

Here's peace indeed; what spoyles and warre-tane prizes
Brought to a Jury, and to stand the Assizes?
Look on the Articles, if there be found
A tittle of that crabbed word, Compound.
Had it been try'd at Barber Chirurgians Hall,
(No losse of blood prov'd) we had had it all.
Poxe of that filthy fellow Cicero,
His unjust peace is still preserved so.
Sancho *for quietnesse doth straight resund;*
Exchanging Pannels, he the robbery shunn'd.
And Ryals eight being numbred, in good reason,
The Barber must make livery and seisin
Of his cracked Bason, to the crack brain'd Knight;
Who by the flaw, *might challenge it his right.*
Once more 'tis peace; and now the Don *renews*
His suite unto the Queen, that shee would loose

No longer time, but forthwith come and mount her,
And post away to her owne incounter.
Sancho *the peaking rogue, here and their peeping,*
Had spied Don Ferdinand *and the Queen clipping;*
And tels Don Quixot *all before their faces,*
(But they nothing asham'd of those disgraces)
Baffle out Sancho's *frivolous surmises,*
And salve it all with a deceptio visus.
But now the plot, (whatsoever forth is given)
How to get Quixot *to his, home is driven:*
And driven it was, for with a Teem of Oxen,
And in a Cage with bars and double locks on,
The Knight that thought, the world to have wandred over,
Is whistled home by a Manchegan Drover.

TEXT.

Finally, they (as the Officers of Justice) did mediate the cause.] The Souldier hath it now; and his word is a statute: Or change Pannels *Sancho*, or the Troopers will make great Saddles of them both. What, cann't you agree without calling in the Lyon to decide the difference? Beware of the Kite, chicken. What though the *Don* without wits or mony escape? 'twill not be so here, where any thing is to be had; either agree quickly and lovingly, or both titles are lost. They doe understand the necessity of complyance, and wisely submit to the Snaphances and Swords, which are the nimblest Arbitrators that can be, and in an instant evidence the right. There's no demurs here, nor Writs of error, but sodaine wit is best; save somewhat if you will, or be sure to lose all.

All was quietly ended by the Curate, and Don Ferdinand *paid the whole sum.*] Here began *Don Quixot's* and *Sancho's* Jubile, untill the word *All's paid* was past, the greatest adventure was how to get away; talke what they would of Giants and Castles, the reckoning was the chiefe danger of them, wherein *Rosinante* and the Asse lay by it; the perpetuall baile and security for their Masters; which put *Sancho* no doubt to many foot-adventures, and finger-tryals, for leaves from hedges, and Kitching Physick, brasse pots and shirts, to cure the swelling of his Asses head: But now *salva res est.* The Golden Age is return'd, *Don Ferdinand* raines Gold and silver together, and in spight of the Poet,

hospes ab Hospite Tutus.

They defie their Landlord, and his assistants, the Brotherhood; what they dranke in feare, is digested in joy.

Unde habeat quærat nemo, sed oportet habere.

The poor must eat, and pray for Benefactors. But at this time, the best company was best cheap, and fortune threw the Knight and his Squire into the society of Lords and Ladies, and not among Carriers, where he had alwaies sowre sauce to his sweet meats, if they were so.

It is a common Proverbe, (beautifull Lady) that Diligence is the mother of good hap.] Secure of the Inne-keeper, the Knight is forthwith for another Caſtle and Sconces which he built, not raz'd. In *Andaluſia*, he is famous enough, and too well known; He will inſtantly remove his quarters to *Micomicona*, which being an *Ægyptian* Country, he and his Squire might Plunder in *infinitum*. *Diligence is the mother of good hap*, was his Motto, and very neceſſary for one of that profeſſion. VVhich Proverbe in all his and his Squires actions was cloſely followed. Sodaine, quick and nimble motions did alwaies prove beneficiall to them. The Baſon, Pannell, Portmantle, all of them the fruits of activity, got by ſurprizall, and kept by retreats and retirings into the inacceſſible parts of *Morena*. In juſt fights he never loſt more then in ſallies; his eare and cheek-tooth (whereſoever they are) are the monuments of his ill ſucceſſe in ſet battels: wherefore now he wiſely incites the Queen to ſet upon the Gyant, and fall into his quarters, before he makes an irreſiſtible preparation.

Dorothæa *bluſht at* Sancho's *words, for it was true indeed, &c.*] VVhat an Infidell is this *Sancho*; a ſworne ſervant to the Queen, and betrays her; reveales the ſecrets of the houſe, tels tales out of doors; and all for a kiſſe of a young Lord, and that her husband too. (Rude Rogue) and very unfit to be admitted amongſt great ones, who cannot keep his tongue in his head; had it been worſe, it ſhould have out. But the innocent Lady bluſht, that forgetting the part of a Queen, ſhee ſhould be diſcovered playing the wife; a thing more juſtifiable then us'd, for it is out of faſhion, and Country like, to own a wife in publike, or ſhew any glances of affections, for feare of being accounted amorous and uxorious, which is more matter for a bluſh then this in the Text.

Therefore we muſt believe (Sr Knight of the ſad face) *all things are repreſented, and ſucceed by way of Inchantments.*]

Argumentum ad hominem.

VVhen *Maritornes* and his *Errant-ſhip* were imbracing, untill the diſappointed Carrier uncoupled them, 'twas an Inchantment. So *Sancho* likewiſe, (however uncharitable in his cenſure now, or not ſenſible of the witch-craft) was no doubt, under the power of a charme, when the foreſaid *Maritornes* laid her *Poſteriors* to his *Priors*, hoping to have rais'd a *Novum Organum* from the Conjunction. Nothing more frequent, then this ſort of Inchantments, which if the diſcoverers ſhould take for reall matters, it were enough to ſet people together by the eares. Viſions therefore and appearances, let thoſe things be, which ſeen, ſhould not have been ſeen, *deprendi miſerum eſt*. Spies and Centries, as they ſee ſometimes too little, ſometimes may ſee too much, and full of the fancie and hopes for which they are ſet, may dream they find that which they wiſh to find. 'Tis better to ſay there is fallacy and uncertainty in the object, then prove our ſelves deceiv'd, by reporting what we cannot juſtifie, or muſt not. So unfortunate was this diſcovery of *Sancho*, that he is forc'd to renounce his owne eyes, and to acknowledge himſelfe only *compos mentis* in the adventure of the Blanket.

They made a thing like a Cage, ſo big, as that Don Quixot *might ſit, or lie at his eaſe, and preſently, &c.*] This is the laſt inchantment of this Caſtle, and though it be a wooden one, yet it holds and ſerves their deſigne, as well as the *Trojan* Horſe. By this they enter the *Mancha*, and bring home the long

long-look'd for Lord of the place to his ancient house and seat, nor need it be accounted a dishonourable lodge, it being the legall house of entertainment for all *Knight-Errants*, who having no mannors of their owne, and alwaies in a moving condition, are provided for in all Corporations, Tithings, and VVapentakes, according to the exigent of their travels, in these moveable receptacles, for a night or two at the publike charge.

They presently mount him upon their shoulders, and as they issued out of the chamber door, they heard a dreadfull voice.]

The Barbers speech.

Let it not grieve our Knight, nor let him rage
Like Bajazet, *to see himselfe in Cage;*
Or e'r attemp to dash his slender braines
Against the bars, for he will lose his paines:
Reserv'd in this, not mockt nor made a shew,
The fates secure thee from a greater blow.
Thinke not (grim Sr) your close condition worse
Then those bold Greeks, *ingarrison'd in a horse;*
Whatsoe'r you thinke of it, your riding now
Lookes like Ulysses *in his state at Plough:*
And when your Sinon *shall unpinne the bars,*
You shall returne, first to love, then wars.
Let thy Dulcinea *see thee in this pickle,*
And shee will sweare, thou'rt stable *now, not fickle.*
Were shee the Queen of Ægypt, as her shape is
Ægyptian right, shee'd take thee for her Apis.
Let thy Manchegan *friends about thee dance,*
Wondring to see thee in such state advance.
Slowly proceed, and this grand luggage carry
In pomp, to his Tobosian Dromedary;
That those that love hath join'd, be never parted,
Let him the Cage injoy, let her be Carted.

Don Quixot to the disguis'd Barber.

O thou unridler of my mystick Fates!
(Which rubb'st the sence into my mustie pate,
Of future passages) when I shall see
The great effects of this deep Propheſie:
In honour of thy high Auguriall art,
To thee I'll dedicate this Cage, this Cart.
Sooth-sayers we have store, but sooth to say,
None doe reward them, as I mean to pay.
In this you shall of flight, of birds divine,
(The birds will fly about thee when 'tis thine.)
And as unto an Altar on this Cart,
Wee'll offer up Beasts liver, and Beasts heart.

But if Lucina *my* Dulcinea *helps,*
I have design'd for thee, one of her whelps,
Who following thy advise, (though silly
At first) in time may prove a whelp of Lilly.
Nor am I troubled at my strange abode,
The Woods have deities; Woden's *a god;*
Forrests were my delight, this but a chop is,
I have exchang'd a Forrest for a Coppice.
Say, that the stout Manchegan Lyon, when
H' had prey'd upon the world, coucht in this den.
And thou (good Squire) admirer of my Cave,
Thinke not I'll lay bones here, as a grave;
Or that I goe toth' fields Elysian,
The beere or bearers (man) are vision.
Be not thou wood too, nor a jot inraged,
It is enough that one of us 's incaged:
Nor are we now lesse then ever warriers,
Embroil'd as heretofore 'mongst Carriers.

CHAP. XX.

Our Don's *unsatisfied, it seems i'th' cage,*
Untill he heard it was the wooden *Age,*
Where all things are debas'd; as when the Log
By Jove *were sent, to Lord it over Frogs:*
Cudgels instead of swords, and basket hilts
Are now in use; and Castles scal'd with stilts.
Inchantments are inchanted; Belzebub
Acts not as heretofore, but in a tub.
Coopers are Nigromancers, spirits stoop;
Content to be incircled in a hoop;
Nay, Cerberus, *that direfull Stygian dog,*
Tamely submits unto a wooden clog.
Why then drive on saies Don; *Let* Orpheus *play,*
And make our Teem goe merrily on the way.
It moves, it moves, the Carre with Oxen fix,
And in't the Cage, i'th' Cage, the great Don Quix.
On each side Troupers two, as if they did
Convoy the Indian *Plate unto* Madrid.
Behind dispannell'd Sancho *rode, alas!*
Sad at the sight, and only joy'd in's Asse.
And in his hand, now master of the horse,
(As if't had been attending on a Coarse)
He led, with Target trickt, and Bason dainty
On each side of his Saddle, Rosinante.

The Country all came forth, men, women kinde;
And as he was of a most courteous mind,
The Don *wav'd to and fro his filthy face;*
'Twas all the Favour he could shew i'th' place.
Had amongst us been acted this prime jest,
We should have sworne in troth, we had seen the Beast.

TEXT.

BUT I never read, saw, nor heard, that they were wont to carry Knights-Errant *inchanted after this manner.*] Indeed it was something barbarous, and below the condition of so meritorious a Knight; and but that fortune had an intent to example him as much for his sufferings, as his acting great things, this wooden entertainment must needs have appeared very dishonourable: But he reflected upon the times, (when he undertook to raise up the almost-perished name of Chivalry) which were turn'd topsie turvy; all gallantry (except what was happily reserv'd in his noble breast) extinct, and vanished. Wise men, Magitians, and the like very poor, men of Honour, and such as us'd to cherish great undertakers, vilipended, and almost brought to naught. Courts, Pallaces, and great seats, stages, (where actions of this Nature were celebrated) all demolisht, and turn'd into Tenements. All things reduc'd unto so sad and miserable condition, that the *Laplanders* let winds upon Tick, Fortune tellers and Gypsies expound for bread and cheese; Mathematitians and Almanack-makers, are forc'd to eat their owne prognosticks, and the Devill himselfe lend at six and six moneths time, without interest. VVitches are confin'd in their night rambles, to egge shels, and Hell affords nothing but an *Ignis Fatuus*, an exhalation, and *Gillion a burnt taile, or Will with the wispe.* Not a Dragon, nor a flying Horse, nor a fiery Chariot, nothing high and wonderfull, comes out in these levelling times. It is well that a wooden Inchantment may be had, so great have the wasts of late been, that the Gallows complaines for want of reparation; and *Charta de Forresta* humbly shews, that her depopulations are so vast, that they will leave her neither root nor branch.

One may feele halfe a league off the Amber this Devill smels of.] *Sancho* had found out an incarnate Devill amongst these disguis'd Porters of the *Don*, and as the *Don* in place where found out by the infallible smell, that *Sancho* was a man; so here he might have by his nose discovered Lord *Ferdinand* to be no Devill; the Devill is said to be the Prince of the aire, but of the worst, that is, his usuall cheats being by fogs, mists, and filthy vapours, shew very well that he is no friend to the Millener, and loves no powder, but that of the Gunn.

To whom Don Quixot *said, good Ladies doe not weep.*] It was a needlesse prohibition; for they did but say they wept; teares of laughter they had shed many upon him, and now (if any were visible) they proceeded from the same cause. Nay two of these mourners, when the *Don* roar'd and made out-cries, able to have pierc'd the heart of a Savage, were at laugh and lye downe, and made sport with his miseries. *Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia*

pecunia veris. Had the Knight made an eſcape, and avoided the ſcore, then they would have out-houled an Iriſh VVoolfe; but ſecure of the reckoning, the joyfull departure of their ſuſpected gueſt, rais'd this merry ſhowre in their eyes. His happy journy from them 'tis believed they heartily wiſh'd, but not a Bead dropt for his returne. *Goe and welcome*, a Spaniſh Proverbe, for an indigent Traveller, and we have as good; *Your room is better then your company*. The *Don* was (though many times inſolvent) alwaies thankfull, and would know the houſe againe; a Complement that might have been ſpar'd, unleſſe he came with his temporall and ſpirituall ſtewards, the Lord *Ferdinand* and the Curate.

The Inne-keeper came alſo, and gave the Curate certaine Papers.] The drawers curteſie to the Prince was more gentile, though it were but a paper of Sugar; but if mine Hoſt were hide-bound, it was excuſable; for ſince *Don Quixot* frequented the houſe, he was never without ſwaths, fillets, plaiſters, and armeſtals; ſo that he lookt more like a brother of ſome Hoſptall, then the keeper of an Inne. It was no doubt no ſmall comfort to him, to ſee the Author of his manifold misfortunes thus ingloriouſly riding from his houſe, and ſo hamper'd that it was impoſſible for him to play any more mad pranks: The Blanket and the Cage being the ſweet revenges for *Sancho's* and his maſters injuries.

Truly brother, I am better acquainted with books of Chivalry, then Villapandas *Logick*.] This *Canon* of *Toledo*, was rather for *Toledo* blades, and the Canon of the Field, then Church; without queſtion preferr'd for writing or reading *Romances* rather then *Poſtils* to the *Counteſſe* his Patroneſſe; which ſervices find ſooner rewards, then thoſe of the Service-Book. This fellow was never counted a meer ſcholar, never ſo bookiſh, as to break his reſt, or his braines about his ſtudy. Pleaſant diſcourſes pleas'd better then ſchool divinity, and a Legend, then a Homily, he hath attain'd to the top of his deſires, and ſcarce ſaluted *Jack Seton* or *Ramus*, nor his owne *Villapanda*; *Swarez* and *Vaſquez* are names he never heard of. He leap'd over *Logick*, and the *Metaphyſicks* he never came neer, however it was his good chance that he prov'd a Preacher, though no Scholar, yet for the books he was moſt converſant in, his accounts are very good, and argues a great proficiency, having proceeded from *Garagantua* to *Guſman*, and now as the crowne of all ending in *Quixot*.

Mr Barber, you ſhould take heed how you ſpeak, for all conſiſts not in trimming of Beards, &c.] *Sancho* begins to be undeceived, and the impoſturage will no longer laſt, nothing is more violent then abus'd ſimplicity, when it once diſcovers the cheat; True *Sancho*, Beards are but buſhes, and good wine needs none; coſeners goe, mask'd and in Viſards: But old time will pluck off thoſe diſguiſes, and render every thing in its own likeneſſe. He is very preſſing upon Mr Curate alſo, who had a main hand in theſe perſwaſions, and by whoſe authority and credit, the whole deſign was brought about, and leaves the matter to his Conſcience, which he hopes will perplex him one day, as much as his deluſions have confounded them; and for his confederate the Barber, the forge of this Inchantment, he wiſhes the next generation may be *Eunuchs*; that there may not be a Beard to turne up, or a good face to waſh, as long as the world ſtood. So indignely did *Sancho* take theſe affronts, that in deſpight to the Curate, he was re-

solv'd to splay his sows at his return, that he might never have tithe in kind any more.

Verily Mr Curate, I doe find by experience, that lookes of Chivalry are very prejudiciall to well govern'd Common-wealths.] Mr Canon in this discourse seems to weaken the credit and use of writings of this nature, and to prefer and commend *Æsops Fables*, and *Alciats* Emblems, wherein the Morall may be for instruction, though the story be of a Cock and a Bull; but it is not unknown that this age hath more abounded with Romances then any other, upon what reason is not hard to conjecture; and yet no man dare say, but here is a well govern'd Common-wealth; but what prejudice I pray, when the subjects are known to be fabulous and figments? no man's faith is beguiled, nor any perswaded to believe them as a truth; rather on the contrary, where the minds of the vulgar are not busied in some such pleasant arguments, they fall upon matters which lesse concerne them, and become troublesome Judges of the State and Church wherein they live; wherefore it hath been accounted great policy to divert those mens fancies, by licensing Plaies, sports, and divers recreations from businesses above their capacity, and not of common ventilation. For want of these *chimera's*, (which had no more harm in them, then their impossibility) reall phantasmes, and strong delusions have succeeded and possessed not a few, who transported with their owne imaginations, doe not write Romances, but act them, and fill the world with substantiall Tragædies.

CHAP. XXI.

The Canon and the Curate find out waies;
To make Romances good, and write good plaies,
Such as may edifie; such I have seen
Of holy subjects, and with Psalmes between
The Acts of Dives *and of* Lazarus;
Of Hester *good, and great* Ahasheverus:
Which now, through Poets vanity and sloth,
Are seen in Puppet plaies, or painted cloth;
The stage reform'd (as they say 'tis thought on)
Time may be spent there well, as reading Broughton.
No fooles with Harry Codpieces *appeare,*
Nor Souldiers suffered in their parts to sweare:
No Lady vitiated o'th' stage before us,
But let Susanna's *bathing be by* Chorus;
And so alike for bookes, let nought be written,
That may give scandall, and is unbefitting.
But as slie Sancho *politiquely found*
His master to be loose i'th' hilts, (though bound)
So let the matter of the books and stage,
Be cleanly kept, as was Don Quixot's *Cage.*

Text

TEXT.

[*Both the Authors that compose them, and Actors that represent them, must be such as they be, for to please the peoples humours.*] It was an old one, and before this criticall observation said,

Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

Nay in their *Amphitheatricall* gladiatures, the lives of captives lay at the mercy of the Vulgar.

& verso pollice vulgi,
Quemlibet occidunt populariter.

And although the only *Laureat* of our stage (having compos'd a Play of excellent worth, but not of equall applause) fell downe upon his knees, and gave thanks, that he had transcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet his protestation against their ignorance, was not sufficient to vindicate the misapplication of the argument; for the judicious part of that Auditory condemn'd it equally with those that did not understand it, and though the Comædy wanted not its

prodesse, & delectare,

Had it been exhibited to a scholastick confluence; yet men come not to study at a Play-house, but love such expressions and passages, which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. *Lingua*, that learned Comædy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the common stage, but is only proper for an *Academy*; to them bring *Jack Drumm's* entertainment, *Greens tu quoque*, the *Devill of Edmunton*, and the like; or if it be on Holy dayes, when Saylers, Water-men, Shoomakers, Butchers and Apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits, with some tearing Tragædy full of fights and skirmishes: As the *Guelphs* and *Guiblins*, *Greeks* and *Trojans*, or the three *London Apprentises*, which commonly ends in six acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody Catastrophe amongst themselves, then the Players did. I have known upon one of these *Festivals*, but especially at *Shrove-tide*, where the Players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bils to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes *Tamerlane*, sometimes *Jugurth*, sometimes the Jew of *Malta*, and sometimes parts of all these, and at last, none of the three taking, they were forc'd to undresse and put off their Tragick habits, and conclude the day with the merry milk-maides. And unlesse this were done, and the popular humour satisfied, as sometimes it so fortun'd, that the Players were refractory; the Benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, Oranges, Apples, Nuts, flew about most liberally, and as there were Mechanicks of all professions, who fell every one to his owne trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately Fabrick. It was not then the most mimicall nor fighting man, *Fowler*, nor *Andrew Cane* could pacifie; Prologues nor Epilogues would prevaile; the Devill and the fool were quite out of favour. Nothing but noise and tumult fils the house, untill a cogg take 'um, and then to the Bawdy houses, and reforme them; and instantly to the Banks side, where the poor Beares must conclude the riot, and fight twenty dogs at a time beside the Butchers,

which

which sometimes fell into the service; this perform'd, and the Horse and Jack-an-Apes for a jigge, they had sport enough that day for nothing.

Those that are now exhibited, are mirrors of vanity, patternes of folly, and Images of voluptuousnesse.] The Spanish stage indeed, as well as the French and English, have been much corrupted, partly through the effeminacy of the times, but chiefly by unskilfull Authors; for, the French are so obscene, that *Aretines* pictures may be represented without any offence; beside their loose and apish gestures render them very ridiculous, and the permission of women, personally to act, doth very much enervate the Auditory, and teacheth lust, while they would but feigne it. The Spanish scene is much of it Legend, or some fictions upon Hereticks, and as they did render their persons and visages to be most horrid, odious, and inhumane, to the People of their Countrie, so they never bring any of these sects upon the stage, but they have a Hell, furies, and strange torments provided for them. But it fell out once, that at the representation of such a *Tragi-Comædy* before some strangers, not Roman Catholicks, the Judicatory of Cardinals, Fryars and Jesuites, (who were to condeme the Heretick party to *Tophet*) being very burthensome, broke the judgement seat, and fell all into Hell before they had arraign'd the schismaticks, as they call them, which caus'd such a laughter amongst the Gentlemen of the contrary opinion, that their mirth prov'd almost matter for the Inquisition; nor are the incongruities and absurdities of our owne stage any lesse or more excusable, it being a long time us'd to historicall arguments, which could not be dispatched but by *Chorus*, or the descending of some god, or a Magitian: As in the playes of *Bungy*, *Bacon*, and *Vandarmast*, the three great Negromancers, Dr *Faustus*, *Chinon* of *England*, and the like. Every act being supported by some long narrative, which was the Apology for the solœcisticall appearances of children, become men in an instant, within the space of two musicks, infants, and great Commanders: and sometimes without any regard to the credit of their Historics) as in the play of *Adam* and *Eve*) the good grandam is brought in with two or three waiting maides attending her, and in Paradise too, when there were but two in all the world. So at *Madrid* in the divine Comædies; Saint *Iohn* the *Baptist* is presented with a Crosse triumphant in his hand, before his Masters passion, many a yeare. And in the Tragædy of *Babel*, an interpreter of the severall confusions of tongues, when one man could not tell what another said. And so in their shewes of the lives of Saints, St *Francis* is brought in pulling the Devill by the nose, which was the miracle of St *Dunstans* tongs; and the Lady *Mary* is robb'd of many of her owne actions, which now are celebrated for the *Lady* of *Lorettos*, St *Winn*, St *Bridget*, and the Virgin Martyr.

All which inconvenicenes might be redressed, if there were some understanding, and discreet person ordain'd at Court.] An *Inigo Iones* for scenes, and a *Ben Iohnson* for Playes, would have wrought great cures upon the stage, and it was so well reform'd in *England*, and growne to that height of Language, and gravity of stile, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, compasse of time, and fulnesse of wit, that it was not any where to be equall'd; nor are the contrivers asham'd to permit their playes (as they were acted) to

the

the publick censure, where they stand firme, and are read with as much satisfaction, as when presented on the stage, they were with applause and honour. Indeed their names now may very wel be chang'd & call'd the works not Playes of *Iohnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cartwright*, and the rest, which are survivers of the stage; that having faln, not into Court-Reformers, but more severe correctors, who knowing not how to amend or repaire, have pluckt all downe, and left themselves the only spectacle of their times.

Have you not had a desire to doe that which cannot be done?] *Sancho* is turn'd Pisse-Prophet, and will prove his Master not Inchanted by his Urine, not from the colour, but emission; and no doubt he was as skilful in the other excrement, but his argument doth not hold as to madnesse and incantations, in which the naturall operations doe not cease, but the rationall and voluntary; as may appeare by the scents of Bedlam, and the receptacles of distracted people; whither I referre the unsatisfied in this point. Ingestions and egestions, more or lesse, are common to all people, and as for the *Don*, it was impossible but he must have had many motions, (before the starting of this question) by reason of the continuall joggings of the Cart, which is very provoking, both to Urine and siege, and happily *Sancho* following close to the Cage, must smell out the condition his master was in, and therefore cunningly puts the question in the *Dieuretical* instance, which was not so evident, and so bewraies all the whole businesse. And though hence he cannot enfeeble the *Don's* reason for his Inchantment, yet he doth absolutely conclude, that he is in a wofull pickle, and it necessarily followed, that the Cage must be undone, or the *Don*.

CHAP. XXII.

Iust as imprison'd windes, when once broke forth,
One against the other raiseth, East, West, North,
And dripping South: So doth the Don *let loose*
His prisoners, which too long had been kept close.
The whistling, ratling thundring and bombizing,
All at intestine wars, in one Horizon;
(Which vext the Knight unto the guts) till set
At liberty, they poyson all they met.
Another purge the Canon administers,
Hoping by reason, and his learned clysters
To bring those vapours from his head; but reason
Against Romances still was out of season.
'To burne his Library *it was in vaine,*
'Or carry him to the Mancha *back againe,*
'Unlesse you first took out, and wash'd his braine,
'In this pat time, now th' moon and he's i'th' waine.

Text

TEXT.

BUT *those that have a desire to eat meat when they can get it, and drinke when it is given them, &c.*] Besides the present necessities the *Don* lay under, (which by the often drawing in of his breath, twisting his legs, and more ill favour'd faces then ordinary, gave *Sancho*, to perceive his condition very *micturient*, and *cacaturient*.) He glances at the common wants of the *erratick* function, which was extreame want of necessaries, unto which the Knights were so accustomed and habituated, that one famine would hardly famish them; (they being most dangerous fellows at a siege, and able to hold out without the ordinary meanes of sustentation) yet as appeares in the Text, not men so obstinate and refractory, that they despised or refused the helps of Nature, and supplies of their preservation, but they were hardy, patient of hunger and thirst, not troubled with *canine* appetites, or the woolfe in their stomacks, having no set-meales, nor belly-clock, but eating, and drinking as often as provisions presented themselves, so that dyet was a casuall thing, and an accessory to their lives, who were bred in *Parthian* education, and had nothing until they could catch it: So that Incantation could not properly be applyed unto them, but a discommuning, and frequent interdiction of the creature.

For if they did not free him, or got further off, he protested that he could not forbear to offend their noses.] Faire warning, *Guarda voauz*. He summons their olfactive forces before he will storme, and desires them to an honourable surrender, rather then to stand the hazard of so desperate a charge. His amunition and artillery was ready, Colon mounted, and infinite of small shot provided for execution; which through any of the breaches in the Cage, would fall foule amongst them. Hostages taken, conditions agreed, the *Don* is disincaged.

The first thing he did, he went toward Rosinante, *and twice or thrice striking him on the Buttocks, he said,*]

Although my inward pangs, and deadly gut-croaks,
Sollicite the disrobing of my buttocks;
I cannot passe by these (O beast reputed
Above Bucephalus) *flanks unsaluted.*
Idæa *of all horses,* Modell *of coursers.*
(*Pray Heaven I ne'r am forc'd to stride a worse!*)
Nor Cyllarus *his* starre, *nor in the Main*
Of Charles, *or* Sunne, *is such a horse again.*
Nor Perseus *horse, which people say is flying,*
Flies like to this, (if any dangers nigh him.)
Nor any horse under so sure command,
As Rosinante, *for a constant stand.*
Squire let him loose, or leave him to the Carter,
And help t'untrusse, I'm sure he is no starver.
Whom if I once bestride againe, I'll on,
Though I come off like sunne-burnt Phaeton.

He

He ſaid gentleman, is it poſſible, that the idle and unſavory Lecture of books of Knight-hood hath ſo much diſtracted your wit, as thus to believe.] It is not *Don Quixot's* luck alone, to pinne a belief on the credit and authority of other men; for ſhould he have preſently replyed, upon what grounds or proofe, doe you Mr *Canon* juſtifie the numerous fardle of your *Legends*, and the ſtrange miracles done in them; when you are not certeine, that ever ſuch perſons were in the world? nor are there any witneſſes of the wonders ſaid to be performed by them? you fly to an *Implicite faith* in the Church, or authors of them, nor would you willingly have their auditors or converts queſtion the truth of thoſe (otherwiſe ſuſpected ſtories) which you have made your ſelves firſt believe, and then your diſciples; the Catalogue of the ſaints, farre exceeding the *Ephemerides* of *Knight-Errants*, and their actions are as far incredible, as any of *Amideſes* of *Gaul*, or *Greece*, beſide the infinite number of reliques, Baptiſts-heads, pieces of the Croſſe, and nailes, to ſuſteine which, not *Joſeph of Airmathæa*, nor *Atlas* ſhoulders are ſufficient: As for the Croſſe, it is believ'd to be but one piece of timber, (nor would the Jewes, who did all in diſgrace of the *bleſſed Patient*) make it of the beſt wood; and yet you ſhall find many crucibles, (which we conſide were ſnattocks of that very Croſſe) to be of Cedar ſome, ſome of Juniper, ſome of Cypreſſe, ſome of *Lignum vitæ*, the type being *Lignum mortis*. And whereas the nailes were but foure or five, which were firſt canonized, *Hanibal* had not more rings at the battell of *Cannæ*, then we can ſhew nailes of all ſorts and ſizes, and ſo many Napkins, that it will require a ſociety of Linnen-drapers to furniſh us with the Napery: I deſire but faire play, that the Authors of my books, may be believed to be the Authors of what they wrote, as well as yours; which granted, can you imagine that men of their name and antiquity, would ſpend ſo much time and ſtudy, in compoſing lyes and putting cheats upon the readers. You, when all's done, can palliat your obtruſions upon the people, with a *Piæ fraudes*, or *Apocryphæ fabulæ*, which though they are not fundamentall truths, yet they are *inſervient*, *morall*, and *ſignificative* helps to the end you aime at, and all is ſalv'd.

See what wit is there in the world, that can induce another to believe, that the Hiſtory of Guy of Burgundy, *and the* Princeſſe of Florence *was not true.*] No doubt as true every tittle, as that of *Guy* of *Warwick* and the Boare, and the great defeats of the Gyant *Colybrand*, whoſe ſtatues are in braſſe, caſt in *Swethland*, and the cuts of them this day to be ſeen in the books; ſo likewiſe men may, if they be diſpos'd to be merry, ſeem to diſcredit the ſtories of *Bevis* of *Southampton*, *John a-Green*, and *Robin Hood*; but that the Cities wherein theſe men ſometimes were famous in their Hals, and publike meeting places, in painted cloth or frames, preſent the lively Hiſtories ſtill unto poſterity, and the ſignes of *St George*, in every Towne, almoſt of *England*, convinces all men of the certainty of ſuch a perſon, and his famous acts, and ſince the defeat of that ſtrange Dragon, which was then pregnant, and ſo was ſlaine, her and her iſſue, there hath not a Dragon been heard of in the Country; as there are no ſpiders in *Ireland*, ever ſince *St Patrick* caught a Spider upon his face, and anathematiz'd them all into *England*, which furniſht the whole Land with Cobweb-Lawn, untill this day. Nor are the works of *Iaques of Spaine* leſſe credited, who by his

holy life and prayer effected, that the universall Monarchy should be in times to come, setled in the *Austrian family*, about the dayes, when the *Indians* should be converted to their Religion, and a protuberancy of the lip should be the certeine signe of the true heir to the Crowne; that Oranges, Lemmons, and *Malaga* Reisins, should breed as good blood, as Beefe, Veale or Mutton, and that the *Knight-Errants* of *Iberia*, should be fortified to live without meat or sawce for many dayes. It may as well be denyed, that *Duke D' Alvas* face is not to be seen on Jugge-pots in *Holland*, or Father *Garnets* in straw in *England*, or Monsieur *D' Ancres* privities in all Tavernes in *France*; whosoever shall goe about to overthrow the verity of these books of Errantry, will find himselfe an endlesse piece of labour, they having so many champions to defend them; the world swarms with men of this profession, who under the notion of relieving the oppressed, advance themselves highly in their times. Pitty it is, that Chronologers have taken no more notice of them, which is the chiefe cause, that we can but guesse, and that uncerteinly too, in what age these heroicall spirits ever flourished. *Plutarch's* lives, *Lucians* Fables, *Valerius*, *Commines*, *Fox*, *Stow*, *Hollingshead*, would be of no account, and scarce bought, if some good Antiquary would but yet make it his businesse, (and it would be worke enough) to derive the History of these gallant men, from the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, unto the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd* Face.

CHAP. XXIII.

As we prove Ballads true, Don *takes the hint*,
And justifies Romances, *'cause in print.*
If it be licenc'd it is true, *although*
A book may lie cum Privilegio.
'Tis a lye licenc'd, *and made fit for sale*,
And Caveat Emptor *fastned to the tale.*
Were't not for this, *the* Knights *of errant worth*,
(*As* Don *i'th' Cage*) *could never have got forth.*
The Knight o'th' Sun, *had found eternall night*,
But that an Imprimatur *gave him light*;
And Captaine Jones *in all his dreadfull dresse*,
Had ne'r been known i'th' crowd, *but for the* Presse.
Wherefore no Knights (*unlesse against their wils*)
Ever adventur'd on the Paper Mils:
Of other Mils indeed our Don *makes brags*,
But counts that Sacred *which doth grind the rags.*

TEXT.

THat were a jest indeed, that bookes which are printed with the King's Licence, and approbation of those, &c.] This is the very life of all books, priviledge, and their *Licence*, it is their guard and security from the mouths of scandalous invectors, who would conclude most things for untruths, but that this warrant doth defend them: What other

other buckler have the many controverſies, difference of opinions, then the *Broad Seals* to ſhelter themſelves, or rather lye under? what authority or reaſon, for the multitude of authors now abroad, but that they are printed? and like children expos'd, are ſent forth to ſeek their fortune with a good frontiſpiece, (like the Grecians Table) to get favour, beliefe or mony, which is better then both.

Sir *John* of famous memory; not he of the *Boares-Head in Eaſtcheap*, deſir'd but a *broad Seale*, or *Letters Patent*, for to raiſe a ſhilling of every one, that could give no reaſon why he ſhould refuſe; but in caſe there were any that ſhould deny him, (as there are ſome coſtive, and obſtinate natures, that will not part with their mony without very good cauſe why) he deſir'd leave to ſummon thoſe up to *London*, to diſpute the caſe, which rather then they would be at trouble of, 'twas twenty to one, but the mony would be paid. Such efficacy have thoſe inſtruments, that I have heard of a *Reverſioner*, that kill'd the preſent incumbent, with the opening of his Box; as if it had been *Pandoras*, out of which diſeaſes iſſued.

What greater pleaſure can there be, then to behold as one would ſay, even here before our eyes, &c.] A Topick, *à jucunditate*, or rather *jocunditate objecti*. Whereas all things are deſirable for ſome great profit, or delight conceived, or abſolutely in them; none hath more then this dream of *Knight-Errantry*: Which though it introduces you into lakes with Serpents, yet it never leaves you without the *Lady* of the *Lake*. If it brings you into Forreſts, deſerts, and almoſt inacceſſible places, there will an *Ariadne*, ſome diſconſolate Fairy or other appeare, (as if you had come by her owne clue thither) to be your ſolacer, and ſhe-comforter; as you ſee by experience in the *Don*, who though inchanted in his Cage, out of which, there was no poſſibility of getting, but by the power of a higher excantation, yet at the requeſt of Madam *Cloacina*, who never fail'd him in his neceſſities, he is let looſe.

I dare affirm of my ſelfe, that ſince I became a Knight-Errant, *I am valiant, courteous, liberall, &c.*] This proofe a *Teſte ſeipſo*, is not ſo current as the other, for it was bottom'd upon his owne daring to ſay it, and 'tis knowne he durſt doe much: But the attributes with ſome qualifications might be very well uſurped by him; as that he was valiant, *ferendo*, which *paſſive* fortitude is moſt *erratick*; liberall, *promittendo*; courteous, *recipiendo*, denying nothing that was given him; generous, but not *generoſus*, and that in *genere*, not in *ſpecie*; gentle, and moſt of all, ſince his keeping in the Cage; bold, for there he adventur'd to tempt his *Baſes*; mild, or rather mellow, and ſoft, or pappy; patient (*per-force* as they ſay) an indurer of labours, Impriſonments, and Inchantment, *revera* and *plerunque*: And as of old *Julius Cæſar* got *Gallia*, *dando*, *accipiendo*, *ignoſcendo*: So *Don Quixot*, by giving nothing, forgiving any thing, and taking every thing, would in good time, (if he were capable of it) make *Sancho Pancha* Earle of *Terra incognita*.

I underſtand not thoſe Philoſophers, quoth Sancho; *but this I know well, that I would I had as ſpeedily the Earledome, as I could tell how to governe it.*] About a ſeaſon both; though no doubt if he would have applyed his mind to thoſe abandon'd Philoſophers, he might ſooner have learn'd how to governe, then his Lord got the government for him. The frame of his body much agreeing with ſitting and ſleeping in Judicature, and that mind, that was

able to informe that body would take informations at leisure. The power and the reward was the thing *Sancho* look'd for. The abilities and execution you might goe look. The place should qualifie the man; it was hard to judge by outsides: *Æsop* was an ugly fellow, but very witty, and seldome any naturall defects, but there were great supplies of inward faculties. *Galba* was very bald on the head, but it was well lin'd within. *Cicero* had a wenne on his nose, but yet smelt out *Catilin's* conspiracy; *Cæsar* had none and could not discover that against himselfe; *Vitellius* had a great Paunch, yet was an Emperor, and became the chaire of State, better then spruce *Otho*. Who then looking upon *Sancho*, but would say, there was enough in him?

Then did the Goat-herd *arrive, and laying hold of her, said unto her; O you wanton Ape, you spotted elfe.*] It was very strange, that the *Don* upon these words, was not incited to a rescue, and supposing the speckled Goat to be a beauty-speckt Lady inchanted, instantly had not started to his Arms: Upon lesse provocation, he assaulted the flock of sheep. How easily might the odour and graine of the creature have been mistook for hers of *Toboso*, surely the Knight was dull after dinner, or else this could not have produc'd lesse then an adventure, but especially, when in his passionate rebuke, the Goat-herd proceeds to taunt her, with *how can it be other, then that you are a female; and therefore can never be quiet; turne back love, turne back.* Could the defender of the sex heare this, and not be unmov'd? Of all the quarrels he undertook, there was not so much ground for one, as here; besides, had there been no other reason, but that it was a Goat-Errant, by his order he was to succour her, and have said to her bold pursuer; Inchanted Lady, (for by this miscreants words, I guesse you to be such) unfold the cause of this your flight, and change. I am not ignorant of the like mutation in your sexe, some being turn'd into Trees, some into Spiders, some into Birds, some into Beasts, some into Streames. I my selfe but lately was inchanted, and I know not how soon returnable unto that condition. Speak quickly, while my Knightly capacity lasts, that I may restore your haires into the silken robes you use to weare; your goodly beard into your fanne; your spots into curious specks; your stately hornes into the Persian *Tiara*; or the knots wherein you twist your delicate haire; all which shall be effected, if I may have but one word from you, to shew your desire to be relieved by my hand. How this fancy scap'd him, is almost a miracle, and but that his wooden studdy infus'd no glorious freaks into him, it had been impossible.

I accept mine, quoth Sancho, *for I will goe with this Pastie.*] It is no time of adventuring, but preparing for adventures I perceive: *Knight-Errants* and their Squires, like Ships, must be victuall'd, and *Sancho* was providing for a long voyage. The Cloak-bag in his belly, was of more capacity then that on his Ass; a corner of which, the whole Pye would not well fill. While the *Don* is held by the eare, the Squire will be held by the teeth; Mutton is preferr'd with him before Goat, and one single sheep intrench'd and fortified in good crust-work, was a more considerable adventure to him, then sharing the whole flock.

Sancho *for government it will suffice,*
Eat Py-crust stoutly, and thou must be wise.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Goat-herd, *having laid his Goat from skipping,*
Under that Embleme tels of maidens tripping:
And would insinuate into our brests,
That there are farre more women-straies, then Beasts.
If the toy take them, like the speckled Goat,
They care not for the spoile of petticoat:
O'r hils, o'r dales, will fond Leandra *run,*
Vincent *o'th'* Rose *her heart from all hath won.*
But the false Souldier lov'd not her, but gold,
And plander'd all, but what was fast toth' hold.
'Vincenti Dabitur, *his* Motto *be,*
'*The Souldiers leavings be assign'd to me.*
But a væ victis *le* Leandras *fee;*
List then, while I invoke a muse to cheare us,
With Story of Leandra *and her* Heros.

TEXT.

Here is a village.]

There was (say I) a Countrey Village,
Where liv'd a damzell that did pillage
Beauty and hearts; but shee was dainty;
And did affect not one in twenty.
Who could forbeare to like and love her?
Shee was as plumpe as any *Plover*;
But if that expression's homely,
Take another, shee was comely.
And which gave the whole Town the Itch,
(Of love I mean) both faire and rich.
Anselmo and *Eugenio* (two
Such curious youths no Village knew)
Were smitten both, and they were neighbours
Children to boot, but lost their labours.
Yea though they made their meek addresses
Unto her father (which God blesses)
(Though many sutors have no care on't,
But take a buttock for a warrant)
They did not speed, the worke was green,
(In yeares I meane) but just sixteen;
And why shee lik'd not, you may gather,
They woo'd not her first, but her father:
So by their simple pious fooling,
Both Rivals love-sutes lay a cooling.
At last from *Italy* there comes,
A youth bred up, 'mongst Fifes and Drums;

The ſonne of one, did dayly labour,
But he as proud as *Bethlem Gabor*,
In Buffe and Scarfs, full richly clad;
(Good cloths indeed, wher e'r th' were had.)
But richer farre in horrid ſtories
Of his owne actions, and vaine glories.
And yet for all his prate and ſhewes,
He was poor *Vincent's* ſonne o'th' *Roſe*.
A thouſand ſtories he did tell,
Surpaſſing Sir *John Mandevill*.
Vincent his name was, (and you know, men
From ſuch a name may take an *Omen*)
But he was *Vincent* of the *Roſe*,
And under that lies to purpoſe.
To Market when he came, the people
Rung out the greateſt bell i'th' Steeple:
So that they flockt unto this *Hector*,
To heare his tales, as to a Lecture.
Amongſt the reſt of lowly ranck,
Leandra ſpied this Mountebanck;
Who to his quacking brought a Gitterne,
(As muſicall as any *Bitterne*.)
Of every thing he had a Poem,
And 'mongſt his Auditors would throw 'em.
Leandra, not ſo wiſe as faire,
Was taken with this pedlars ware:
His fabulous ſtories ſhe adores,
As *Deſdemona* did the *Moors*;
And all his dangers counterfeit
(Poor fool,) as true, ſhee did conceit.
His broken pate with pots and glaſſes
She takes for honoured wounds and ſlaſhes;
And for a bullet (ſtrangely ſhot)
The ugly *Squinzy* in his throat.
His pit-hole face with the ſmall pox,
The dents of *Mars* his powder box.
He need not feign; her love found out,
Enough to cozen her no doubt.
And now (as if the Divell would have it,)
He askt her will, ſhee forthwith gave it.
Fathers conſent ſhee ſtai'd not for,
Surrender is for man of warre.
Now all the plot and chiefe contrivance,
Was how to get his ſpouſed wife hence.
What ever ſhee could wrap or wring
Into her night-bag ſhee did fling;
A horſe ſhee ſtole too from the ſtables,
To carry her to famous *Npalos*;

Long

Long time before that, *Mas Anello*
From fisher man was a brave fellow.
But now her *Vincent of the Rose*
Prov'd not so fragrant in the close;
For to a Cave he brought the damzell,
Pretending there to rest her hams well:
But the entertainment farre and wide is,
Of *Dido*, and her *Anchisides*.
For here the storme was in the Cave,
Tempests of oaths the Villaine gave;
And charg'd *Leandra* to unstrip her,
(The Virgin fear'd that he would whip her)
But he whipt nothing but her cloaths;
Shee charg'd him by his vowes and oaths;
Nothing would move *Vincent o'th' Rock*,
But leaves *Leandra* in her smock,
Without a light or any fewell,
Despoyl'd of all but her best Jewell.
But chastity we know of old
(And without cloths is wondrous cold.
At last shee heard a noyse of hoopers,
And peeping out shee finds them Troopers:
Then did shee cry, thumping her brest,
Now *Vincent's* serv'd, they'l have the rest;
A thousand feares did then surprize her,
Shee wishes now shee had been wiser:
But strait her feares and troubles vanish,
Shee knew the Troopers to be Spanish;
And one amongst them was old *Iaquez*,
Who us'd to carry her to the Cake-house:
Iaquez shee ery'd, come help thy mistresse,
And rid me out of this same distresse.
Iaquez at first was main affrighted,
But suddenly the Swaine alighted.
And kneeling said, my pretty *Donna*,
How is't you have no garments on-a?
It is the mode of Spanish Ladies
To goe in smocks o' nights, not a-dayes;
Now since I see you shrewdly lack it,
I pray invest you in my Jacket;
Which would be warmer I believe,
If there were to it e'r a sleeve.
But since we cann't help that disaster,
Get up behind, I'll ride the faster:
Without a Pillion or a Crupper,
To jolt it thus behind a Trooper,
Did very much *Leandra* trouble,
Nor had shee ought for to lay double;

So that shee wept as shee did ride,
And wisht shee could have sate a-stride:
But *Jaques* spurr'd and spurr'd, and switch'd,
Ride softlier *Jaques* shee beseech'd;
But *Iaques* stints not, till he brought her
Unto his Master, who then sought her.
And having got good wives about her,
In better fashion they did clout her;
And lest the rumor farre should runne,
Shee presently became a Nunne;
And since shee could not married be,
Vow'd untill death, virginity.
VVhich, whether *Vincent of the Rose*
Had, or had not, yet no man knowes:
Anselmo and *Eugenio*,
Having lost her, lost themselves too.
And being *Venus* famous dotards,
One turn'd Shepheard, t'other Goat-heard.
Comparing women in their notes,
To wandring Sheep, and capering Goates;
VVhilest they are even with the fools,
And laugh at them that love by rules.

CHAP. XXV.

A simple Goat-heard will Leandra *bury*
By's unbeliefe in a cold Monastery.
Here was her Heros; *here the* Hercules,
Confide in Don, *down goe the Nunneries:*
But he distrusting in our ill fac'd Ops,
Is mulcted for his doubting in the chops
With a good loafe; to gather up the arms
Came Sancho *up tro, or revenge* Don's *harmes?*
But come he did, and did most highly ruffle,
which made the businesse but a Table-scuffle;
From which the Don *retreated, when a Trumpet*
Call'd him to true incounter, and to some feat
Of desperate valour; what could bound his fancy;
Who will adventure, though he cann't a man see?
At last appears the blessed virgins statue:
A raviſh'd Lady sweares the Don, *have at you.*
O how he flies about, and hacks and slices
The poor white Fryars, *and their clean sur-plices!*
They sang aloud, good Lord de-liver us,
And suffer not this Don *to sliver us.*

Let downe the Captive, (quoth the Don*) don't dare us,*
Nor thinke I'll ſpare yee, for your good Lord *ſpare us:*
But the great Lady would not ſee this wrong,
And ſhee reveng'd th' affronter with a prong;
which on his heaving ſhoulder fell full ſore,
And from his horſe, threw Quixot *o'r and o'r.*
Loe where the man of Knights profeſſion
Lies ſtoun'd by th' adventured of Proceſſion;
Who if he riſe againe, to beat any,
Will never charge for this the Letany.

TEXT.

Certes (friend Goatherd) if I were at this time able to undertake any adventure.] Being under Inchantment, otherwiſe there's no time, when a *Knight-Errant* is not *offenſive*, and *defenſive*; that is, either beating or beaten. It is too much a conſcience to be at once, at war with men and Devils: Necromancers, Sorcerers, Witches, VVizards, and the like, being of the traine band of Hell and black guards of *Pluto*, were no ſmall enemies of the *Don's*. No man I think, of that valiant, honourable, but deſperate profeſſion was ever ofter or longer, under captivity of the *Diabolicall* forces: and although ſome wiſer then others, would laugh the opinion out of the world, and maintaine that there are no VVitches nor withcrafts, Inchanters, nor inchantments, ſpirits or familiars, againſt the received ſentences of Tribunals, the confeſſions of divers condemned perſons, the viſible teats and nipples, whereat the young *Incubi* and *Succubæ*, were conſtantly fed: The ſtrange creatures that like Squirrels, Rats, VVeezles, VVhippets, Hares, Mice, Polecats, and innumerable other vermine, haunt and frequent ſuch people, alſo their owne ſeverall tranſmutations into the ſhapes of Horſes, Deer, Hares, (in which ſhapes they have been rid, many hundred, of more then errantick miles) hunted, and ſometimes ſuffer'd; yet they find Patrons to defend the impoſſibility of ſuch operations, contracts, or *Diabolicall* diſguiſes, when they cannot deny, but the firſt practice upon humane nature was by the *Devill in Serpente*, uſing the inſtruments of that ſubtle creature, to form a language and diſcourſe, whereby he deluded the moſt perfect of her generation, and hath ſo intail'd that victory upon both ſexes, but eſpecially on that, that in the miſhaps and claps of women, nothing is more frequent, then to intitle the Devill to his owne work, and to devolve the buſineſſe (if not totally, yet principally) from themſelves, when by way of evaſion, they ſay, ſurely I was bewitch'd, or the Devill was in me, or I was not my ſelfe, in my right mind, that is, inchanted, as the *Don* was in the Text, from whom action was as inſeparable as the noſe from his face, (for I cannot ſay the eare from his head (but during this deadly charms efficacy.

Thou art a great villain ſaid Don Quixot, *and thou, &c.* The Inchantment doth a little abate, and his knightly ſpirits returne in ſuch abundance, that he makes a weapon of a loafe, which was us'd to refreſh them, and not

to be cast (as here) in any teeth but his owne.

If Sancho Pancha *had not arriv'd at the instant.*] *Sancho* had been *Fluellin* in this scuffle, (the pillage of such battels, alwaies belonging to him) if the eminent danger of his masters throat, had not prov'd an utter enemy to his own. If the Goatherd had not almost throtled his master, *Sancho* had in a short time choak'd himselfe with the ingurgitated reliques and orts of the Canons provision. But it is a *Lapithæan* feast, where there was more meat then manners, more stomack then feeding; not like *Tantalus* his fare, was this at the Table, flying from their lips, but flying at them, and in such flocks, that there was more meat for their mouths, then mouths for their meat, *non offendimur ambulante cœnâ*, Is understood, when one dish dances round the table, but this was all a running banquet, as if they had been serv'd in plates of quicksilver. No dish nor cup stood still, but only while 'twas kiss'd, and the salutations so pestilent and close, that they drew blood at billing: Insomuch, that though the meat was well drest, the guests were all raw, and blood runne about their mouths, as if they had been *Cannibals*, and fed upon one another.

In conclusion they heard the sound of a Trumpet.] What at other times animates to fight, did here dissolve the fray: The noble sound of that Warlike instrument, recall'd shame into the combatants, who full of fleshwounds, cross'd the cudgels the right way, and fell to picking quarrels with their teeth, their bellies being the only sufferers, and not easily after so great a spoyle, to be satisfied; But as the *Fool thinketh, so the bell tinketh.* The *Don* conceits this Trumpet sounds for his assistance; the Lady *Micomiconas* Trumpet upon his life, who having join'd battell with *Pandafiland* her mortall foe, sent this summons for the restorer of her Kingdome; or else *Dulcineas* Trumpet at her dinner of Beanes, and gray Pease; or else Fames Trumpet, to blow him honourably home after his many victories. But it was not so, nor so, nor so. But a Trumpet it was, and a Ladies Trumpet too; but at this time, it blew no good to the *Don*; it was a solemn Church Trumpet, sounding dolefully before an armory of Prayers and teares, to remove a great drought from the Land, but it prov'd *Quixot's day of judgement-Trumpet*, after the dismall sounds, whereof he was carried to the *Mancha* to his old woman, which was as bad as Hell and furies to him.

Sancho *saying, whither doe you goe Sr* Don Quixot? *what Devils doe you beare in your brest, that you runne thus against the Catholick faith?*] *Contra* Romanam Catholicam *fidem* you should say *Sancho*, for *Don Quixot* and your selfe both, by your stomacks *Lutherans*, (but by your provisions, *Carthusians*, or *Cappucines*) might very well be against Images, and yet maintaine the Catholike Faith without mutilation of the second Commandement, or breaking one into two.

But Sancho *labour'd all in vaine.*] The whole *Councill of Trent* could not have perswaded the *Don* from the attempt, who at this instant, fiercer then the Councill of *Dort*, fear'd no *Anathemas*, *Buls*, nor *Beares*. This action (had it been in late dayes) would have new dubb'd him, *Knight of the reformation*, and from the successe of this adventure, as great an harvest of conversion might have been expected, as was from the fall of *Mahomets Tombe* amongst the Jews and Infidels; which Tombe hath stood on the ground at *Mecha*, ever since the imbalming of that impostor, although it is a piece of

Alchoran

Alchoran faith, that he in an Iron Cheſt, hangs in the aire, ſupported by the equall attraction of two loadſtones.

He aſſaulted the Image-Carriers, one whereof leaving the charge of the burthen, encountred the Knight with a wooden forke, &c.] This fellow ſtood not for an Image it ſeems: His faith was prov'd by his workes; for he was reſolv'd to try which was the greater Pageant, that which they carried, or he which *Roſinant*. O the unfortunateneſſe of this adventure! Pitchforke prevails againſt Sword, and Porter againſt Knight. The *Don* by one unhappy blow is depriv'd of the uſe of his ſhoulder, a judgement (no doubt *in ſpecie*) puniſhing that part, which firſt did lift it ſelfe againſt the Idoll. *Nec enim lex juſtior ulla eſt, &c.*

Then might they heare Sancho *bewailing him with tears in his eyes, in this manner. O flower of Chivalry!*]

O yee Knight-Errants *paſt, and thoſe to come,*
Weep yee before you'r born, you from the tombe:
This day was ſlaine in homely faſhion,
Their envy, and your Imitation.
Whom they ne'r liv'd to ſee, you ne'r will ſee,
Unleſſe it be in this ſad Elegie;
Wherefore we'l leave him in a Character,
For in effigie, *'twill be fowler farre.*
The Knight that Lady lov'd, and ne'r enjoy'd,
That fought with any thing, but ne'r deſtroy'd.
That eat but little, leſſe then little paid,
That frighted every one, of all afraid.
That had a faithfull Squire, that had an Aſſe,
That had an Iland had but for this paſſe.
That Knight ſtretcht out, lyes to be ſeen at length,
That beſtrid Roſinant, *that Horſe of ſtrength,*
That is the Knight, that muſt be the example,
That the prime horſe, that with Knight-Errants *vamp will.*
That Squire *that weeps, is he that is content*
(*That* Iland *loſt*) *to live o'th' continent,*

Don Quixot *was call'd againe to himſelfe with* Sancho's *out-cries.*] It had been worth *Sancho's* queſtion; and none indeed deſerv'd the anſwer to it but *Sancho*; whether in this deliquium and trance, his ſoule was tranſported? What more eminent place in *Elyſium* was prepared for *Knight-Errants*, then of any other order? And whether he did ſee thoſe many Hero's, whoſe Hiſtories incited him to this profeſſion, advanced according to the merits of their undertakings in the other world? What habits *Amadis du Gaul*, and the other *Amadis of Greece* wore? Or whether there were any inveſtitures at all, till the compleat number of *Knight-Errants* were accompliſhed in his departure? Or were there any more to follow? But *Sancho* was over-joy'd at the ſight of his revoked Lord, and forgot to move the queſtion. And the *Don* (as all recoveries and victories, are imputed to the ſoveraigne aſpects of their Ladies, ſo their defeats and croſſes to their averſions, or ſome obnoxious interpoſitions) *Knight-Errant* like gave the maxime of his ſufferings, to be the abſence and long diſtance be-

twixt the *Toboſian* Lady, and his perſon, unto whom now, as to an Antidote, as faſt as Cart can goe, he will haſten.

Sancho, *replied* Don Quixot, *thou ſpeakeſt reaſonably, and it will be great wiſdome, to let paſſe the croſſe aſpects of thoſe Planets that raigne at this preſent.*]

Knight-Errantry doth not ingage the order of them againſt the Stars, if they be *Planet*-ſtruck once, they never returne a blow; 'tis wiſdome then, not valour muſt manage the buſineſſe.

Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.

And certeinly, if ever Knights were borne under malignant Planets, ours was. *Venus* was croſſe legg'd; *Mars* retrograde; *Sol* in *nubibus*; *Iupiter* excentrick; *Saturne* ſullen; *Luna* and *Mercury* only conſpir'd to aſſiſt him home againe; She, becauſe he was her companion much on nights, the other for his unwearied Errantry on dayes: Inſomuch, that if the number ever be augmented amongſt them, he is in election to make the eight Planet: What influence the *ſeptentriones* had upon him at preſent, is to be eaſily gueſs'd, for he is upon his ſecond hoyſt into the Cart, and but that the *Don* was provided, there was an *Auriga* for him too.

There the Wain-man yoked his Oxen, and accommodated the Knight on a bottle of Hay.] *Graſſe and Hay, we are all mortall*, the greateſt men muſt dye like beaſts, though the *Don* expires with what a beaſt would live. *Roſinant* only envyed him this cuſhion, who for the preſent, wiſh'd to change places with him. Thus you ſee the ſad concluſion of this famous Knight, who indeed deſerv'd a more *Sella Curulis*; but his vaſt knowledge in the miſcarriages of his predeceſſors, made him ſlight theſe preſent indignities: For when he conſidered *Marius* in a Lake, (as good a place as *Tom Turds* field) *Orlando* in Bedlam, *Amadis du Gaul* in a Dungeon, and he of *Greece* in *ſhackles*; the Valiant *Gataor* forc'd to runne the Gauntlet, the *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle* in *Cornelius* Tub, and moſt of their Squires like *Sancho*, indeed at the Carts taile, but not like *Sancho* with his ſhirt on, he play'd a little with the hay he ſate upon, (the emblem of humane frailty) and after that (as if he eat it chopt) he ſaid nothing but this,

Non ſum majoribus impar.

Which ſome thought, he ſpoke, alluding to *Bajazet*, who was in this manner carried about by the inſulting *Tamerlane*. Others thought that he call'd to mind, his *Manchegall* predeceſſors, who were Plow-men, and not diſdaining the contemplation of his originals, reſolv'd to beginne that world againe, and invert the Poem to *Virgils* Æneids;

Ille ego qui quondam Mavortis, *terror in armis,*
Ad patriam redeo, ut parerent arva Colono.

Tranſlated thus.

Since our deſign for Errantry is broke,
I'll ſtill ſubdue, though Oxen under yoak:
Nor ſhall this Cage my vaſt ambition bound,
I'll fall to plough, and ſo I'll tear the ground.

Sancho Panca's *wife, as ſoon as ever ſhee ſaw her husband, askt whether the Aſſe were in health or no? &c.*] The queſtion ſerving for both man and Maſter; *Sancho* replyed to its double ſence, and ſaith, the *Animall* was in the better condition of the two. *Sancho*'s eares were faln, and this diſhonourable

returne,

returne, crosse to all his hopes, made him asham'd to see his wife, as he might well, who expected the title of a Queen at least; but she is but *Ione Pancha* still: 'Twas well (since it could be no better) quoth *Ione*, that he brought the Asse with him, and the fool that rode him; this night they will have an incounter, and for more.

But of his end he could find nothing, if good fortune had not offer'd to his view, an old Physitian, who had in his custody a leaden box, &c.] Who this old Physitian should be, is very hard to conjecture, for he was a great Antiquary beside, as will appeare by his delight in these monuments, and rare reliques of the *Don*; Unlesse it should be *Iohn Dellues*, I know not whom he meanes: For *Iohn* having liv'd famous throughout all *Spaine* for mighty cures, at last fell sick, and being neer his end, some friend desir'd that he would not bury with him the meanes whereby he grew so eminent; *Iohn* told his friend all, that it was true, a great fame liv'd with him, and would follow him; but for the criticall knowledge and successe in his cures, it was thus: He had a fortune Physick book, wherein the names of most diseases were wrote, and as Patients came for his opinion, he withdrew for a season, and in that intervall, threw the dice, and upon what disease the chance fell, that was the patients sickneſſe, then he threw againe for the cures, and accordingly followed those medicines, on which the dice rested. This was his directory for diseases and remedies, which he made use of to his end, and the end of many; but the number of his cures surmounting his losses, his bad casts went for nothing. By this easie way of practice, (for illuminative and inspired physick he detested, as also all counsels with other Physitians) he had the more leisure for the enquiry into these old records; and amongst many, he at last happened upon those of the *Mancha*; out of which he gathered some few Epitaphs, Elegies, and fancies, upon *Don Quixot*, *Dulcinea of Toboso*, and in the praise of *Rosinante* and *Sancho Pancha*; With which we shall conclude, desiring you to doe the *Don* this last honour, to see him in his urne, and heare what is said over his ashes.

The End of the Fourth Book.

Knights Templers on the worthy Knight, DON QUIXOTS *Death.*

AWakened from the round where we long lay,
Still men of Arms as you may ſee, not clay:
We ſhake our weighty limbs, and creſted heads,
And would, but for the grates, riſe from our beds,
Where we inchanted lye; no more the talk's
Of us, let *Quixot's* name fill up the walks.
Brother in Armes, we will afford thee room,
Lye cloſe *STEROPES*, *Don Quixot's* come.
We will diſpence this Temple for thy Coarſe,
We have another for thy famous Horſe.

Knights of Jeruſalem *on* DON QUIXOT.

SInce the long dayes of old *Mathuſalem*,
No Knights ſo great as the *Jeruſalem*.
(*The Knights o'th Holy warre*) untill the *Don's*
Renowned acts. out-cry'd us of St *Iohns*.
We ventur'd to redeem the Sepulchre
From Pagan hands; but lye in *Angli-terre*:
Our monuments are now defac'd, our Cavernes,
And nothing left of us, but ſignes of Tavernes:
But yet for all our injuries and wrongs,
Wee'l find a place for thee, neer juſtice *Longs*;
Where in the memory of thy ſtrange fights,
Thumping and beating is both days and nights.

Duke Humphrey to DON QUIXOT.

VNtombed I, a place to thee reſigne,
Lye, if thou wilt, in the ſame ground was mine;
'Twill be ſmall charge to thy Executor
To raiſe a Tombe, for there are ſtones good ſtore:
Thy Votaries as they doe paſſe that way,
May faſt as they did uſe, where they pleaſe pray.

Long Meg of Weſtminſter, *to* Dulcinea *of* Toboſo.

I *Long Meg* once, the wonder of the Spinſters,
Was laid, as was my right, i'th' beſt of Minſters;
Nor have the Wardens ventur'd all this whiles,
To lay, except my ſelfe, one in thoſe Iles.
Indeed untill this time, ne'r any one
Was worthy to be *Megs* Companion.
But ſince *Toboſo* hath ſo fruitfull been,
To bring forth one might be my *Sifter-twinne*;
Alike in breadth of face, (no *Margeries*
Had ever wider checks, or larger eyes)
Alike in Shoulders, Belly, and in flancks,
Alike in legs too, (for we had no ſhancks)
And for our feet, alike from heel to toe,
The Shoomakers the length did never know.
Lye thou by me, no more it ſhall be common,
One Ile of man there is, this Ile of woman.

Bancks *his Horſe to* Roſinant.

THough *Roſinante* famous was in fields
For ſwiftneſſe, yet no Horſe like me had heels.
Goldſmiths did ſhoe me, not the *Ferri-Fabers*;
One nail of mine, was worth their whole weeks labours.
Horſe, thou of metall too, but not of gold,
('Twas beſt 'twas ſo, or oft they had been ſold)
Let us compare our ſeats; thou top of Nowles
Of hils haſt oft been ſeen, I top of *Paules*.
To Smythfield Horſes I ſtood there the wonder,
I only was at top, more have been under.
Thou like a *Spaniſh Iennet*, got i'th' wind,
Wert hoyſted by a Windmill; 'twas in kinde.
But never yet was ſeen in *Spaine* or *France*,
A Horſe like *Bancks* his, that toth' pipe would dance:
Tell mony with his feet; a thing which you,
Good *Roſinante* nor *Quixot* e'r could doe.
Yet I doe yield, ſurpaſſed in one feat,
Thou *art the only Horſe, that liv'dſt ſans* meat.

The Aldermen of Gotam *to* Sancho Pancha.

O Doe not grieve, (although thy losse,
To lose a Lord, not worth a crosse,
Be losse enough) who now gone home is,
Unlikely e'r to keep his promise.
We hearing of thy great renowne,
Desire thee to o'r rule our Town:
You'l find us easie to be rul'd;
People that will be, must be fooll'd.
A sort of cockscombs cannot tell
When we are ill, nor when we 're well:
Full of mony, full of pride,
And want an ebb to our long tide.
You need not bring your Asse with you,
You shall have Asses here enow:
VVe will make good your *Don's* intent,
And seat you in this government.
Sancho did seem to shift it off,
But when he had it once, did laugh.

The Sexton of the Mancha on DON QVIXOT.

THE hardy Knight, and sole,
That e'r liv'd under Pole,
Lyes buried in this hole.

He that i'th' aire did fly,
By windmill tost on high,
Under a clod doth lye.

He that gave Hands, and
Unto his Squire command,
Cannot stirre foot nor hand.

Here, after all his tricks,
The bones are of *Don Quix*:
The rest is gon to Styx.

The same upon Dulcinea Del Toboso.

HEre in a hollow trunk,
Full deep in the earth sunk,
Lyes one, above ground stunk.

Who (saving her presence)
Had not been carried whence
Shee dy'd, but for offence.

Who having lost her Lord,
Abhorring and abhorr'd,
Dy'd of her owne accord.

O let her ashes rest,
Now shee is in her neast.
To stirre 'um is not best.

FINIS.